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TO HIS EXCELLENCY

# THE LORD PRIVY SEAL,

ON THE

# PROSPECT OF PEACE.

—— Sacerdos
Fronde super Mitram, et felici comptus oliva. VIRG.

TO THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.

CONTENDING kings and fields of death too long
Have been the subject of the British song.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's plain,
Bavaria's fall, and Danube chok'd with slain?
Exhausted themes! a gentler note I raise,
And sing returning Peace in softer lays.
Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,
I wait our heroes in the silvan shade.
Disbanding hosts are imag'd to my mind,
And warring powers in friendly leagues combin'd,
While ease and pleasure make the nations smile,
And Heav'n and Anna bless Britannia's isle.
Well sends our queen her mitred Bristol forth,
For early counsels fam'd and long-tried worth,
Who thirty rolling years had oft withheld
The Swede and Saxon from the dusty field,

Completely form'd to heal the Christian wounds,
To name the kings, and give each kingdom bounds,
The face of ravag'd Nature to repair,
By leagues to soften earth, and Heaven by pray'r;
To gain by love where rage and slaughter fail,
And make the crosier o'er the sword prevail.
So when great Moses with Jehovah's wand
Had scatter'd plagues o'er stubborn Pharaoh's land,
Now spread an host of locusts round the shore,
Now turn'd Nile's fattening streams to putrid gore,
Plenty and gladness mark'd the priest of God,
And sudden almonds shot from Aaron's rod.
O Thou! from whom these bounteous blessings flow,
To whom, as chief, the hopes of Peace we owe,
(For next to thee, the man whom kings contend
To style companion, and to make their friend,
Great Strafford! rich in every courtly grace,
With joyful pride accepts the second place)
From Britain's isle and Isis' sacred spring,
One hour, oh! listen while the Muses sing.
Though ministers of mighty monarchs wait
With beating hearts to learn their masters' fate,
One hour forbear to speak thy queen's commands,
Nor think the world, thy charge, neglected stands;
The blissful prospects in my verse display'd
May lure the stubborn, the deceiv'd persuade;
Ev'n thou to Peace shalt speedier urge the way,
And more be hasten'd by this short delay.

ON THE

# PROSPECT OF PEACE.

THE haughty Gaul in ten campaigns o'erthrown
Now ceas'd to think the western world his own.
Oft had he mourn'd his boasting leaders bound,
And his proud bulwarks smoking on the ground.
In vain with powers renew'd he fill'd the plain,
Made timorous vows and brib'd the saints in vain;
As oft his legions did the fight decline,
Lurk'd in the trench, and skulk'd behind the line.
Before his eyes the fancied javelin gleams,
At feasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in dreams;
On glory past reflects with secret pain,
On mines exhausted and on millions slain.
To Britain's queen the sceptred suppliant bends,
To her his crowns and infant race commends,
Who grieves her fame with Christian blood to buy,
Nor asks for glory at a price so high.
At her decree the war suspended stands,
And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands;
Their open brows no threatening frowns disguise,
But gentler passions sparkle in their eyes.
The Gauls, who never in their courts could find
Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,
Doubt if they're those whom dreadful to the view
In forms so fierce their fearful fancies drew;

At whose dire names ten thousand widows press'd
Their helpless orphans clinging to the breast.
In silent rapture each his foe surveys;
They vow firm friendship and give mutual praise.
Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret friends;
Their generous discord with the battle ends:
In Peace they wonder whence dissension rose,
And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,
And social clarions mix their sprightly sound;
The British flags are furl'd, her troops disband,
And scatter'd armies seek their native land.
The hardy veteran proud of many a scar,
The manly charms and honours of the war,
Who hop'd to share his friends' illustrious doom,
And in the battle find a soldier's tomb,
Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,
And, sighing, bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye generous Fair! receive the brave with smiles;
O'erpay their sleepless nights and crown their toils:
Soft beauty is the gallant soldier's due;
For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.
In vain proud Gaul with boastful Spain conspires
When English valour English beauty fires:
The nations dread your eyes, and kings despair
Of chiefs so brave, till they have nymphs so fair.

See the fond wife, in tears of transport drown'd,
Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound,
Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,
And smiles or trembles at his various fate.
Near the full bowl he draws the fancied line,
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
Then sets the' invested fort before her eyes,
And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the skies;

His little listening progeny turn pale,
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.
Such dire achievements sings the bard, that tells
Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic spells,
Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'er-
throw,
And cleave a giant at a random blow;
Slay paynims vile that force the fair, and tame
The goblin's fury and the dragon's flame.
Our eager youth to distant nations run,
To visit fields their valiant fathers won;
From Flandria's shore their country's fame they
trace,
Till far Germania shows her blasted face.
The' exulting Briton asks his mournful guide,
Where his hard fate the lost Bavaria tried?
Where Stepney grav'd the stone to Anna's fame?—
He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name.
Here fled the household, there did Tallard yield,
Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field:
On those steep banks near Danube's raging flood:
The Gauls thrice started back, and trembling stood:
When Churchill's arm perceiv'd, they stood not
long,
But plung'd amidst the waves a desperate throng!
Crowds whelm'd on crowds dash'd wide the watry
bed,
And drove the current to its distant head.
As when by Raphael's or by Kneller's hands
A warlike coufser on the canvass stands,
Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore,
Or set young Ammon on the Granic shore,
If chance a generous steed the work behold,
He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold;

So Hochstet seen, tumultuous passions roll,
And hints of glory fire the Briton's soul,
In fancied fights he sees the troops engage,
And all the tempest of the battle rage.
Charm me, ye Powers! with scenes less nobly bright;
Far humbler thoughts the' inglorious Muse delight,
Content to see the horrors of the field
By ploughshares levell'd or in flowers conceal'd.
O'er shatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,
And grass luxuriant clothe the harmless mine;
Tame flocks ascend the breach without a wound,
Or crop the bastion, now a fruitful ground;
While shepherds sleep, along the rampart laid,
Or pipe beneath the formidable shade.
Who was the man, (oblivion blast his name,
Torn out and blotted from the list of fame!)
Who fond of lawless rule and proudly brave
First sunk the filial subject to a slave,
His neighbours' realms by frauds unkingly gain'd,
In guiltless blood the sacred ermine stain'd,
Laid schemes for death, to slaughter turn'd his heart,
And fitted murder to the rules of art?
Ah! curst Ambition! to thy lures we owe
All the great ills that mortals bear below;
Curst by the hind, when to the spoil he yields
His year's whole sweat and vainly ripen'd fields;
Curst by the maid, torn from her lover's side,
When left a widow though not yet a bride;
By mothers curst, when floods of tears they shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead!
Oh, sacred Bristol! then what dangers prove
The arts thou smil'st on with paternal love!

Then mix'd with rubbish by the brutal foes,
In vain the marble breathes, the canvass glows;
To shades obscure the glittering sword pursues
The gentle poet and defenceless Muse:
A voice like thine alone might then assuage
The warrior's fury and control his rage;
To hear thee speak might the fierce Vandal stand,
And fling the brandish'd sabre from his hand.
Far hence be driven to Scythia's stormy shore
The drum's harsh music and the cannon's roar.
Let grim Bellona haunt the lawless plain
Where Tartar clans and grisly Cossacks reign;
Let the steel'd Turk be deaf to matrons' cries,
See virgins ravish'd with relentless eyes,
To death grey heads and smiling infants doom,
Nor spare the promise of the pregnant womb,
O'er wasted kingdoms spread his wide command,
The savage lord of an unpeopled land!
Her guiltless glory just Britannia draws
From pure religion and impartial laws;
To Europe's wounds a mother's aid she brings,
And holds in equal scales the rival kings:
Her generous sons in choicest gifts abound,
Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.
As when sweet Venus (so the fable sings)
Awak'd by nereids from the ocean springs,
With smiles she sees the threatening billows rise,
Spreads smooth the surge and clears the low'ring skies,
Light o'er the deep, with fluttering Cupids crown'd,
The pearly couch and silver turtles bound,
Her tresses shed ambrosial odours round.
Amidst the world of waves so stands serene
Britannia's isle, the Ocean's stately queen!

In vain the nations have conspir'd her fall,
Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating wall:
Defenceless barks, her powerful navy near,
Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.
What bold invader or what land opprest
Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redrest!
Say where have e'er her Union Crosses sail'd,
But much her arms, her justice more prevail'd!
Her labours are to plead the' Almighty's cause,
Her pride to teach the' untam'd Barbarian laws.
Who conquers, wins by brutal strength the prize,
But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.

Have we forgot how from great Russia's throne
The king whose power half Europe's regions own,
Whose sceptre waving, with one shout rush forth
In swarms, the harness'd millions of the north,
Through realms of ice pursued his tedious way
To court our friendship and our fame survey!
Hence the rich prize of useful arts he bore,
And round his empire spread the learned store:
(To' adorn old realms is more than new to raise;
His country's parent is a monarch's praise.)
His bands now march in just array to war,
And Caspian gulfs unusual navies bear;
With runic lays Smolensko's forests ring,
And wondering Volga hears the Muses sing.
Did not the painted kings of India greet
Our Queen, and lay their sceptres at her feet?
Chiefs who full bowls of hostile blood had quaff't,
Fam'd for the javelin and envenom'd shaft,
Whose haughty brows made savages adore,
Nor bow'd to less than stars or sun before:
Her pitying smile accepts their suppliant claim,
And adds four monarchs to the Christian name.

Blest use of pow'r! O virtuous pride in kings!
And like his bounty whence dominion springs!
Which o'er new worlds makes Heaven's indulgence
shine,
And ranges myriads under laws divine!
Well bought with all that those sweet regions hold,
With groves of spices and with mines of gold.
Fearless our merchant now pursues his gain,
And roams securely o'er the boundless main.
Now o'er his head the polar Bear he spies,
And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies;
Now swells his canvass to the sultry line,
With glittering spoils where Indian grottos shine,
Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas,
And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.
Here nearer suns prepare the ripening gem
To grace great Anne's imperial diadem;
And here the ore whose melted mass shall yield
On faithful coins each memorable field,
Which mix'd with medals of immortal Rome
May clear disputes, and teach the time to come.
In circling beams shall godlike Anna glow,
And Churchill's sword hang o'er the prostrate foe;
In comely wounds shall bleeding worthies stand,
Webb's firm platoon and Lumley's faithful band;
Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies drest,
And Campbell's dragon on his dauntless breast;
Great Ormond's deeds on Vigo's spoils enroll'd,
And Guiscard's knife on Harley's Chili gold:
And if the Muse, O Bristol! might decree,
Here Granville noted by the lyre should be,
The lyre for Granville, and the cross for thee.
Such are the honours grateful Britain pays,
So patriots merit, and so monarchs praise:

O'er distant times such records shall prevail
When English numbers antiquated fail:
A trifling song the Muse can only yield,
And soothe her soldiers panting from the field;
To sweet retirements see them safe convey'd,
And raise their battles in the rural shade.
From fields of death to Woodstock's peaceful glooms,
(The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—
Begin, my Muse! and softly touch the string;
Here Henry lov'd, and Chaucer learnt to sing.
  Hail, fabled grotto! hail, Elysian soil!
Thou fairest spot of fair Britannia's isle!
Where kings of old, conceal'd, forgot the throne,
And beauty was content to shine unknown,
Where Love and War by turns pavilions rear,
And Henry's bowers near Blenheim's dome appear,
The wearied champion lull in soft alcoves,
The noblest boast of thy romantic groves.
Oft, if the Muse presage, shall he be seen
By Rosamonda fleeting o'er the green,
In dreams be hail'd thy heroes' mighty shades,
And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades;
O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name shall bound,
And hill to hill reflect the favourite sound.
  Here, here at least, thy love for arms give o'er,
Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wish for more;
Vice of great souls alone! O thirst of fame!
The Muse admires it while she strives to blame.
Thy toils be now to chase the bounding deer,
Or view the coursers stretch in wild career.
This lovely scene shall soothe thy soul to rest,
And wear each dreadful image from thy breast;
With pleasure by thy conquests shalt thou see
The queen triumphant and all Europe free;

No cares henceforth shall thy repose destroy,
But what thou giv'st the world, thyself enjoy.
Sweet solitude! when life's gay hours are past,
Howe'er we rang'd, in thee we fix at last:
Tost through tempestuous seas (the voyage o'er)
Pale we look back, and bless the friendly shore:
Our own strict judges, our past life we scan,
And ask if glory hath enlarg'd the span?
If bright the prospect, we the grave defy;
Trust future ages, and contented die.
When strangers from far distant climes shall come
To view the pomp of this triumphant dome,
Where, rear'd aloft, dissembled trophies stand,
And breathing labours of the sculptor's hand,
Where Kneller's art shall paint the flying Gaul,
And Bourbon's woes shall fill the storied wall,
Heirs of thy blood, shall o'er their bounteous board
Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental sword;
Banners that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,
And trumps that drown'd the groans of gasping Gauls;
Fair dames shall oft with curious eye explore
The costly robes that slaughter'd generals wore,
Rich trappings from the Danube's whirlpools brought,
(Hesperian nuns the gorgeous 'broidery wrought)
Belts stiff with gold, the Boian horseman's pride,
And Gaul's fair flowers in human crimson dy'd.
Of Churchill's race perhaps some lovely boy
Shall mark the burnish'd steel that hangs on high,
Shall gaze transported on its glittering charms,
And reach it struggling with unequal arms,
By signs the drum's tumultuous sound request,
Then seek, in starts, the hushing mother's breast.

So in the painter's animated frame,
Where Mars embraces the soft Paphian dame,
The little Loves in sport his falchion wield,
Or join their strength to heave his ponderous shield;
One, strokes the plume in Tityon's gore imbrued,
And one, the spear that reeks with Typhon's blood;
Another's infant brows the helm sustain,
He nods his crest, and frights the shrieking train.
Thus the rude tempest of the field o'erblown
Shall whiter rounds of smiling years roll on;
Our victors, blest in peace, forget their wars,
Enjoy past dangers and absolve the stars.
But, oh! what sorrows shall bedew your urns,
Ye honour'd shades! whom widow'd Albion mourns?
If your thin forms yet discontented moan,
And haunt the mangled mansions once your own,
Behold what flowers the pious Muses strow,
And tears which in the midst of triumph flow;
Cypress and bays your envied brows surround,
Your names the tender matron's heart shall wound,
And the soft maid grow pensive at the sound!
Accept, great Anne! the tears their memory draws
Who nobly perish'd in their sovereign's cause;
For thou in pity bid'st the war give o'er,
Mourn'st thy slain heroes, nor wilt venture more.
Vast price of blood on each victorious day!
(But Europe's freedom doth that price repay.)
Lamented triumphs! when one breath must tell
That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer fell.
Great Queen! whose name strikes haughty monarchs pale,
On whose just sceptre hangs Europa's scale,

Whose arm like Mercy wounds, decides like Fate,
On whose decree the nations anxious wait;
From Albion's cliffs thy wide-extended hand
Shall o'er the main to far Peru command;
So vast a tract whose wide domain shall run,
Its circling skies shall see no setting sun;
Thee, thee, an hundred languages shall claim,
And savage Indians swear by Anna's name;
The line and poles shall own thy rightful sway,
And thy commands the sever'd globe obey.
Round the vast ball thy new dominions chain
The watry kingdoms, and control the main;
Magellan's straits to Gibraltar they join,
Across the seas a formidable line:
The sight of adverse Gaul we fear no more,
But, pleas'd, see Dunkirk now a guiltless shore.
In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,
And meant his waters for Britannia's bound,
Her giant genius takes a mighty stride,
And sets his foot beyond the' encroaching tide;
On either bank the land its master knows,
And in the midst the subject ocean flows.
So near proud Rhodes across the raging flood,
Stupendous form! the vast Colossus stood,
(While at one foot their thronging gallies ride)
A whole hour's sail scarce reach'd the further side,
Betwixt his brazen thighs in loose array
Ten thousand streamers on the billows play.
By Harley's counsels Dunkirk now restor'd
To Britain's empire, owns her ancient lord:
In him transfus'd his godlike father reigns,
Rich in the blood which swell'd that patriot's veins,
Who, boldly faithful, met his sovereign's frown,
And scorn'd for gold to yield the' important town

His son was born the ravish'd prey to claim,
And France still trembles at a Harley's name.
A fort so dreadful to our English shore
Our fleets scarce fear'd the sands or tempests more,
Whose vast expenses to such sums amount,
That the tax'd Gaul scarce furnish'd out the' account,
Whose walls such bulwarks, such vast towers restrain,
Its weakest ramparts are the rocks and main.
His boast great Louis yields, and cheaply buys
Thy friendship, Anna! with the mighty prize.
Holland repining, and in grief cast down,
Sees the new glories of the British crown.
Ah! may they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,
Nor foes more dreadful than the Gaul invite;
Soon may they hold the olive, soon assuage
Their secret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage
To rend the banks, and pour at one command
Thy realm, the sea, o'er their precarious land.
Henceforth be thine, Vicegerent of the skies!
Scorn'd worth to raise, and vice in robes chastise,
To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar
Chase the brib'd judge, and hush the wordy war;
Deny the curst blasphemer's tongue to rage,
And turn God's fury from an impious age.
Blest change! the soldier's late destroying hand
Shall rear new temples in his native land;
Mistaken zealots shall with fear behold,
And beg admittance in our sacred fold;
On her own works the pious queen shall smile,
And turn her cares upon her favourite isle.
So the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,
Array'd in clouds and wrapt in mantling flames;

He bears a tempest on his sounding wings,
And his red arm the forky vengeance flings:
At length, Heaven's wrath appeas'd, he quits the war
To roll his orb and guide his destin'd star,
To shed kind fate and lucky hours bestow,
And smile propitious on the world below.
Around thy throne shall faithful nobles wait:
These guard the church, and those direct the state.
To Bristol, graceful in maternal tears,
The Church her towery forehead gently rears;
She begs her pious son to' assert her cause,
Defend her rights, and reinforce her laws;
With holy zeal the sacred work begin,
To bend the stubborn and the meek to win.
Our Oxford's Earl in careful thought shall stand,
To raise his queen and save a sinking land.
The wealthiest glebe to ravenous Spaniards known
He marks, and makes the golden world our own;
Content with hands unsoil'd to guard the prize,
And keep the store with undesiring eyes.
So round the tree that bore Hesperian gold,
The sacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold;
His eyes uprearing to the' untasted prey,
The sleepless guardian wasted life away.
Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,
Her ancient pride shall every art renew,
(The arts with you fam'd Harcourt shall defend,
And courtly Bolingbroke, the Muse's friend.)
With piercing eye some search where Nature plays,
And trace the wanton through her darksome maze;
Whence health from herbs, from seeds how groves begun,
How vital streams in circling eddies run;

Some teach, why round the sun the spheres advance
In the fix'd measures of their mystic dance;
How tides when heav'd by pressing moons o'erflow,
And sun-born Iris paints her showery bow.
In happy chains our daring language bound,
Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound;
But buskin'd bards henceforth shall wisely rage,
And Grecian plans reform Britannia's stage.
Till Congreve bids her smile, Augusta stands
And longs to weep when flowing Rowe commands.
Britain's Spectators shall their strength combine
To mend our morals and our taste refine;
Fight virtue's cause, stand up in wit's defence,
Win us from vice, and laugh us into sense.
Nor, Prior! hast thou hush'd the trump in vain;
Thy lyre shall now revive her mirthful strain;
New tales shall now be told: if right I see,
The soul of Chaucer is restor'd in thee.
Garth, in majestic numbers, to the stars
Shall raise mock heroes and fantastic wars.
Like the young spreading laurel, Pope! thy name
Shoots up with strength, and rises into fame.
With Philips shall the peaceful vallies ring,
And Britain hear a second Spenser sing.
That much-lov'd youth whom Utrecht's walls confine
To Bristol's praises shall his Strafford's join:
He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws
Rules for just thinking and poetic laws,
To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,
The strictest critic and the kindest friend.
Ev'n mine, a bashful Muse, whose rude essays
Scarce hope for pardon, not aspire to praise,
Cherish'd by you, in time may grow to fame,
And mine survive with Bristol's glorious name.

Fir'd with the views this glittering scene displays,
And smit with passion for my country's praise,
My artless reed attempts this lofty theme
Where sacred Isis rolls her ancient stream;
In cloister'd domes, the great Philippa's pride,
Where learning blooms while fame and worth preside;
Where the fifth Henry arts and arms was taught,
And Edward form'd his Cressy yet unfought;
Where laurel'd bards have struck the warbling strings,
The seat of sages, and the nurse of kings.
Here thy commands, O Lancaster! inflame
My eager breast to raise the British name,
Urge on my soul with no ignoble pride
To woo the Muse whom Addison enjoy'd;
See that bold swan to Heav'n sublimely soar,
Pursue at distance, and his steps adore.

THE

# ROYAL PROGRESS[1].

When Brunswick first appear'd, each honest heart,
Intent on verse, disdain'd the rules of art;
For him the songsters in unmeasur'd odes
Debas'd Alcides and dethron'd the gods;
In golden chains the kings of India led,
Or rent the turban from the Sultan's head.
One in old fables and the Pagan strain,
With nymphs and Tritons wafts him o'er the main;
Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,
And fills the' infernal region with alarms;
A third awakes some druid to foretel
Each future triumph from his dreary cell.
Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the mind nauseates what she can't believe.
My Muse the' expected hero shall pursue
From clime to clime, and keep him still in view;
His shining march describe, in faithful lays,
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise:

[1] Written as a compliment to George the First, on his arrival in the British dominions.

Their charms, if charms they have, the truth supplies,
And from the theme unlabour'd beauties rise.
By longing nations for the throne design'd,
And call'd to guard the rights of human-kind,
With secret grief his godlike soul repines,
And Britain's crown with joyless lustre shines;
While pray'rs and tears his destin'd progress stay,
And crowds of mourners choke their sovereign's way.
Not so he march'd when hostile squadrons stood
In scenes of death and fir'd his generous blood;
When his hot courser paw'd the' Hungarian plain,
And adverse legions stood the shock in vain,
His frontiers past the Belgian bounds he views,
And cross the level fields his march pursues:
Here pleas'd, the land of Freedom to survey,
He greatly scorns the thirst of boundless sway:
O'er the thin soil with silent joy he spies
Transplanted woods and borrow'd verdure rise,
Where every meadow won with toil and blood
From haughty tyrants and the raging flood,
With fruit and flowers the careful hind supplies,
And clothes the marshes in a rich disguise;
Such wealth for frugal hands doth Heaven decree,
And such thy gifts, celestial Liberty!
Through stately towns and many a fertile plain
The pomp advances to the neighbouring main;
Whole nations crowd around with joyful cries,
And view the hero with insatiate eyes.
In Haga's towers he waits, till eastern gales
Propitious rise to swell the British sails;
Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
The vows and friendships of the neighbouring kings:

Mature in wisdom, his extensive mind
Takes in the blended interests of mankind.
The world's great patriot! calm thy anxious breast;
Secure in him, O Europe! take thy rest:
Henceforth thy kingdoms shall remain confin'd
By rocks or streams, the mounds which Heav'n design'd;
The Alps their new-made monarch shall restrain,
Nor shall thy hills, Pirene! rise in vain.
But see! to Briton's isle the squadrons stand,
And leave the sinking towers and lessening land;
The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
Breaks through the billows, and divides the main.
O'er the vast deep, great Monarch! dart thine eyes;
A watry prospect bounded by the skies;
Ten thousand vessels from ten thousand shores
Bring gums and gold, and either India's stores;
Behold the tributes hastening to thy throne,
And see the wide horizon all thy own!
Still is it thine. Though now the cheerful crew
Hail Albion's cliffs just whitening to the view,
Before the wind with swelling sails they ride
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
The monarch hears the thundering peals around
From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound,
Nor misses yet, amid the deafening train,
The roarings of the hoarse resounding main.
As in the flood he sails from either side,
He views his kingdom in its rural pride;
A various scene the wide-spread landscape yields
O'er rich enclosures and luxuriant fields;
A lowing herd each fertile pasture fills,
And distant flocks stray o'er a thousand hills:

Fair Greenwich hid in woods, with new delight
Shade above shade now raises to the sight,
His woods ordain'd to visit every shore,
And guard the island which they grac'd before.
The sun, now rolling down the western way
A blaze of fires, renews the fading day;
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge infold,
Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold;
Less thick the finny shoals, a countless fry!
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly:
In one vast shout he seeks the crowded strand,
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.
'Welcome, great Stranger! to our longing eyes;
Oh, king desir'd!' adopted Albion cries,
'For thee the East breathed out a prosperous breeze,
Bright were the suns and gently swell'd the seas;
Thy presence did each doubtful heart compose,
And factions wonder'd that they once were foes;
That joyful day they lost each hostile name,
The same their aspect and their voice the same.'
So two fair twins, whose features were design'd
At one soft moment in the mother's mind,
Show each the other with reflected grace,
And the same beauties bloom in either face,
The puzzled strangers which is which inquire,
Delusion grateful to the smiling sire.
From that fair hill [2] where hoary sages boast
To name the stars and count the heavenly host,
By the next dawn doth great Augusta rise,
Proud Town! the noblest scene beneath the skies!

[2] Mr. Flamstead's house, now the Observatory in Greenwich-park.

O'er Thames her thousand spires their lustre shed,
And a vast navy hides his ample bed;
A floating forest! from the distant strand
A line of golden cars strikes o'er the land;
Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array
Before their king triumphant lead the way:
Far as the eye can reach the gaudy train
A bright procession shines along the plain.
So haply through the heaven's wide pathless ways
A comet draws a long-extended blaze,
From east to west burns through the' ethereal frame,
And half heaven's convex glitters with the flame.
Now to the regal towers securely brought,
He plans Britannia's glories in his thought;
Resumes the delegated power he gave,
Rewards the faithful, and restores the brave.
Whom shall the Muse from out the shining throng
Select to heighten and adorn her song?
Thee, Halifax! to thy capacious mind,
O man approv'd! is Britain's wealth consign'd:
Her coin, while Nassau fought, debas'd and rude,
By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,
An arduous work! again thy charge we see,
And thy own care once more returns to thee.
O! form'd in every scene to awe and please,
Mixt wit with pomp, and dignity with ease;
Though call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
To smile on arts thyself did once adorn:
For this thy name succeeding times shall praise,
And envy less thy garter than thy bays.
The Muse, if fir'd with thy enlivening beams,
Perhaps shall aim at more exalted themes,

Record our monarch in a nobler strain,
And sing the opening wonders of his reign;
Bright Carolina's heavenly beauties trace,
Her valiant consort and his blooming race.
A train of kings their fruitful love supplies,
A glorious scene to Albion's ravish'd eyes,
Who sees by Brunswick's hand her sceptre sway'd,
And through his line from age to age convey'd.

# KENSINGTON GARDEN.

—— Campus, ubi Troja fuit. VIRG.

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neighbouring lands,
'Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabric! stands,
And sees each spring luxuriant in her bow'rs,
A snow of blossoms and a wild of flow'rs,
The dames of Britain oft in clouds repair
To gravel walks and unpolluted air:
Here, while the Town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies;
Each walk with robes of various dies bespread
Seems from afar a moving tulip bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chints, the rival of the showery bow.
Here England's daughter, darling of the land!
Sometimes surrounded with her virgin band
Gleams through the shades; she, towering o'er the rest,
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confest;
Form'd to gain hearts that Brunswick's cause denied,
And charm a people to her father's side.
Long have these groves to royal guests been known,
Nor Nassau first prefer'd them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners wav'd in British air,
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair

Pour'd in his Danes, ere elder Julius came,
Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name,
A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,
The scene of wars, and stain'd with lovers' blood.
You who through gazing crowds, your captive throng,
Throw pangs and passions, as you move along,
Turn on the left, ye fair! your radiant eyes,
Where all unlevell'd the gay Garden lies.
If generous anguish for another's pains
Ere heav'd your hearts or shiver'd through your veins,
Look down attentive on the pleasing dale,
And listen to my melancholy tale.
That hollow space, where now in living rows
Line above line the yew's sad verdure grows,
Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,
A common pit, a rude unfashion'd cave:
The landscape now so sweet, we well may praise,
But far, far sweeter in its ancient days,
Far sweeter was it when its peopled ground
With fairy domes and dazzling towers was crown'd!
Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring
Rose the proud palace of the elfin king;
For every hedge of vegetable green
In happier years a crowded street was seen;
Nor all those leaves that now the prospect grace
Could match the numbers of its pigmy race.
What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,
A tale of woe and wonder I relate.
When Albion rul'd the land, whose lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Their midnight pranks the sprightly Fairies play'd
On every hill, and danc'd in every shade;

But, foes to sunshine, most they took delight
In dells and dales conceal'd from human sight;
They hew'd their houses in the arching rock,
Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted oak,
Or heard, o'ershadow'd by some shelving hill,
The distant murmurs of the falling rill;
They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulg'd their mirth,
And pitied the huge wretched sons of earth:
Ev'n now 'tis said, the hinds o'erhear their strain,
And strive to view their airy forms in vain;
They to their cells at man's approach repair,
Like the shy leveret or the mother hare,
The whilst poor mortals startle at the sound
Of unseen footsteps on the haunted ground.
  Amid this Garden then with woods o'ergrown
Stood the lov'd seat of royal Oberon:
From every region to his palace gate
Came peers and princes of the fairy state,
Who rank'd in council round the sacred shade
Their monarch's will and great behests obey'd.
From Thames' fair banks, by lofty towers adorn'd,
With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd;
Hence in proud robes and colours bright and gay
Shone every knight and every lovely fay.
Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling stage display'd
Hath fam'd king Pepin and his court survey'd,
May guess, if old by modern things we trace,
The pomp and splendour of the Fairy race.
  By magic fenc'd, by spells encompass'd round,
No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground;
No mortal enter'd, those alone who came
Stolen from the couch of some terrestrial dame;

For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
And left some sickly changeling in their stead.
It chanc'd a youth of Albion's royal blood
Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood.
Milkah, for wiles above her peers renown'd,
Deep skill'd in charms and many a mystic sound,
As through the regal dome she sought for prey,
Observ'd the infant Albion where he lay,
In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,
And stole him from the sleeping mother's side.
Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind!
Ah, wretched nymph! to future evils blind:
The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay
The theft hard-hearted of that guilty day:
Thou in thy turn shalt like the queen repine,
And all her sorrows doubled shall be thine.
He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy
Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.
Two hundred moons in their pale course had seen
The gay-rob'd Fairies glimmer on the green,
And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
To nineteen years, as mortals measure time.
Flush'd with resistless charms he fir'd to love
Each nymph and little dryad of the grove;
For skilful Milkah spar'd not to employ
Her utmost art to rear the princely boy:
Each supple limb she swath'd and tender bone,
And to the elfin standard kept him down;
She robb'd dwarf elders of their fragrant fruit,
And fed him early with the daisy's root,
Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,
And form'd in beauteous miniature the man;
Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,
His lofty port his human birth confest:

A foot in height how stately did he show!
How look superior on the crowd below!
What knight like him could toss the rushy lance?
Who move so graceful in the mazy dance?
A shape so nice, or features half so fair,
What Elf could boast? or such a flow of hair?
Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign,
And felt the charmer burn in every vein.
She, heiress to this empire's potent lord,
Prais'd like the stars, and next the moon ador'd;
She whom at distance thrones and princedoms view'd,
To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel sued,
In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,
And pin'd in secret for a mortal boy.
He too was smitten, and discreetly strove
By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love.
For her he cull'd the fairest flowers that grew
Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew;
He chas'd the hornet in his mid-day flight,
And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night.
When on ripe fruits she cast a wishing eye
Did ever Albion think the tree too high?
He show'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,
And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young;
To her the' inscription on their eggs he read;
(Admire, ye clerks! the youth whom Milkah bred)
To her he show'd each herb of virtuous juice,
Their powers distinguish'd, and describ'd their use.
All vain their powers, alas! to Kenna prove,
And well sung Ovid 'There's no herb for love.'
As when a ghost, enlarg'd from realms below,
Seeks its old friend to tell some secret woe,

The poor shade shivering stands, and must not break
His painful silence till the mortal speak;
So far'd it with the little love-sick maid,
Forbid to utter what her eyes betray'd:
He saw her anguish and reveal'd his flame,
And spar'd the blushes of the tongue-tied dame.
The day would fail me should I reckon o'er
The sighs they lavish'd, and the oaths they swore,
In words so melting that, compar'd with those,
The nicest courtship of terrestrial beaux
Would sound like compliments from country clowns
To red-cheek'd sweethearts in their home-spun gowns.

All in a lawn of many a various hue
A bed of flowers (a Fairy forest) grew:
'Twas here one noon, the gaudiest of the May,
The still, the secret, silent hour of day,
Beneath a lofty tulips' ample shade
Sat the young lover and the' immortal maid.
They thought all fairies slept. Ah, luckless fair!
Hid but in vain in the sun's noontide glare!
When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breast,
Thus all the softness of his soul exprest:

'All things are hush'd; the sun's meridian rays
Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze:
Nor moon nor star in heaven's blue arch is seen,
With kindly rays to silver o'er the green;
Grateful to fairy eyes they secret take
Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake.
This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
A world to me, a multitude in one.
Oh! sweet as dew-drops on these flowery lawns,
When the sky opens and the evening dawns!

Straight as the pink that towers so high in air!
Soft as the blowbell! as the daisy fair!
Blest be the hour when first I was convey'd
An infant captive to this blissful shade!
And blest the hand that did my form refine,
And shrunk my stature to a match with thine!
Glad, I for thee renounce my royal birth,
And all the giant daughters of the Earth.
Thou, if thy breast with equal ardour burn,
Renounce thy kind, and love for love return;
So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
A race unknown of demigods shall rise.
O speak, my love! my vows with vows repay,
And sweetly swear my rising fears away.'
  To whom (the shining azure of her eyes
More brighten'd) thus the' enamour'd maid replies:
  'By all the stars, and first, the glorious moon,
I swear, and by the head of Oberon,
A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line
Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
Where'er my footsteps in the dance are seen
May toadstools rise, and mildews blast the green;
May the keen east-wind blight my favourite flowers,
And snakes and spotted adders haunt my bow'rs;
Confin'd whole ages in a hemlock shade
There rather pine I, a neglected maid;
Or worse, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,
Parch in the sun a thousand summer days,
Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
In sacred wedlock plight his vows with mine.'
  She ended, and with lips of rosy hue
Dipp'd five times over in ambrosial dew,
Stifled his words, when from his covert rear'd
The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd:

A sun-flower's trunk was near, whence (killing sight!)
The monarch issued, half an ell in height:
Full on the pair a furious look he cast,
Nor spoke, but gave his bugle-horn a blast,
That through the woodland echo'd far and wide,
And drew a swarm of subjects to his side.
A hundred chosen knights, in war renown'd,
Drive Albion banish'd from the sacred ground;
And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes
Where the proud king, amidst his demi-gods,
For Kenna's sudden bridal bids prepare,
And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.
  If fame in arms with ancient birth combin'd,
A faultless beauty and a spotless mind,
To love and praise can generous souls incline,
That love, Azuriel! and that praise was thine.
Blood only less than royal fill'd thy veins;
Proud was thy roof and large thy fair domains.
Where now the skies high Holland-House invades,
And short-liv'd Warwick sadden'd all the shades,
Thy dwelling stood, nor did in him afford
A nobler owner or a lovelier lord:
For thee a hundred fields produc'd their store,
And by thy name ten thousand vassals swore;
So lov'd thy name, that at their monarch's choice
All fairy shouted with a general voice!
  Oriel alone a secret rage suppress,
That from his bosom heav'd the golden vest.
Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
Wide was his range and populous his clan.
When cleanly servants, if we trust old tales,
Beside their wages had good fairy vails,
Whole heaps of silver tokens, nightly paid,
The careful wife or the neat dairy-maid,

Sunk not his stores. With smiles and powerful bribes
He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,
And ere the night the face of things had chang'd,
Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.
Meanwhile driv'n back to earth, a lonely way
The cheerless Albion wander'd half the day;
A long, long journey! chok'd with brakes and thorns,
Ill measur'd by ten thousand barley-corns.
Tir'd out at length a spreading stream he spied
Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide.
'Twas then a spreading stream, though now its fame
Obscur'd, it bears the Creek's inglorious name,
And creeps, as through contracted bounds it strays,
A leap for boys in these degenerate days.
On the clear crystal's verdant bank he stood,
And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breast,
And thus in tears his kindred gods addrest:
'If true, ye watry powers! my lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd,
Through all your grottos waft my plaintive sound,
And urge the god, whose trident shakes the earth,
To grace his offspring and assert my birth.'
He said; a gentle Naiad heard his pray'r,
And touch'd with pity for a lover's care
Shoots to the sea, where low beneath the tides
Old Neptune in the' unfathom'd deep resides.
Rous'd at the news the sea's stern sultan swore
Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore;
But first the nymph his harbinger he sends,
And to her care the favourite boy commends.

As through the Thames her backward course she guides,
Driven up his current by the refluent tides,
Along his banks the pigmy legions spread
She spies, and haughty Oriel at their head:
Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the host she fires,
And counts the ocean's god among his sires;
'The ocean's god, by whom shall be o'erthrown,
(Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.
See here beneath a toadstool's deadly gloom
Lies Albion; him the Fates your leader doom.
Hear and obey; 'tis Neptune's powerful call:
By him Azuriel and his king shall fall.'
She said; they bow'd, and on their shields upbore
With shouts their new saluted emperor.
Ev'n Oriel smil'd, at least to smile he strove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.
See now the mourner of the lonely shade,
By gods protected and by hosts obey'd;
A slave, a chief, by fickle Fortune's play,
In the short course of one revolving day.
What wonder if the youth, so strangely blest,
Felt his heart flutter in his little breast:
His thick embattled troops with secret pride
He views extended half an acre wide:
More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,
And struts a straw-breadth nearer to the skies.
O for thy Muse, great bard[1]! whose lofty strains
In battle join'd the Pigmies and the Cranes;
Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,
Each colour'd legion, in my verse should shine:
But simple I and innocent of art,
The tale that sooth'd my infant years impart,

[1] Mr. Addison.

The tale I heard whole winter-eves untir'd,
And sing the battles that my nurse inspir'd.
Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,
To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms:
Thick rows of spears at once with sudden glare,
A grove of needles, glitter in the air:
Loose in the winds small ribbon streamers flow,
Dipt in all colours of the heavenly bow,
And the gay host, that now its march pursues,
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.
On Buda's plains thus formidably bright
Shone Asia's sons, a pleasing dreadful sight!
In various robes their silken troops were seen,
The blue, the red, and prophet's sacred green,
When blooming Brunswick near the Danube's flood
First stain'd his maiden sword in Turkish blood.
Unseen and silent march the slow brigades
Through pathless wilds and unfrequented shades.
In hope already vanquish'd by surprise
In Albion's power the fairy empire lies;
Already has he seiz'd on Kenna's charms,
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.
The march concludes; and now in prospect near,
But fenc'd with arms, the hostile towers appear;
For Oberon (or Druids falsely sing)
Wore his prime vizier in a magic ring,
A subtle sprite! that opening plots foretold
By sudden dimness on the beamy gold:
Hence in a crescent form'd his legions bright
With beating bosoms waited for the fight:
To charge their foes they march, a glittering band!
And in their van doth bold Azuriel stand.
What rage that hour did Albion's soul possess,
Let chiefs imagine and let lovers guess!

Forth issuing from his ranks, that strove in vain
To check his course, athwart the dreadful plain
He strides indignant, and with haughty cries
To single fight the fairy Prince defies.
  Forbear, rash youth! the' unequal war to try,
Nor, sprung from mortals, with immortals vie:
No god stands ready to avert thy doom,
Nor yet thy grandsire of the waves is come.
My words are vain—no words the wretch can move
By beauty dazzled and bewitch'd by love:
He longs, he burns to win the glorious prize,
And sees no danger while he sees her eyes.
  Now from each host the eager warriors start,
And furious Albion flings his hasty dart.
'Twas feather'd from the bee's transparent wing,
And its shaft ended in a hornet's sting;
But tost in rage, it flew without a wound
High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierc'd the ground.
Not so Azuriel's; with unerring aim
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,
Drove through the sevenfold shield and silken vest,
And lightly ras'd the lover's ivory breast.
Rous'd at the smart, and rising to the blow,
With his keen sword he cleaves his Fairy foe,
Sheer from the shoulder to the waist he cleaves,
And of one arm the tottering trunk bereaves.
  His useless steel brave Albion wields no more,
But sternly smiles, and thinks the combat o'er:
So had it been, had aught of mortal strain
Or less than fairy felt the deadly pain;
But empyreal forms, howe'er in fight
Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.
As some frail cup of China's purest mould,
With azure varnish'd and bedropt with gold,

Though broke, if cur'd by some nice virgin's hands
In its old strength and pristine beauty stands,
The tumults of the boiling Bohea braves,
And holds secure the coffee's sable waves;
So did Azuriel's arm, if Fame say true,
Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew,
And whilst, in wonder fix'd, poor Albion stood,
Plung'd the curst sabre in his heart's warm blood.
The golden broidery tender Milkah wove,
The breast to Kenna sacred and to love,
Lie rent and mangled, and the gaping wound
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground:
The jetty lustre sickens in his eyes,
On his cold cheeks the bloomy freshness dies:
'O Kenna! Kenna!' thrice he tried to say;
'Kenna! farewell!' and sigh'd his soul away.

His fall the Dryads with loud shrieks deplore
By sister Naiads echo'd from the shore,
Thence down to Neptune's secret realms convey'd
Through grots, and glooms, and many a coral shade.
The sea's great sire, with looks denouncing war,
The trident shakes and mounts the pearly car,
With one stern frown the wide-spread deep deforms,
And works the madding ocean into storms:
O'er foaming mountains and through bursting tides
Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides;
Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
It shoots, and lands him on the destin'd shore.

Now fix'd on earth his towering stature stood,
Hung o'er the mountains and o'erlook'd the wood:
To Brompton's grove one ample stride he took,
(The vallies trembled and the forests shook)
The next huge step reach'd the devoted shade
Where, chok'd in blood, was wretched Albion laid,

Where now the vanquish'd with the victors join'd,
Beneath the regal banners stood combin'd.
The' embattled dwarfs with rage and scorn he past,
And on their town his eye vindictive cast;
In deep foundations his strong trident cleaves,
And high in air the' uprooted empire heaves;
On his broad engine the vast ruin hung,
Which on the foe with force divine he flung:
Aghast the legions in the' approaching shade
The' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd,
That downward tumbling on the host below
Crush'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow:
Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together lost,
And a whole empire falls to soothe sad Albion's ghost!

Such was the period long restrain'd by Fate,
And such the downfal of the fairy state.
This Dale, a pleasing region, not unblest,
This Dale possest they, and had still possest,
Had not their monarch with a father's pride
Rent from her lord the' inviolable bride;
Rash to dissolve the contract seal'd above,
The solemn vows and sacred bonds of Love.
Now where his elves so sprightly danc'd the round,
No violet breathes nor daisy paints the ground;
His towers and people fill one common grave,
A shapeless ruin and a barren cave.

Beneath huge hills of smoking piles he lay
Stunn'd and confounded, a whole summer's day;
At length awak'd, (for what can long restrain
Unbodied spirits?) but awak'd in pain;
And as he saw the desolated wood,
And the dark den where once his empire stood,

Grief chill'd his heart; to his half-open'd eyes
In every oak a Neptune seem'd to rise:
He fled, and left with all his trembling peers
The long possession of a thousand years.
  Through bush, through brake, through groves and gloomy dales,
Through dank and dry, o'er streams and flowery vales,
Direct they fled, but often look'd behind,
And stopt and started at each rustling wind.
Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands
Disperse and wander into different lands;
Part hid beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie
In silent glooms, impervious to the sky;
Part on fair Avon's margin seek repose,
Whose stream o'er Britain's midmost region flows,
Where formidable Neptune never came,
And seas and oceans are but known by fame;
Some to dark woods and secret shades retreat,
And some on mountains choose their airy seat;
There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,
Or shepherd boy, they featly foot the green,
While from their steps a circling verdure springs;
But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.
  Meanwhile sad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,
Tried every art (vain arts!) to change his doom,
And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.
What could she do? the Fates alike deny
The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.
  An herb there grows, (the same old Homer [2] tells
Ulysses bore to rival Circe's spells)

[2] Odyss. Lib. x.

Its root is ebon-black, but sends to light
A stem that bends with flowerets milky white;
Moly the plant, which gods and fairies know,
But secret kept from mortal men below;
On his pale limbs its virtuous juice she shed,
And murmur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead;
When lo! the little shape by magic pow'r
Grew less and less, contracted to a flow'r,
A flow'r that first in this sweet garden smil'd,
'To virgins sacred, and the Snow-drop styl'd.
The new-born plant with sweet regret she view'd,
Warm'd with her sighs, and with her tears bedew'd,
Its ripen'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,
And with her lover whiten'd half the shade:
Thus won from death each spring she sees him grow,
And glories in the vegetable snow,
Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's plains
Its parent's warmth and spotless name retains;
First leader of the flowery race aspires,
And foremost catches the sun's genial fires;
Mid frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,
Mingles the seasons and leads on the year.
Deserted now of all the pigmy race,
Nor man nor fairy touch'd the guilty place:
In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age
It lay accurst, the mark of Neptune's rage,
Till great Nassau recloth'd the desert shade,
Thence sacred to Britannia's monarchs made.
'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna, came,
(Kenna! that gave the neighbouring town its name)
Proud when she saw the' ennobled Garden shine
With nymphs and heroes of her lovers line,
She vow'd to grace the mansions once her own,
And picture out in plants the fairy town:

To far-fam'd Wise her flight unseen she sped,
And with gay prospects fill'd the craftsman's head,
Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing scheme,
And plann'd that landscape in a morning dream.
With the sweet view the sire of Gardens fir'd
Attempts the labour by the nymph inspir'd,
The walls and streets in rows of yew designs,
And forms the town in all its ancient lines;
The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
And girds the palace with a verdant square;
Nor knows, while round he views the rising scenes,
He builds a city as he plants his greens.
With a sad pleasure the aërial maid
This image of her ancient realm survey'd,
How chang'd, how fall'n, from its primeval pride!
Yet here each moon, the hour her lover died,
Each moon the solemn obsequies she pays,
And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays;
Pleas'd in these shades to head her fairy train,
And grace the groves where Albion's kinsmen reign.

# OXFORD [1],

## *INSCRIBED TO LORD LONSDALE,*

### MDCCVII [2].

Unum opus est, intactæ Palladis urbem
Carmine perpetuo celebrare.

HOR. I. Ode vii.

WHILST you, my lord, adorn that stately seat
Where shining Beauty makes her soft retreat,
Enjoying all those graces, uncontrol'd,
Which noblest youths would die but to behold;
Whilst you inhabit Lowther's awful pile,
A structure worthy of the founder's toil,
Amaz'd we see the former Lonsdale [3] shine
In each descendant of his noble line;
But most transported and surpris'd we view
His ancient glories all reviv'd in you,
Where charms and virtues join their equal race,
Your father's godlike soul, your mother's lovely face.

[1] This poem is subjoined to Dr. Johnson's Life of Tickell.

[2] Richard, second Lord Viscount Lonsdale. He died of the small-pox 1st Dec. 1713.

[3] Sir John Lowther, one of the early promoters of the Revolution, was constituted Vice Chamberlain to King William and Queen Mary on their advancement to the throne, created Baron Lowther and Viscount Lonsdale in 1696, and appointed Lord Privy Seal in 1699. He died 10th July 1700.

Me fortune and kind Heaven's indulgent care
To famous Oxford and the Muses bear,
Where of all ranks the blooming youths combine
To pay due homage to the mighty Nine,
And snatch with smiling joy the laurel crown
Due to the learned honours of the gown:
Here I, the meanest of the tuneful throng,
Delude the time with an unhallow'd song.
Which thus my thanks to much-lov'd Oxford pays,
In no ungrateful though unartful lays.

Where shall I first the beauteous scene disclose,
And all the gay variety expose?
For wheresoe'er I turn my wondering eyes
Aspiring towers and verdant groves arise;
Immortal greens the smiling plains array,
And mazy rivers murmur all the way.

O! might your eyes behold each sparkling dome,
And freely o'er the beauteous prospect roam,
Less ravish'd your own Lowther you'd survey,
Though pomp and state the costly seat display;
Where Art so nicely has adorn'd the place,
That Nature's aid might seem an useless grace,
Yet Nature's smiles such various charms impart
That vain and needless are the strokes of Art.
In equal state our rising structures shine,
Fram'd by such rules and form'd by such design,
That here, at once surpris'd and pleas'd, we view
Old Athens lost and conquer'd in the new;
More sweet our shades, more fit our bright abodes
For warbling Muses and inspiring gods.

Great Vanburgh's [4] self might own each artful draught
Equal to models in his curious thought,

[4] Sir John Vanburgh.

Nor scorn a fabric by our plans to frame,
Or in immortal labours sing their fame:
Both ways he saves them from destroying Fate,
If he but praise them, or but imitate.
See where the sacred Sheldon's haughty dome [5]
Rivals the stately pomp of ancient Rome,
Whose form so great and noble seems design'd
To' express the grandeur of its founder's mind:
Here in one lofty building we behold
Whate'er the Latian pride could boast of old.
True, no dire combats feed the savage eye,
And strew the sand with sportive cruelty;
But more adorn'd with what the Muse inspires,
It far outshines their bloody theatres.
Delightful scene! when here in equal verse
The youthful bards their godlike queen rehearse,
To Churchill's wreaths Apollo's laurel join,
And sing the plains of Hochstet and Judoign.
Next let the Muse record our Bodley's seat [6],
Nor aim at numbers like the subject great.
All hail! thou fabric sacred to the Nine,
Thy fame immortal and thy form divine!
Who to thy praise attempts the dangerous flight
Should in thy various tongues be taught to write;
His verse, like thee, a lofty dress should wear,
And breathe the genius which inhabits there;
Thy proper lays alone can make thee live,
And pay that fame which first thyself did give:
So fountains which through secret channels flow,
And pour above, the floods they take below,
Back to their father Ocean urge their way,
And to the sea the streams it gave repay.

[5] The Theatre. [6] The Bodleian Library.

No more we fear the military rage
Nurs'd up in some obscure barbarian age,
Nor dread the ruin of our arts divine
From thick-skull'd heroes of the gothic line,
Though pale the Romans saw those arms advance,
And wept their learning lost in ignorance.
Let brutal rage around its terrors spread,
The living murder, and consume the dead,
In impious fires let noblest writings burn,
And, with their authors, share a common urn,
Only, ye fates! our lov'd Bodleian spare,
Be It, and Learning's self shall be, your care;
Here every art and every grace shall join,
Collected Phœbus here alone shall shine,
Each other seat be dark, and this be all divine.
Thus when the Greeks imperial Troy defac'd,
And to the ground its fatal walls debas'd,
In vain they burn the work of hands divine,
And vow destruction to the Dardan line,
Whilst good Æneas flies the' unequal wars,
And with his guardian gods Iülus bears;
Old Troy for ever stands in him alone,
And all the Phrygian kings survive in one.
Here still presides each sage's reverend shade,
In soft repose and easy grandeur laid;
Their deathless works forbid their fame to die,
Nor Time itself their persons shall destroy,
Preserv'd within the living Gallery[7].
What greater gift could bounteous Heav'n bestow
Than to be seen above, and read below?
With deep respect I bend my duteous head
To see the faithful likeness of the dead;

[7] The Picture-Gallery.

But O! what Muse can equal warmth impart?
The painter's skill transcends the poet's art.
When round the pictur'd founders I descry,
With goodness soft and great with majesty,
So much of life the artful colours give,
Scarce more within their colleges they live;
My blood begins in wilder rounds to roll,
And pleasing tumults combat in my soul,
An humble awe my downcast eyes betray,
And only less than adoration pay.
Such were the Roman fathers when, o'ercome,
They saw the Gauls insult o'er conquer'd Rome,
Each captive seem'd the haughty victor's lord,
And prostrate chiefs their awful slaves ador'd.
Such art as this adorns your Lowther's Hall,
Where feasting gods carouse upon the wall;
The nectar which creating paint supplies
Intoxicates each pleas'd spectator's eyes,
Who view amaz'd the figures, heavenly fair,
And think they breathe the true Elysian air:
With strokes so bold, great Verrio's hand has drawn
The gods in dwellings brighter than their own.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I behold
What lively features grac'd each bard of old;
Such lips I think did guide his charming tongue,
In such an air as this the poet sung;
Such eyes as these glow'd with the sacred fire,
And hands like these employ'd the vocal lyre.
Quite ravish'd I pursue each image o'er,
And scarce admire their deathless labours more
See, where the gloomy Scaliger appears,
Each shade is critic and each feature sneers!
The artful Ben so smartly strikes the eye,
I more than see a fancied comedy;

The muddy Scotus crowns the motley show,
And metaphysics cloud his wrinkled brow;
But distant awe invades my beating breast
To see great Ormond in the paint exprest;
With fear I view the figure from afar
Which burns with noble ardour for the war;
But near approaches free my doubting mind,
To view such sweetness with such grandeur join'd.
Here studious heads the graver tablet shows,
And there with martial warmth the picture glows;
The blooming youth here boasts a brighter hue,
And painted virgins far outshine the true.
Hail, colours which with Nature bear a strife,
And only want a voice to perfect life!
The wondering stranger makes a sudden stand,
And pays low homage to the lovely band,
Within each frame a real fair believes,
And vainly thinks the mimic canvass lives,
Till undeceiv'd, he quits the' enchanting show,
Pleas'd with the art though he laments it too.
So when his Juno bold Ixion woo'd,
And aim'd at pleasures worthy of a god,
A beauteous cloud was form'd by angry Jove
Fit to invite though not indulge his love;
The mortal thought he saw his goddess shine,
And all the lying Graces look'd divine,
But when with heat he clasp'd her fancied charms,
The empty vapour balk'd his eager arms.
Loth to depart I leave the' inviting scene,
Yet scarce forbear to view it o'er again,
But still new objects give a new delight,
And various prospects bless the wandering sight.
Aloft in state the airy towers arise,
And with new lustre deck the wondering skies.

Lo, to what height the schools ascending reach!
Built with that art which they alone can teach;
The lofty dome expands her spacious gate
Where all the decent Graces jointly wait;
In every shape the god of Art resorts,
And crowds of sages fill the' extended courts.
With wonders fraught the bright Museum see,
Itself the greatest curiosity,
Where Nature's choicest treasures all combin'd
Delight, at once, and quite confound the mind;
Ten thousand splendors strike the dazzled eye,
And form on earth another Galaxy.
Here colleges in sweet confusion rise,
There temples seem to reach their native skies;
Spires, towers, and groves compose the various shew,
And mingled prospects charm the doubting view.
Who can deny their characters divine,
Without resplendent, and inspir'd within?
But since above my weak and artless lays,
Let their own poets sing their equal praise.
One labour more my grateful verse renews,
And rears aloft the low-descending Muse!
The building [8] parent of my young essays
Asks, in return, a tributary praise:
Pillars sublime bear up the learned weight,
And antique sages tread the pompous height,
Whilst guardian Muses shade the happy piles,
And all around diffuse propitious smiles.
Here Lancaster, adorn'd with every grace,
Stands chief in merit as the chief in place:
To his lov'd name our earliest lays belong,
The theme at once and patron of our song:

[8] Queen's College Library.

Long may he o'er his much-lov'd Queen preside,
Our arts encourage, and our counsels guide;
Till after ages, fill'd with glad surprise,
Behold his image all majestic rise.
Where now in pomp a venerable band,
Princes, and queens, and holy fathers stand,
Good Egglesfield[9] claims homage from the eye,
And the hard stone seems soft with piety;
The mighty monarchs still the same appear,
And every marble frown provokes the war;
Whilst rugged rocks, mark'd with Philippa's face,
Soften to charms, and glow with new-born grace.
A sightless noble did the warriors yield
Transform'd to statues by the Gorgon shield;
Distorting fear the coward's form confest,
And fury seem'd to heave the hero's breast;
The lifeless rocks each various thought betray'd,
And all the soul was in the stone display'd.
Too high, my verse! has been thy daring flight;
Thy softer numbers now the groves invite,
Where silent shades provoke the speaking lyre,
And cheerful objects happy songs inspire,
At once bestow rewards and thoughts infuse,
Compose a garland, and supply a Muse.
Behold around, and see the living green
In native colours paints a blooming scene;
The' eternal buds no deadly winter fear,
But scorn the coldest season of the year;
Apollo, sure, will bless the happy place
Which his own Daphne condescends to grace;
For here the everlasting laurels grow
In every grotto, and on every brow.

[9] Robert Egglesfield, B. D. the founder, 1340.

Prospects so gay demand a Congreve's strains
To call the gods and nymphs upon the plains;
Pan yields his empire o'er the silvan throng,
Pleas'd to submit to his superior song;
Great Denham's genius looks with rapture down,
And Spenser's shade resigns the rural crown.
Fill'd with great thoughts a thousand sages rove
Through every field and solitary grove,
Whose souls, ascending an exalted height,
Out-soar the drooping Muse's vulgar flight,
That longs to see her darling votaries laid
Beneath the covert of some gentle shade,
Where purling streams and warbling birds conspire
To aid the' enchantments of the trembling lyre.
Bear me, some god, to Christ-church, royal seat!
And lay me softly in the green retreat
Where Aldrich holds o'er wit the sovereign pow'r,
And crowns the poets which he taught before.
To Aldrich, Britain owes her tuneful Boyle,
The noblest trophy of the conquer'd isle,
Who adds new warmth to our poetic fire,
And gives to England the Hibernian lyre.
Philips, by Phœbus and his Aldrich taught,
Sings with that heat wherewith his Churchill fought;
Unfetter'd in great Milton's strain he writes,
Like Milton's angels, whilst his hero fights;
Pursues the bard whilst he with honour can,
Equals the poet and excels the man.
O'er all the plains, the streams, and woods around,
The pleasing lays of sweetest bards resound;
A faithful echo every note returns,
And listening river-gods neglect their urns.

When Codrington[10] and Steele their verse unrein,
And form an easy unaffected strain,
A double wreath of laurel binds their brow,
As they are poets and are warriors too.
Trapp's lofty scenes in gentle numbers flow,
Like Dryden great, as soft as moving Rowe.
When youthful Harrison[11] with tuneful skill
Makes Woodstock Park scarce yield to Cooper's Hill,
Old Chaucer from the' Elysian Fields looks down,
And sees at length a genius like his own;
Charm'd with his lays which reach the shades below
Fair Rosamonda intermits her woe,
Forgets the anguish of an injur'd soul,
The fatal poniard and envenom'd bowl.
Apollo smiles on Magdalen's peaceful bow'rs,
Perfumes the air, and paints the grot with flow'rs,
Where Yalden learn'd to gain the myrtle crown,
And every Muse was fond of Addison.
Applauded man! for weightier trusts design'd,
For once disdain not to unbend thy mind;
Thy mother Isis and her groves rehearse,
A subject not unworthy of thy verse;
So Latian fields will cease to boast thy praise,
And yield to Oxford, painted in thy lays;
And when the age to come, from envy free,
What thou to Virgil giv'st shall give to thee,

[10] The great benefactor of All Souls' College.

[11] William Harrison, Esq. fellow of New College Oxford, tutor to one of the Duke of Queensbury's sons, and afterwards secretary in an embassy to Holland. He died Feb. 14, 1713; and was lamented by Swift and Young. His poem of Woodstock Park is printed in Dodsley's collection.

Isis immortal by the poet's skill
Shall in the smooth description murmur still [12],'
New beauties shall adorn the silvan scene,
And in thy numbers grow for ever green.
Danby's fam'd gift [13] such verse as thine requires,
Exalted raptures and celestial fires;
Apollo here shall plenteously impart
As well his singing as his curing art.
Nature herself the healing garden loves,
Which kindly her declining strength improves;
Baffles the strokes of unrelenting Death,
Can break his arrows and can blunt his teeth.
How sweet the landscape! where in living trees
Here frowns a vegetable Hercules;
There fam'd Achilles learns to live again,
And looks yet angry in the mimic scene;
Here artful birds, which blooming arbours show,
Seem to fly higher whilst they upward grow;
From the same leaves both arms and warriors rise,
And every bough a different charm supplies.
So when our world the great Creator made,
And unadorn'd the sluggish Chaos laid,
Horror and Beauty own'd their sire the same,
And Form itself from Parent-Matter came;
That lumpish mass alone was source of all,
And bards and themes had one original.
In vain the groves demand my longer stay,
The gentle Isis wafts the Muse away.
With ease the river guides her wandering stream,
And hastes to mingle with uxorious Thame;

[12] Letters from Italy by Mr. Addison.

[13] The Physic garden at Oxford. This hint was happily taken up in 1713 by Dr. Evans.

Attempting poets on her banks lie down,
And quaff, inspir'd, the better Helicon;
Harmonious strains adorn their various themes,
Sweet as the banks and flowing as the streams.
Bless'd we whom bounteous Fortune here has thrown,
And made the various blessings all our own!
Nor crowns nor globes, the pageantry of state,
Upon our humble easy slumbers wait,
Nor aught that is Ambition's lofty theme
Disturbs our sleep, and gilds the gaudy dream.
Touch'd by no ills which vex the' unhappy great,
We only read the changes in the state;
Triumphant Marlborough's arms at distance hear,
And learn from Fame the rough events of war,
With pointed rhymes the Gallic tyrant pierce,
And make the cannon thunder in our verse.
See how the matchless youth their hours improve,
And in the glorious way to knowledge move!
Eager for fame, prevent the rising sun,
And watch the midnight labours of the moon.
Not tender years their bold attempts restrain
Who leave dull Time, and hasten into men;
Pure to the soul and pleasing to the eyes,
Like angels youthful, and like angels wise.
Some learn the mighty deeds of ages gone,
And by the lives of heroes form their own;
Now view the Granic chok'd with heaps of slain,
And warring worlds on the Pharsalian plain;
Now hear the trumpet's clangor from afar,
And all the dreadful harmony of war;
Now trace those secret tricks that lost a state,
And search the fine-spun arts that made it great;

Correct those errors that its ruin bred,
And bid some long-lost empire rear its ancient head.
Others, to whom persuasive arts belong,
(Words in their looks and music on their tongue)
Instructed by the wit of Greece and Rome,
Learn richly to adorn their native home;
Whilst listening crowds confess the sweet surprise,
With pleasure in their breasts and wonder in their eyes.
Here curious minds the latent seed disclose,
And Nature's darkest labyrinths expose;
Whilst greater souls the distant worlds descry,
Pierce to the' outstretch'd borders of the sky,
Enlarge the searching mind, and broad expand the eye.
O you, whose rising years so great began,
In whose bright youth I read the shining man,
O Lonsdale! know what noblest minds approve,
The thoughts they cherish and the arts they love;
Let these examples your young bosom fire,
And bid your soul to boundless height aspire.
Methinks I see you in our shades retir'd,
Alike admiring and by all admir'd:
Your eloquence now charms my ravish'd ear,
Which future senates shall transported hear;
Now mournful verse inspires a pleasing woe,
And now your cheeks with warlike fury glow;
Whilst on the paper fancied fields appear,
And prospects of imaginary war,
Your martial soul sees Hochstet's fatal plain,
Or fights the fam'd Ramillia o'er again.
But I in vain these lofty names rehearse,
Above the faint attempts of humble verse,

Which Garth should in immortal strains design,
Or Addison exalt with warmth divine:
A meaner song my tender voice requires,
And fainter lays confess the fainter fires;
By Nature fitted for an humble theme,
A painted prospect, or a murmuring stream;
To tune a vulgar note in Echo's praise,
Whilst Echo's self resounds the flattering lays;
Or, whilst I tell how Myra's charms surprise,
Paint roses on her cheeks and suns within her eyes.
O! did proportion'd height to me belong,
Great Anna's name should grace the' ambitious song;
Illustrious dames should round their queen resort,
And Lonsdale's mother crown the splendid court;
Her noble son should boast no vulgar place,
But share the ancient honours of his race,
Whilst each fair daughter's face and conquering eyes
To Venus only should submit the prize.
O matchless beauties, more than heavenly fair,
Your looks resistless and divine your air!
Let your bright eyes their bounteous beams diffuse,
And no fond bard shall ask an useless Muse;
Their kindling rays excite a noble fire,
Give beauty to the song, and music to the lyre.
This charming theme I ever could pursue,
And think the inspiration ever new,
Did not the god my wandering pen restrain,
And bring me to his Oxford back again.
Oxford! the goddess Muse's native home,
Inspir'd like Athens and adorn'd like Rome,
Had'st thou of old been learning's fam'd retreat,
And pagan Muses chose thy lovely seat,

O how unbounded had the fiction been!
What fancied visions had adorn'd the scene!
Upon each hill a silvan Pan had stood,
And every thicket boasted of a god;
Satyrs had frisk'd in each poetic grove,
And not a stream without its Nymphs could move;
Each summit had the train of Muses show'd,
And Hippocrene in every fountain flow'd:
The tales, adorn'd with each poetic grace,
Had look'd almost as charming as the place.
Ev'n now we hear the world with transports own
Those fictions by more wondrous truths outdone.
Here pure Eusebia keeps her holy seat,
And Themis smiles from heaven on this retreat;
Our chaster Graces own refin'd desires,
And all our Muses burn with vestal fires;
Whilst guardian angels our Apollos stand,
Scattering rich favours with a bounteous hand,
To bless the happy air and sanctify the land.
O pleasing shades! O ever green retreats!
Ye learned grottos and ye sacred seats!
Never may you politer arts refuse,
But entertain in peace the bashful Muse!
So may you be kind Heaven's distinguish'd care,
And may your fame be lasting as 'tis fair!
Let greater bards on fam'd Parnassus dream,
Or taste the' inspiring Heliconian stream,
Yet whilst our Oxford is the bless'd abode
Of every Muse and every tuneful god,
Parnassus owns its honours far outdone,
And Isis boasts more bards than Helicon.
A thousand blessings I to Oxford owe,
But you, my lord, the' inspiring Muse bestow:

Grac'd with your name the' unpolish'd poem shines;
You guard its faults, and consecrate the lines:
O! might you here meet my desiring eyes,
My drooping song to nobler heights would rise;
Or might I come to breathe your northern air,
Yet should I find an equal pleasure there;
Your presence would the harsher climate sooth,
Hush every wind and every mountain smooth;
Would bid the groves in springing pomp arise,
And open charming vistas to the eyes;
Would make my trifling verse be heard around,
And sportive Echo play the empty sound:
With you I should a better Phœbus find,
And own in you alone the charms of Oxford join'd.

# MISCELLANIES.

## *THOUGHTS*

### OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF AN ORIGINAL PICTURE OF KING CHARLES I.

TAKEN AT THE TIME OF HIS TRIAL.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE CLARKE, ESQ.

—— Animum pictura pascit inani
Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum. VIRG.

CAN this be he! could Charles, the good, the great,
Be sunk by Heaven to such a dismal state!
How meagre, pale, neglected, worn with care!
What steady sadness and august despair!
In those sunk eyes the grief of years I trace,
And sorrow seems acquainted with that face.
Tears, which his heart disdain'd, from me o'er-flow,
Thus to survey God's substitute below,
In solemn anguish and majestic woe!
When spoil'd of empire by unhallow'd hands,
Sold by his slaves, and held in impious bands;
Rent from what oft had sweeten'd anxious life,
His helpless children and his bosom wife;

Doom'd, for the faith, plebeian rage to stand,
And fall a victim for the guilty land;
When thus was seen, abandon'd and forlorn,
The King, the Father, and the Saint to mourn!—
How couldst thou, artist! then thy skill display?
Thy steady hands thy savage heart betray;
Near thy bold work the stunn'd spectators faint,
Nor see unmov'd what thou unmov'd couldst paint;
What brings to mind each various scene of woe,
The' insulting judge, the solemn mocking show,
The horrid sentence, and accursed blow!
Where then, just Heav'n! was thy unactive hand,
Thy idle thunder, and thy lingering brand!
Thy adamantine shield, thy angel wings,
And the great genii of anointed kings!
Treason and Fraud shall thus the stars regard,
And injur'd Virtue meet this sad reward?
So sad none like can Time's old records tell,
Though Pompey bled and poor Darius fell.
All names but one too low—that one too high:
All parallels are wrongs or blasphemy.
O Power supreme! how secret are thy ways!
Yet man, vain man! would trace the mystic maze;
With foolish wisdom arguing, charge his God,
His balance hold, and guide his angry rod,
New mould the spheres, and mend the sky's design,
And sound the' immense with his short scanty line.
Do thou, my soul! the destin'd period wait
When God shall solve the dark decrees of Fate,
His now unequal dispensations clear,
And make all wise and beautiful appear,
When suffering saints aloft in beams shall glow,
And prosperous traitors gnash their teeth below.

Such boding thoughts did guilty conscience dart,
A pledge of hell to dying Cromwell's heart:
Then this pale Image seem'd to' invade his room,
Gaz'd him to stone, and warn'd him to the tomb;
While thunders roll and nimble lightnings play,
And the storm wings his spotted soul away.

A blast more bounteous ne'er did Heav'n command
To scatter blessings o'er the British land:
Not that more kind which dash'd the pride of Spain,
And whirl'd her crush'd Armada round the main;
Not those more kind which guide our floating tow'rs,
Waft gums and gold, and made far India ours;
That only kinder which to Britain's shore
Did mitres, crowns, and Stuart's race restore,
Renew'd the church, revers'd the kingdom's doom,
And brought with Charles an Anna yet to come.

O Clarke! to whom a Stuart trusts her reign
O'er Albion's fleets, and delegates the main,
Dear as the faith thy loyal heart hath sworn
Transmit this piece to ages yet unborn:
This sight shall damp the raging ruffian's breast,
The poison spill, and half-drawn sword arrest;
To soft compassion stubborn traitors bend,
And one destroy'd, a thousand kings defend.

## *FRAGMENT*

### ON HUNTING.

Dona cano divum, lætas venantibus artes,
Auspicio, Diana, tuo. GRATIUS.

HORSES and hounds, their care, their various race,
The numerous beasts that range the rural chase,
The huntsman's chosen scenes, his friendly stars,
The laws and glory of the silvan wars,
I first in British verse presume to raise,
A venturous rival of the Roman praise.
Let me, chaste queen of Woods! thy aid obtain,
Bring here thy light-foot nymphs and sprightly train.
If oft o'er lawns thy care prevents the day,
To rouse the foe and press the bounding prey,
Woo thine own Phœbus in the task to join,
And grant me genius for the bold design.
In this soft shade O sooth the warrior's fire,
And fit his bow-string to the trembling lyre,
And teach, while thus their arts and arms we sing,
The groves to echo and the vales to ring!

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Thy care be first the various gifts to trace,
The minds and genius of the latrant race.
In powers distinct the different clans excel,
In sight, or swiftness, or sagacious smell.

By wiles ungenerous some surprise the prey,
And some by courage win the doubtful day.
Seest thou the gazehound, how with glance severe
From the close herd he marks the destin'd deer;
How every nerve the greyhound's stretch displays,
The hare preventing in her airy maze;
The luckless prey how treacherous tumblers gain,
And dauntless wolf-dogs shake the lion's mane:
O'er all the blood-hound boasts superior skill
To scent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill,
His fellows' vain alarms rejects with scorn,
True to the master's voice and learned horn:
His nostrils oft, if ancient fame sing true,
Trace the sly felon through the tainted dew;
Once snuff'd, he follows with unalter'd aim,
Nor odours lure him from the chosen game;
Deep-mouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd he views,
Springs on relentless, and to death pursues.
Some hounds of manners vile, (nor less we find
Of fops in hounds than in the reasoning kind)
Puff'd with conceit, run gadding o'er the plain,
And from the scent divert the wiser train;
For the foe's footsteps fondly snuff their own,
And mar the music with their senseless tone;
Start at the starting prey or rustling wind,
And hot at first, inglorious lag behind;
A sauntering tribe! may such my foes disgrace!
Give me, ye gods! to breed the nobler race;
Nor grieve thou to attend while truths unknown
I sing, and make Athenian arts our own.
Dost thou in hounds aspire to deathless fame?
Learn well their lineage and their ancient stem:
Each tribe with joy old rustic heralds trace,
And sing the chosen worthies of their race!

How his sire's features in the son were spied
When Di was made the vigorous Ringwood's bride:
Less sure thick lips the fate of Austria doom,
Or eagle noses rul'd almighty Rome.
Good shape to various kinds old bards confine;
Some praise the Greek and some the Roman line:
And dogs to beauty make as differing claims
As Albion's nymphs and India's jetty dames.
Immense to name their lands, to mark their bounds,
And paint the thousand families of hounds!
First count the sands, the drops where oceans flow,
Or Gauls by Marlborough sent to shades below.
The task be mine to teach Britannia's swains,
My much-lov'd country and my native plains.
Such be the dog I charge thou mean'st to train;
His back is crooked and his belly plain,
Of fillet stretch'd, and huge of haunch behind,
A tapering tail that nimbly cuts the wind, [paw,
Truss'd thigh, straight ham'd, and fox-like form'd his
Large leg'd, dry sol'd, and of protended claw;
His flat wide nostrils snuff the savoury steam,
And from his eyes he shoots pernicious gleam;
Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,
With ears and chest that dash the morning dew:
He best to stem the flood, to leap the bound,
And charm the dryads with his voice profound;
To pay large tribute to his weary lord,
And crown the silvan hero's plenteous board.
The matron bitch whose womb shall best produce
The hopes and fortune of the' illustrious house,
Deriv'd from noble but from foreign seed,
For various nature loaths incestuous breed,
Is like the sire throughout: nor yet displease
Large flanks and ribs, to give the teemer ease.

In spring let loose thy pairs; then all things prove
The stings of pleasure and the pangs of love;
Ethereal Jove then glads with genial show'rs
Earth's mighty womb, and strews her lap with flow'rs;
Hence juices mount, and buds embolden'd try
More kindly breezes and a softer sky.
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on every bough
In lulling strains the feather'd warblers woo;
Fell tigers soften in the' infectious flames,
And lions, fawning, court their brinded dames.
Great love pervades the deep: to please his mate
The whale in gambols moves his monstrous weight;
Heav'd by his wayward mirth old Ocean roars,
And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores.
All Nature smiles. Come now, nor fear, my love!
To taste the odours of the woodbine grove,
To pass the evening glooms in harmless play,
And, sweetly-swearing, languish life away.
An altar bound with recent flowers I rear
To thee, best season of the various year!
All hail! such days in beauteous order ran,
So swift, so sweet, when first the world began;
In Eden's bowers when man's great sire assign'd
The names and natures of the brutal kind;
Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
And hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling hound;
Wondrous to tell! but when with luckless hand
Our daring mother broke the sole command,
Then want and envy brought their meagre train,
Then wrath came down, and Death had leave to reign;
Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhor'd the day,
And hungry churls ensnar'd the nightly prey;

Rude arts at first, but witty want refin'd
The huntsman's wiles, and famine form'd the mind.
Bold Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar:
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courser in his mid career.
Ah! had he there restrain'd his tyrant hand!
Let me, ye Powers! an humbler wreath demand:
No pomp I ask which crowns and sceptres yield,
Nor dangerous laurels in the dusty field;
Fast by the forest and the limpid spring
Give me the warfare of the woods to sing,
To breed my whelps and healthful press the game,
A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless name.
And now thy female bears in ample womb
The bane of hares and triumphs yet to come.
No sport I ween, nor blast of sprightly horn,
Should tempt me then to hurt the whelps unborn.
Unlock'd in covers let her freely run
To range thy courts, and bask before the sun.
Near thy full table let the favourite stand,
Strok'd by thy son's or blooming daughter's hand.
Caress, indulge, by arts the matron bribe,
To' improve her breed and teem a vigorous tribe.
So, if small things may be compar'd with great,
And Nature's works the Muse's imitate,
So stretch'd in shades and lull'd by murmuring streams
Great Maro's breast receiv'd the heavenly dreams;
Recluse, serene, the musing prophet lay
Till thoughts in embryo ripening burst their way.
Hence bees in state and foaming coursers come,
Heroes and gods, and walls of lofty Rome.

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THE

## *FATAL CURIOSITY.*

Much had I heard of fair Francelia's name,
The lavish praises of the babbler Fame;
I thought them such, and went prepar'd to pry
And trace the charmer with a critic's eye,
Resolv'd to find some fault before unspied,
And disappointed if but satisfied.
  Love pierc'd the vassal heart that durst rebel,
And where a judge was meant, a victim fell.
On those dear eyes, with sweet perdition gay,
I gaz'd at once my pride and soul away;
All o'er I felt the luscious poison run,
And in a look the hasty conquest won.
  Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
And sports and flutters near the treacherous blaze;
Ravish'd with joy he wings his eager flight,
Nor dreams of ruin in so clear a light;
He tempts his fate and courts a glorious doom,
A bright destruction and a shining tomb.

## *THERSITES, OR THE LORDLING,*

### THE GRANDSON OF A BRICKLAYER, GREAT-GRANDSON OF A BUTCHER.

THERSITES, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed,
By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the sire exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both;
Look on him, and see the growth.
  View him on the mother's side
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride,
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still, and still adhering,
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward:
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak and passion strong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head,
Wishes it were all unsaid.
  Let me now the vices trace
From his father's scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they masons, were they butchers?

Herald lend the Muse an answer,
From his atavus and grandsire;
This was dextrous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greasy clumsy mien,
In his dress and figure seen;
Hence that mean and sordid soul,
Like his body rank and foul;
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
How to cut a throat and smile;
Like a butcher doom'd for life
In his mouth to wear his knife;
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.
Lastly, let his gifts be tried,
Borrow'd from the mason side.
Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a Babel,
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation;
True indeed I should be gladder,
Could he learn to mount a ladder:
May he, at his latter end,
Mount alive and dead descend.
In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most or male?
What produc'd them can you tell,
Human race or imp of hell?—

IN PRAISE OF

## *THE HORN BOOK.*

WRITTEN UNDER A FIT OF THE GOUT.

'Magni magna patrant, nos non nisi ludicra—
——— Podagra hæc otia fecit.'

Hail, ancient Book! most venerable code!
Learning's first cradle and its last abode!
The huge unnumber'd volumes which we see,
By lazy plagiaries are stolen from thee;
Yet future times to thy sufficient store
Shall ne'er presume to add one letter more.
Thee will I sing in comely wainscot bound,
And golden verge enclosing thee around,
The faithful Horn before, from age to age
Preserving thy invaluable page;
Behind thy patron saint in armour shines,
With sword and lance to guard thy sacred lines;
Beneath his courser's feet the dragon lies
Transfix'd; his blood thy scarlet cover dies;
The' instructive handle's at the bottom fixt,
Lest wrangling critics should pervert the text.
Or if to gingerbread thou shalt descend,
And liquorish learning to thy babes extend;
Or sugar'd plane, o'erspread with beaten gold,
Does the sweet treasure of thy letters hold,

Thou still shalt be my song.—Apollo's choir
I scorn to' invoke; Cadmus! my verse inspire:
'Twas Cadmus who the first materials brought
Of all the learning which has since been taught,
Soon made complete! for mortals ne'er shall know
More than contain'd of old the Christ-cross row;
What masters dictate or what doctors preach,
Wise matrons hence e'en to our children teach.
But as the name of every plant and flow'r
(So common that each peasant knows its pow'r)
Physicians in mysterious cant express
To' amuse the patient, and enhance their fees,
So, from the letters of our native tongue
Put in Greek scrawls, a mystery too is sprung;
Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,
And artful men strike out a gainful trade;
Strange characters adorn the learned gate,
And heedless youth catch at the shining bait;
The pregnant boys the noisy charms declare,
And Taus and Deltas [1] make their mothers stare;
The' uncommon sounds amaze the vulgar ear,
And what's uncommon never costs too dear;
Yet in all tongues the Hornbook is the same,
Taught by the Grecian master or the English dame.
But how shall I thy endless virtues tell
In which thou dost all other books excel?
No greasy thumbs thy spotless leaf can soil,
Nor crooked dogs-ears thy smooth corners spoil;
In idle pages no errata stand
To tell the blunders of the printer's hand;
No fulsome dedication here is writ,
Nor flattering verse, to praise the author's wit;

[1] The Greek letters T, Δ.

The margin with no tedious notes is vext,
Nor various readings, to confound the text;
All parties in thy literal sense agree,
Thou perfect centre of concordancy!
Search we the records of an ancient date,
Or read what modern histories relate,
They all proclaim what wonders have been done
By the plain letters taken as they run:
'[2] Too high the floods of passion us'd to roll,
And rend the Roman youth's impatient soul;
His hasty anger furnish'd scenes of blood,
And frequent deaths of worthy men ensued;
In vain were all the weaker methods tried,
None could suffice to stem the furious tide;
Thy sacred line he did but once repeat,
And laid the storm, and cool'd the raging heat.'
Thy heavenly notes like angels' music cheer
Departing souls, and sooth the dying ear.
An aged peasant, on his latest bed,
Wish'd for a friend some godly book to read;
The pious grandson thy known handle takes,
And (eyes lift up) this savoury lecture makes.
Great A he gravely read; the' important sound
The empty walls and hollow roof rebound:
The' expiring ancient rear'd his drooping head,
And thank'd his stars that Hodge had learn'd to read.
Great B, the younker bawls; 'O heavenly breath!
What ghostly comforts in the hour of death!
What hopes I feel!' Great C, pronounc'd the boy!
The grandsire dies with ecstasy of joy.

[2] The advice given to Augustus by the Stoic philosopher Athenodorus, who desired the emperor neither to say nor to do any thing till he had first said over the alphabet, as the observance of this rule would moderate his passion, and prevent rash words and actions.

Yet in some lands such ignorance abounds,
Whole parishes scarce know thy useful sounds:
Of Essex-Hundreds Fame gives this report,
But Fame, I ween, says many things in sport:
Scarce lives the man towhom thou'rt quite unknown,
Though few the' extent of thy vast empire own.
Whatever wonders magic spells can do
On earth, in air, in sea, in shades below;
What words, profound and dark, wise Mah'met spoke
When his old cow an angel's figure took;
What strong enchantments sage Canidia knew,
Or Horace sung fierce monsters to subdue,
O mighty Book! are all contain'd in you:
All human arts and every science meet
Within the limits of thy single sheet:
From thy vast roof all Learning's branches grow,
And all her streams from thy deep fountain flow.
And lo! while thus thy wonders I indite,
Inspir'd I feel the power of which I write;
The gentler gout his former rage forgets,
Less frequent now and less severe the fits;
Loose grow the chains which bound my useless feet,
Stiffness and pain from every joint retreat,
Surprising strength comes every moment on;
I stand, I step, I walk, and now I run.
Here let me cease, my hobbling numbers stop,
And at thy handle [3] hang my crutches up.

[3] Votiva Tabula. HOR.

ON

## *QUEEN CAROLINE'S*

### REBUILDING THE LODGINGS OF THE BLACK PRINCE AND HENRY V. AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

WHERE bold and graceful soars, secure of fame,
The pile now worthy great Philippa's name,
Mark that old ruin, gothic and uncouth,
Where the Black Edward pass'd his beardless youth,
And the fifth Henry, for his first renown,
Outstripp'd each rival in a student's gown.
In that coarse age were princes fond to dwell
With meagre monks, and haunt the silent cell.
Sent from the Monarch's to the Muses' court,
Their meals were frugal and their sleeps were short;
To couch at curfew time they thought no scorn,
And froze at matins every winter morn;
They read on early book the starry frame,
And lisp'd each constellation by its name,
Art after art still dawning to their view,
And their mind opening as their stature grew.
Yet whose ripe manhood spread our fame so far,
Sages in peace and demigods in war?
Who stern in fight made echoing Cressy ring,
And, mild in conquest, serv'd his captive king;
Who gain'd at Agincourt the victor's bays,
Nor took himself, but gave good Heaven the praise?
Thy nurslings, ancient dome! to virtue form'd,
To mercy listening whilst in fields they storm'd;
Fierce to the fierce, and warm the' oppress to save,
Through life rever'd, and worship'd in the grave.

In tenfold pride their mouldering roofs shall shine,
The stately work of bounteous Caroline;
And blest Philippa, with unenvious eyes,
From Heaven behold her rival's fabric rise.
If still, bright saint! this spot deserves thy care,
Incline thee to the' ambitious Muse's pray'r;
O couldst thou win young William's bloom to grace
His mother's walls, and fill thy Edward's place,
How would that genius, whose propitious wings
Have here twice hover'd o'er the sons of kings,
Descend triumphant to his ancient seat,
And take in charge a third Plantagenet!

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ON THE DEATH OF

## *THE EARL OF CADOGAN.*

Of Marlborough's captains and Eugenio's friends
The last, Cadogan, to the grave descends.
Low lies each hand whence Blenheim's glory sprung,
The chiefs who conquer'd and the bards who sung.
From his cold corse though every friend be fled,
Lo! Envy waits, that lover of the dead.
Thus did she feign o'er Nassau's hearse to mourn,
Thus wept insidious, Churchill! o'er thy urn,
To blast the living gave the dead their due,
And wreaths herself had tainted, trim'd anew.
Thou yet unnam'd to fill his empty place,
And lead to war thy country's growing race,
Take every wish a British heart can frame,
Add palm to palm and rise from fame to fame!
An hour must come when thou shalt hear with rage
Thyself traduc'd, and curse a thankless age:

Nor yet for this decline the generous strife;
These ills, brave man! shall quit thee with thy life:
Alive though stain'd by every abject slave,
Secure of fame and justice in the grave.
Ah! no—when once the mortal yields to Fate
The blast of Fame's sweet trumpet sounds too late,
Too late to stay the spirit on its flight,
Or sooth the new inhabitant of light,
Who hears regardless, while fond man, distrest,
Hangs on the absent and laments the blest.
Farewell then Fame! ill sought through fields of blood,
Farewell, unfaithful promiser of good!
Thou music warbling to the deafen'd ear!
Thou incense wasted on the funeral bier!
Through life pursued in vain, by death obtain'd;
When ask'd, denied us; and when given, disdain'd.

## *PROLOGUE*

### TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1713.

What kings henceforth shall reign, what states be free,
Is fix'd at length by Anna's just decree;
Whose brows the Muse's sacred wreath shall fit
Is left to you, the arbiters of wit.
With beating hearts the rival poets wait
Till you, Athenians, shall decide their fate;
Secure, when to these learned seats they come,
Of equal judgment and impartial doom.
Poor is the player's fame, whose whole renown
Is but the praise of a capricious town,

While with mock majesty and fancied pow'r
He struts in robes, the monarch of an hour!
Oft wide of nature must he act a part,
Make love in tropes, in bombast break his heart;
In turn and simile resign his breath,
And rhyme and quibble in the pangs of death.
We blush when plays like these receive applause,
And laugh in secret at the tears we cause,
With honest scorn our own success disdain,
A worthless honour and inglorious gain.
No trifling scenes at Oxford shall appear;
Well what we blush to act, may you to hear.
To you our fam'd, our standard plays we bring,
The work of poets whom you taught to sing:
Though crown'd with fame they dare not think it due,
Nor take the laurel till bestow'd by you.
Great Cato's self, the glory of the stage!
Who charms, corrects, exalts, and fires the age,
Begs here he may be tried by Roman laws;
To you, O fathers! he submits his cause:
He rests not in the people's general voice
Till you, the senate, have confirm'd his choice.
Fine is the secret, delicate the art,
To wind the passions and command the heart!
For fancied ills to force our tears to flow,
And make the generous soul in love with woe;
To raise the shades of heroes to our view,
Rebuild fall'n empires, and old time renew,
How hard the task! how rare the godlike rage!
None should presume to dictate for the stage,
But such as boast a great extensive mind,
Enrich'd by Nature and by Art refin'd;
Who from the ancient stores their knowledge bring,
And tasted early of the Muses' spring.

May none pretend upon her throne to sit
But such as sprung from you, are born to wit:
Chosen by the mob their lawless claim we slight;
Your's is the old hereditary right.

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## *COLIN AND LUCY,*

### A BALLAD.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace,
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face;

Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains! beware.

Three times all in the dead of night
A bell was heard to ring,
And, shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.

Too well the loveloru maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

'I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

'By a false heart and broken vows,
In early youth I die.
Was I to blame because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

'Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid! receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

'To-morrow in the church to wed
Impatient both prepare;
But know, fond maid! and know, false man!
That Lucy will be there.

'Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.'

She spoke; she died. Her corse was borne
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah! bride no more!
The varying crimson fled,
When stretch'd before her rivals corse
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands grey and truelove-knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forlorn! whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

## *IMITATION*

### OF THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS,

FROM HOR. BOOK III. ODE XXV.

Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
Indictum ore alio: non secus in jugis
Ex somnis stupet Evias,
Hebrum prospiciens, et nive candidam
Thracen, ac pede barbaro
Lustratam Rhodopen. HOR.

As Marr his round one morning took,
(Whom some call Earl and some call Duke)
And his new brethren of the blade
Shivering with fear and frost survey'd,
On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to spy
An aged wizard six feet high,
With bristled hair and visage blighted,
Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and second-sighted.
The grisly sage in thought profound
Beheld the chief with back so round,
Then roll'd his eye-balls to and fro
O'er his paternal hills of snow,
And into these tremendous speeches
Broke forth the prophet without breeches:
'Into what ills betray'd by thee
This ancient kingdom do I see!
Her realms unpeopled and forlorn;
Wae's me! that ever thou wert born!

Proud English loons (our clans o'ercome)
On Scottish pads shall amble home;
I see them drest in bonnets blue,
(The spoils of thy rebellious crew)
I see the target cast away,
And checker'd plaid become their prey;
The checker'd plaid, to make a gown
For many a lass in London town.

'In vain thy hungry mountaineers
Come forth in all thy warlike geers,
The shield, the pistol, dirk, and dagger,
In which they daily wont to swagger,
And oft have sallied out to pillage
The hen-roosts of some peaceful village,
Or while their neighbours were asleep
Have carried off a lowland sheep.

'What boots thy high-born host of beggars,
Macleans, Mackenzies, and Macgregors,
With popish cut-throats, perjur'd ruffians,
And Forster's troop of ragamuffins?

'In vain thy lads around thee bandy,
Inflam'd with bagpipe and with brandy.
Doth not bold Sutherland the trusty,
With heart so true and voice so rusty,
(A loyal soul!) thy troops affright,
While hoarsely he demands the fight?
Dost thou not generous Ilay dread,
The bravest hand, the wisest head?
Undaunted dost thou hear the' alarms
Of hoary Athol sheath'd in arms?

'Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From thanes and peers of high renown,
Fiery and young, and uncontroll'd,
With knights and 'squires, and barons bold,

(His noble household band) advances,
And on the milk-white courser prances.
Thee, Forfar, to the combat dares,
Grown swarthy in Iberian wars;
And Monro kindled into rage
Stoutly defies thee to engage;
He'll rout thy foot though ne'er so many,
And horse to boot—if thou hadst any.

'But see Argyle with watchful eyes
Lodg'd in his deep intrenchments lies;
Couch'd like a lion in thy way
He waits to spring upon his prey,
While like a herd of timorous deer
Thy army shakes and pants with fear,
Led by their doughty general's skill
From frith to frith, from hill to hill.

'Is thus thy haughty promise paid
That to the Chevalier was made,
When thou didst oaths and duty barter
For dukedom, generalship, and garter?
Three moons thy Jemmy shall command
With Highland sceptre in his hand,
Too good for his pretended birth,—
Then down shall fall the King of Perth.

''Tis so decreed; for George shall reign,
And traitors be forsworn in vain;
Heaven shall for ever on him smile,
And bless him still with an Argyle;
While thou pursued by vengeful foes,
Condemn'd to barren rocks and snows,
And hinder'd passing Inverlochy,
Shall burn thy clan and curse poor Jocky.

TO

## *APOLLO MAKING LOVE.*

FROM MONS. FONTENELLE.

'I AM,' cried Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
And panting for breath the coy virgin pursued,
When his wisdom, in manner most ample, exprest
The long list of the graces his godship possest:

'I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays;'—
Nor for lays nor sweet song the fair fugitive stays:
'I'm the god of the harp—stop, my fairest!'—in vain;
Nor the harp nor the harper could fetch her again.

'Every plant, every flower, and their virtues, I know;
God of Light I'm above, and of Physic below:'—
At the dreadful word Physic the nymph fled more fast;
At the fatal word Physic she doubled her haste.

Thou fond god of Wisdom! then alter thy phrase,
Bid her view thy young bloom and thy ravishing rays;
Tell her less of thy knowledge and more of thy charms,
And, my life for't, the damsel will fly to thy arms.

# EPISTLES.

## TO THE SUPPOSED
## *AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.*

In courts licentious and a shameless stage
How long the war shall Wit with Virtue wage?
Enchanted by this prostituted fair,
Our youth run headlong in the fatal snare;
In height of rapture clasp unheeded pains,
And suck pollution through their tingling veins.
Thy spotless thoughts unshock'd the priest may hear,
And the pure vestal in her bosom wear.
To conscious blushes and diminish'd pride
Thy glass betrays what treacherous love would hide;
Nor harsh thy precepts, but infus'd by stealth,
Pleas'd while they cure, and cheat us into health.
Thy works in Chloe's toilet gain a part,
And, with his tailor, share the fopling's heart,
Lash'd in thy satire the penurious cit
Laughs at himself, and finds no harm in wit.
From felon gamesters the raw 'squire is free,
And Britain owes her rescued oaks to thee.
His Miss the frolic Viscount dreads to toast,
Or his third cure the shallow Templar boast;
And the rash fool who scorn'd the beaten road
Dares quake at thunder, and confess his God.

The brainless stripling who, expell'd the Town,
Damn'd the stiff college and pedantic gown,
Awed by thy name is dumb, and thrice a-week
Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to Greek.
A sauntering tribe! such born to wide estates
With Yea and No in senates hold debates;
At length, despis'd, each to his fields retires,
First with the dogs, and king amidst the 'squires;
From pert to stupid sinks supinely down,
In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.
Such readers scorn'd, thou wingst thy daring flight
Above the stars, and treadst the fields of light:
Fame, Heav'n, and hell, are thy exalted theme,
And visions such as Jove himself might dream;
Man sunk to slavery, though to glory born,
Heaven's pride when upright, and deprav'd his scorn.
Such hints alone could British Virgil lend,
And thou alone deserve from such a friend:
A debt so borrow'd is illustrious shame,
And fame, when shar'd with him, is double fame.
So flush'd with sweets by Beauty's queen bestow'd,
With more than mortal charms Æneas glow'd;
Such generous strifes Eugene and Marlborough try,
And as in glory, so in friendship vie.
Permit these lines by thee to live—nor blame
A Muse that pants and languishes for fame,
That fears to sink when humbler themes she sings,
Lost in the mass of mean forgotten things.
Receiv'd by thee, I prophesy my rhymes—
The praise of virgins in succeeding times:
Mix'd with thy works their life no bounds shall see,
But stand protected, as inspir'd, by thee.
So some weak shoot, which else would poorly rise,
Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the skies;

Through the new pupil fostering juices flow,
Thrust forth the gems and give the flowers to blow
Aloft, immortal reigns the plant unknown,
With borrow'd life and vigour not his own.

## *TO MR. ADDISON,*

### ON HIS OPERA OF ROSAMOND.

——— Ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo. HOR.

The Opera first Italian masters taught,
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought:
Britannia's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles and enervate strains,
And blushes on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well tun'd, and sweet stupidity.
No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli and as Virgil strong:
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And Music borrows helps she us'd to give.
Thy style hath match'd what ancient Romans knew
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new,
Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
The height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.
Landscapes how gay the bowery grotto yields,
Which Thought creates and lavish Fancy builds!
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flowery groves and everlasting greens,

The babbling sounds that mimic Echo plays,
The fairy shade and its eternal maze?
Nature and Art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium to one view confin'd!
No further could imagination roam,
Till Vanburgh fram'd and Marlborough rais'd the dome.

Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see the' imploring fair;
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die:
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
(In dirges thus, expiring swains complain;)
Each verse so swells expressive of her woes,
And every tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.

Let joy salute fair Rosamonda's shade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid,
While now, perhaps, with Dido's ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the story of their loves.
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since love which made them wretched, makes them great;
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil and an Addison.

Accept, great Monarch of the British lays!
The tribute song an humble subject pays;
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars to hail the god of verse and light.
Unrivall'd as unmatch'd be still thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envied name!
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful quire,
Shall tremble on the strings of every lyre;

While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies,
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

## *TO THE SAME,*

### ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

Too long hath love engross'd Britannia's stage,
And sunk to softness all our tragic rage;
By that alone did empires fall or rise,
And fate depended on a fair-one's eyes:
The sweet infection, mix'd with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it soothed the heart:
You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,
Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:
A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly shed for all mankind.
How do our souls with generous pleasure glow,
Our hearts exulting while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
Of all his sufferings venerably great,
Rome's poor remains still sheltering by his side,
With conscious virtue and becoming pride!
The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
His sap exhausted and his branches bare;
Midst storms and earthquakes he maintains his state,
Fixt deep in earth and fasten'd by his weight;
His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful shade.
Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes;

Awhile they let the world's great business wait,
Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.
Here taught how ancient heroes rose to fame,
Our Britons crowd and catch the Roman flame,
Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
And kings and priests without a blush appear.
France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
Now first pays homage to her rival stage,
Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
Alike to British arms and British wit:
No more she'll wonder, forc'd to do us right,—
Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.
Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find each deed, each word exprest,
And every thought that swell'd a Roman breast;
We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire
With Virgil's judgment and with Lucan's fire:
We know thy worth, and give us leave to boast—
We most admire, because we know thee most.

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TO THE

## *EARL OF WARWICK,*

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick! but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge my bosom, by your own!

What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires;
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
  Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ and the pausing choir,
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate paid,
And the last words that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend!
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy lov'd Montague.
To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart!
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue;
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee!
  Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown;
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:

Proud names! who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars and prodigal of blood,
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood,
Just men, by whom impartial laws were giv'n,
And saints, who taught and led the way to Heav'n!
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.
In what new region to the just assign'd,
What new employments please the' unbodied mind?
A winged Virtue through the' ethereal sky
From world to world unwearied does he fly,
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind?
A task well suited to thy gentle mind.
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius! lend.
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join nor death can part us more.
That awful form which, so the Heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplored by me,

In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
The' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato, there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor and a friend sincere;
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Thou Hill! whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore,
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer, in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes and thy noonday shade.
From other ills, however Fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.

O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs, in death, to Addison succeeds)
The verse begun to one lost friend prolong,
And weep a second in the' unfinish'd song!
  These works divine which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Craggs! the' expiring Sage convey'd,
Great but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim;
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast, farewell!
Farewell! whom join'd in fame, in friendship tried,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

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## *AN EPISTLE*

### FROM A LADY IN ENGLAND TO A GENTLEMAN AT AVIGNON.

To thee, dear rover! and thy vanquish'd friends,
The health she wants thy gentle Chloe sends:
Though much you suffer, think I suffer more,
Worse than an exile on my native shore.
Companions in your master's flight you roam,
Unenvied by your haughty foes at home;
For ever near the Royal Outlaw's side
You share his fortunes and his hopes divide,
On glorious schemes and thoughts of empire dwell,
And with imaginary titles swell.
  Say, for thou know'st I own his sacred line,
The passive doctrine and the right divine,

Say, what new succours does the Chief prepare?
The strength of armies, or the force of pray'r?
Does he from Heaven or earth his hopes derive?
From saints departed, or from priests alive?
Nor saints nor priests can Brunswick's troops withstand,
And beads drop useless through the zealot's hand.
Heav'n to our vows may future kingdoms owe,
But skill and courage win the crowns below.
Ere to thy cause and thee my heart inclin'd,
Or love to party had seduc'd my mind,
In female joys I took a dull delight,
Slept all the morn and punted half the night;
But now, with fears and public cares possest,
The Church! the Church! for ever breaks my rest.
The Post-boy on my pillow I explore,
And sift the news of every foreign shore,
Studious to find new friends and new allies,
What armies march from Sweden in disguise;
How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,
And Rome deals out her blessings and her gold;
Then o'er the map my finger taught to stray,
Cross many a region marks the winding way;
From sea to sea, from realm to realm I rove,
And grow a mere geographer by love;
But still Avignon and the pleasing coast
That holds thee banish'd, claims my care the most:
Oft on the well-known spot I fix my eyes,
And span the distance that between us lies.
Let not our James though foil'd in arms despair,
Whilst on his side he reckons half the fair.
In Britain's lovely isle, a shining throng
War in his cause, a thousand beauties strong.

The' unthinking victors vainly boast their pow'rs;
Be theirs the musket, while the tongue is ours.
We reason with such fluency and fire,
The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire;
Against the prelates plead the church's cause,
And from our judges vindicate the laws.
Then mourn not, hapless Prince! thy kingdoms lost,
A crown, though late, thy sacred brows may boast;
Heav'n seems through us thy empire to decree;
Those who win hearts have giv'n their hearts to thee.

Hast thou not heard that when profusely gay
Our well-drest rivals grac'd their sovereign's day,
We stubborn damsels met the public view
In loathsome wormwood and repenting rue?
What Whig but trembled when our spotless band
In virgin roses whiten'd half the land;
Who can forget what fears the foe possest
When oaken boughs mark'd every loyal breast!
Less scar'd near Medway's stream the Norman stood
When cross the plain he spied a marching wood,
Till near at hand a gleam of swords betray'd
The youth of Kent beneath its wandering shade.

Those who the succours of the fair despise,
May find that we have nails as well as eyes.
Thy female bands, O Prince, by fortune crost!
At least more courage than thy men may boast.
Our sex has dar'd the mughouse chiefs to meet,
And purchas'd fame in many a well-fought street:
From Drury Lane, the region of renown,
The land of love, the Paphos of the Town;
Fair patriots sallying oft have put to flight,
With all their poles, the guardians of the night;

And bore, with screams of triumph, to their side
The leader's staff in all its painted pride.
Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note
To vend the discontented statesman's thought,
Though red with stripes, and recent from the thong,
Sore smitten for the love of sacred song;
The tuneful sisters still pursue their trade
Like Philomela, darkling in the shade.
Poor Trot attends, forgetful of a fare,
And hums in concert o'er his empty chair.
  Meanwhile, regardless of the royal cause,
His sword for James no brother sovereign draws;
The Pope himself, surrounded with alarms,
To France his bulls, to Corfu sends his arms;
And though he hears his darling son's complaint,
Can hardly spare one tutelary saint,
But lists them all to guard his own abodes,
And into ready money coins his gods.
The dauntless Swede, pursued by vengeful foes,
Scarce keeps his own hereditary snows;
Nor must the friendly roof of kind Lorrain
With feast regale our garter'd youth again.
Safe, Bar-le-Duc! within thy silent grove
The pheasant now may perch, the hare may rove;
The knight who aims unerring from afar,
The' adventrous knight, now quits the silvan war;
Thy brinded boars may slumber undismay'd,
Or grunt secure beneath the chesnut shade.
Inconstant Orleans! (still we mourn the day
That trusted Orleans with imperial sway)
Far o'er the Alps our helpless monarch sends,
Far from the call of his desponding friends;
Such are the terms to gain Britannia's grace;
And such the terrors of the Brunswick race!

Was it for this the sun's whole lustre fail'd,
And sudden midnight o'er the moon prevail'd?
For this did Heav'n display to mortal eyes
Aërial knights and combats in the skies?
Was it for this Northumbrian streams look'd red,
And Thames, driv'n backward, show'd his secret bed?
False auguries! the' insulting victors scorn!
Ev'n our own prodigies against us turn;
O portents! construed on our side in vain,
Let never Tory trust eclipse again.
Run clear, ye fountains! be at peace, ye skies!
And Thames! henceforth to thy green borders rise.
To Rome then must the Royal Wanderer go,
And fall a suppliant at the papal toe?
His life in sloth inglorious must he wear,
One half in luxury and one in pray'r?
His mind perhaps at length debauch'd with ease,
The proffer'd purple and the hat may please.
Shall he, whose ancient patriarchal race
To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,
In solemn conclave sit, devoid of thought,
And poll for points of faith his trusty vote?
Be summon'd to his stall in time of need,
And with his casting suffrage fix a creed?
Shall he in robes on stated days appear,
And English heretics curse once a-year?
Garnet and Faux shall he with prayers invoke,
And beg that Smithfield piles once more may smoke?
Forbid it, Heav'n! my soul to fury wrought
Turns almost Hanoverian at the thought.
From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,
And fear, O Brunswick! 'twill be wholly thine;
Yet still his share thy rival will contest,
And still the double claim divides my breast.

The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,
And wish my homage were not Brunswick's due:
To James my passion and my weakness guide,
But reason sways me to the victor's side.
Though griev'd I speak it; let the truth appear;
You know my language and my heart sincere.
In vain did falsehood his fair fame disgrace;
What force had falsehood when he show'd his face?
In vain to war our boastful clans were led;
Heaps driv'n on heaps in the dire shock they fled.
France shuns his wrath, nor raises to our shame
A second Dunkirk in another name.
In Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,
And up the Thames the world's abundance flows.
Spite of feign'd fears and artificial cries,
The pious Town sees fifty churches rise.
The hero triumphs as his worth is known,
And sits more firmly on his shaken throne.
  To my sad thought no beam of hope appears
Through the long prospect of succeeding years.
The son, aspiring to his father's fame,
Shows all his sire, another and the same:
He blest in lovely Carolina's arms
To future ages propagates her charms.
With pain and joy at strife I often trace
The mingled parents in each daughter's face;
Half sickening at the sight, too well I spy
The father's spirit through the mother's eye:
In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,
And strive to hate their innocence in vain.
  O Princess! happy by thy foes confest,
Blest in thy husband, in thy children blest,
As they from thee, from them new beauties born
While Europe lasts shall Europe's thrones adorn;

Transplanted to each court, in times to come
Thy smile celestial and unfading bloom
Great Austria's sons with softer lines shall grace,
And smooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race;
The fair descendants of thy sacred bed
Wide branching o'er the western world shall spread,
Like the fam'd Banian tree, whose pliant shoot
To earthward bending, of itself takes root;
Till, like their mother plant, ten thousand stand
In verdant arches on the fertile land;
Beneath her shade the tawny Indians rove,
Or hunt at large through the wide echoing grove.
O thou! to whom these mournful lines I send,
My promis'd husband and my dearest friend,
Since Heav'n appoints this favour'd race to reign,
And blood has drench'd the Scottish fields in vain,
Must I be wretched, and thy flight partake?
Or wilt not thou for thy lov'd Chloe's sake,
Tir'd out at length, submit to fate's decree?
If not to Brunswick, O return to me!
Prostrate before the victor's mercy bend;
What spares whole thousands may to thee extend.
Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,
Great Brunswick's virtues will secure thy fame:
Say these invite thee to approach his throne,
And own the monarch Heaven vouchsafes to own:
The world convinc'd, thy reasons will approve;
Say this to them, but swear to me 'twas love.

## *VERSES TO MRS. LOWTHER*

### ON HER MARRIAGE.

FROM MENAGE.

THE greatest swain that treads the' Arcadian grove
Our shepherds envy, and our virgins love,
His charming nymph his softer fair obtains,
The bright Diana of our flowery plains;
He 'midst the graceful of superior grace,
And she the loveliest of the loveliest race.
Thy fruitful influence guardian Juno shed,
And crown the pleasures of the genial bed;
Raise thence, their future joy, a smiling heir,
Brave as the father, as the mother fair.
Well may'st thou shower thy choicest gifts on those
Who boldly rival thy most hated foes;
The vigorous bridegroom with Alcides vies,
And the fair bride has Cytherea's eyes.

---

TO

## *A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.*

OH! form'd by Nature and refin'd by art,
With charms to win and sense to fix the heart,
By thousands sought, Clotilda! canst thou free
Thy crowd of captives and descend to me;
Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,
A hidden beauty and a country wife?

O! listen while thy summers are my theme,
Ah! sooth thy partner in his waking dream.
In some small hamlet on the lonely plain [train;
Where Thames through meadows rolls his mazy
Or where high Windsor, thick with greens array'd,
Waves his old oaks and spreads his ample shade,
Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat;
Already round the visionary seat
Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
Where dost thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green,
Thou nameless lawn and village yet unseen,
Where sons contented with their native ground
Ne'er travell'd further than ten furlongs round,
And the tann'd peasant and his ruddy bride
Were born together, and together died;
Where early larks best tell the morning light,
And only Philomel disturbs the night?
'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dies;
All savage where the' embroider'd gardens end,
The haunt of echoes shall my woods ascend;
And oh! if Heav'n the' ambitious thought approve,
A rill shall warble cross the gloomy grove;
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
Gush down the steep and glitter through the glade.
What cheering scents these bordering banks exhale!
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
That thrush how shrill! his note so clear, so high,
He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the sky.
Here let me trace beneath the purpled morn,
The deep-mouth'd beagle and the sprightly horn,
Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,
Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the skies.

Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach or flavour'd nectarine,
Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
And bear the' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours,
While from thy needle rise the silken flow'rs,
And thou by turns, to ease my feeble sight,
Resume the volume and deceive the night.
Oh! when I mark thy twinkling eyes opprest,
Soft whispering let me warn my love to rest,
Then watch thee, charm'd, while sleep locks every sense,
And to sweet Heav'n commend thy innocence!
Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wise, hale, and honest, in the days of old;
Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,
And specious joys are bought with real woe.
See Flavia's pendants large, well spread and right;
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night.
Mark how the' embroider'd col'nel sneaks away
To shun the withering dame that made him gay.
That knave to gain a title lost his fame;
That rais'd his credit by a daughter's shame:
This coxcomb's ribband cost him half his land,
And oaks unnumber'd bought that fool a wand.
Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,
Acquires strange wants that Nature never knew;
By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
And sleeps perverse the cheerful suns away;
From goblets high-embost his wine must glide,
Round his clos'd sight the gorgeous curtain slide.
Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp must rise,
And three untasted courses glut his eyes:

For this are Nature's gentle calls withstood,
The voice of conscience and the bonds of blood;
This wisdom thy reward for every pain,
And this gay glory all thy mighty gain:
Fair phantoms woo'd and scorn'd from age to age,
Since bards began to laugh or priests to rage,
And yet just curse on man's aspiring kind!
Prone to ambition, to example blind.
Our children's children shall our steps pursue,
And the same errors be for ever new.
Meanwhile in hope a guiltless country swain,
My reed with warblings cheers the' imagin'd plain.
Hail humble shades! where truth and silence dwell;
Thou noisy Town and faithless Court! farewell;
Farewell ambition, once my darling flame,
The thirst of lucre and the charm of fame;
In life's by-road, that winds through paths unknown,
My days though number'd shall be all my own:
Here shall they end, (O might they twice begin)
And all be white the Fates intend to spin.

---

## *TO A LADY.*

### WITH A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

The fragrant painting of our flowery fields,
The choicest stores that youthful summer yields,
Strephon to fair Eliza hath convey'd,
The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid!
O cheer the flowers, my fair! and let them rest
On the Elysium of thy snowy breast,
And there regale the smell and charm the view,
With richer odours and a lovelier hue.

Learn hence, nor fear a flatterer in the flow'r,
Thy form divine and beauty's matchless pow'r:
Faint near thy cheeks the bright carnation glows,
And thy ripe lips outblush the opening rose;
The lily's snow betrays less pure a light,
Lost in thy bosom's more unsullied white;
And wreaths of jasmine shed perfumes beneath
The' ambrosial incense of thy balmy breath.
Ten thousand beauties grace the rival pair;
How fair the chaplet, and the nymph how fair!
But ah! too soon these fleeting charms decay,
The fading lustre of one hastening day:
This night shall see the gaudy wreath decline,
The roses wither, and the lilies pine.
The garland's fate to thine shall be applied,
And what advanc'd thy form, shall check thy pride.
Be wise, my fair! the present hour improve,
Let joy be now, and now a waste of love:
Each drooping bloom shall plead thy just excuse,
And that which show'd thy beauty, show its use.

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## *ON A LADY's PICTURE.*

### TO GILFORD LAWSON, ESQ.

As Damon Chloe's painted form survey'd,
He sigh'd and languish'd for the jilting shade;
For Cupid taught the artist-hand its grace,
And Venus wanton'd in the mimic face.
Now he laments a look so falsely fair,
And almost damns what yet resembles her;

Now he devours it with his longing eyes,
Now sated, from the lovely phantom flies,
Yet burns to look again, yet looks again and dies.
Her ivory neck his lips presume to kiss,
And his bold hands the swelling bosom press;
The swain drinks in deep draughts of vain desire,
Melts without heat, and burns in fancied fire.
Strange power of paint! thou nice creator, Art!
What love inspires may life itself impart.
Struck with like wounds of old, Pygmalion pray'd,
And hugg'd to life his artificial maid.
Clasp, new Pygmalion! clasp the seeming charms,
Perhaps ev'n now the' enlivening image warms,
Destin'd to crown thy joys, and revel in thy arms;
Thy arms, which shall with fire so fierce invade,
That she at once shall be, and cease to be a maid.

---

TO

## *SIR GODFREY KNELLER,*

AT HIS COUNTRY SEAT.

To Whitton's shades and Hounslow's airy plain
Thou, Kneller! tak'st thy summer flights in vain;
In vain thy wish gives all thy rural hours
To the fair villa and well-order'd bow'rs;
To court thy pencil, early at thy gates
Ambition knocks, and fleeting Beauty waits;
The boastful Muse, of others' fame so sure,
Implores thy aid to make her own secure:
The Great, the Fair, and if aught nobler be,
Aught more belov'd, the Arts solicit thee.

How canst thou hope to fly the world, in vain
From Europe sever'd by the circling main,
Sought by the kings of every distant land,
And every hero worthy of thy hand?
Hadst thou forgot, that mighty Bourbon fear'd
He still was mortal till thy draught appear'd?
That Cosmo chose thy glowing form, to place
Amidst her masters of the Lombard race?
See on her Titian's and her Guido's urns
Her falling arts forlorn Hesperia mourns,
While Britain wins each garland from her brow,
Her wit and freedom first, her painting now.
Let the faint copier on old Tiber's shore,
Nor mean the task, each breathing bust explore,
Line after line with painful patience trace,
This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace;
Vain care of parts: if, impotent of soul,
The' industrious workman fails to warm the whole,
Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,
And a cold statue stiffens in the frame.
Thee Nature taught, nor Art her aid denied,
The kindest mistress and the surest guide,
To catch a likeness at one piercing sight,
And place the fairest in the fairest light.
Ere yet thy pencil tries her nicer toils,
Or on thy palette lie the blended oils,
Thy careless chalk has half achiev'd thy art,
And her just image makes Cleora start.
A mind that grasps the whole is rarely found;
Half-learn'd, half-painters, and half-wits abound.
Few like thy genius at proportion aim,
All great, all graceful, and throughout the same.

Such be thy life. O since the glorious rage
That fir'd thy youth, flames unsubdued by age,
Though wealth nor fame now touch thy sated mind,
Still tinge the canvass, bounteous to mankind!
Since after thee may rise an impious line,
Coarse manglers of the human face divine,
Paint on till fate dissolve thy mortal part,
And live and die the monarch of thy art.

# ODES.

OCCASIONED BY HIS

*EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF STANHOPE'S*

VOYAGE TO FRANCE, 1718.

——— Idem
Pacis eras mediusque belli. HOR.

FAIR daughter once of Windsor's woods,
In safety o'er the rolling floods
Britannia's boast and darling care,
Big with the fate of Europe, bear!
May winds propitious on his way
The minister of peace convey,
Nor rebel wave nor rising storm
Great George's liquid realms deform.

Our vows are heard; thy crowded sails
Already swell with western gales,
Already Albion's coast retires,
And Calais multiplies her spires.
At length has royal Orleans prest
With open arms the well-known guest,
Before in sacred friendship join'd,
And now in counsels for mankind.

Whilst his clear schemes our patriot shows,
And plans the threaten'd world's repose;
They fix each haughty monarch's doom,
And bless whole ages yet to come.
Henceforth, great Brunswick shall decree
What flag must awe the Tyrrhene sea,
For whom the Tuscan grape shall glow,
And fruitful Arethusa flow.

See in firm leagues with Thames combine
The Seine, the Maese, and distant Rhine;
Nor, Ebro! let thy single rage
With half the warring world engage:
Oh! call to mind thy thousands slain,
And Almanara's fatal plain,
While yet the Gallic terrors sleep,
Nor Britain thunders from the deep.

---

INSCRIBED TO

## *THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND*

AT WINDSOR.

Thou dome! where Edward first enroll'd
His red-cross Knights and Barons bold,
Whose vacant seats, by virtue bought,
Ambitious emperors have sought,
Where Britain's foremost names are found,
In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,
Who made the hostile nations moan,
Or brought a blessing on their own;

Once more a son of Spencer waits,
A name familiar to thy gates;

Sprung from the chief whose prowess gain'd
The Garter, while thy founder reign'd;
He offer'd here his dinted shield,
The dread of Gauls in Cressy's field,
Which, in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,
For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

These seats our sires, a hardy kind!
To the fierce sons of War confin'd,
The flower of chivalry! who drew
With sinew'd arm the stubborn yew,
Or with heav'd pole-axe clear'd the field,
Or who in justs and tourneys skill'd,
Before their ladies' eyes renown'd
Threw horse and horsemen to the ground.

In after times, as courts refin'd,
Our patriots in the list were join'd;
Not only Warwick stain'd with blood,
Or Marlborough near the Danube's flood,
Have in their crimson Crosses glow'd,
But on just lawgivers bestow'd;
These emblems Cecil did invest,
And gleam'd on wise Godolphin's breast.

So Greece, ere arts began to rise,
Fix'd huge Orion in the skies;
And stern Alcides, fam'd in wars,
Bespangled with a thousand stars:
Till letter'd Athens round the pole
Made gentler constellations roll,
In the blue heavens the lyre she strung,
And near the Maid the Balance [1] hung.

[1] Names of constellations.

Then, Spencer! mount amid the band
Where knights and kings promiscuous stand.
What though the hero's flame repress
Burns calmly in thy generous breast;
Yet who more dauntless to oppose
In doubtful days our home-bred foes?
Who rais'd his country's wealth so high,
Or view'd with less desiring eye?

The sage who large of soul surveys
The globe, and all its empires weighs,
Watchful the various climes to guide
Which seas, and tongues, and faiths divide,
A nobler name in Windsor's shrine
Shall leave, if right the Muse divine,
Than sprung of old, abhorr'd and vain,
From ravag'd realms and myriads slain.

Why praise we, prodigal of fame,
The rage that sets the world on flame?
My guiltless Muse his brow shall bind
Whose godlike bounty spares mankind:
For those whom bloody garlands crown
The brass may breathe, the marble frown:
To him, through every rescued land,
Ten thousand living trophies stand.

# TRANSLATIONS.

## PART OF

## *THE FOURTH BOOK OF LUCAN.*

Cæsar having resolved to give battle to Petreius and Afranius, Pompey's Lieutenants in Spain, encamped near the enemy in the same field. The behaviour of their soldiers at their seeing and knowing one another, is the subject of the following verses.

THEIR ancient friends, as now they nearer drew,
Prepar'd for fight the wondering soldiers knew;
Brother with brother in unnatural strife,
And the son arm'd against the father's life.
Curs'd Civil war! then conscience first was felt,
And the tough veteran's heart began to melt.
Fix'd in dumb sorrow all at once they stand,
Then wave, a pledge of peace, the guiltless hand;
To vent ten thousand struggling passions move,
The stings of nature, and the pangs of love.
All order broken, wide their arms they throw,
And run with transport to the longing foe.
Here the long-lost acquaintance neighbours claim;
There an old friend recals his comrade's name;
Youths who in arts beneath one tutor grew,
Rome rent in twain, and kindred hosts they view.

Tears wet their impious arms, a fond relief!
And kisses broke by sobs the words of grief.
Though yet no blood was spilt, each anxious mind
With horror thinks on what his rage design'd.
Ah! generous youths! why thus with fruitless pain
Beat ye those breasts? why gush those eyes in vain?
Why blame ye Heav'n, and charge your guilt on Fate?
Why dread the tyrant whom yourselves make great?
Bids he the trumpet sound? the trumpet slight;
Bids he the standard move? refuse the fight.
Your generals left by you, will love again
A son and father, when they're private men.
Kind Concord, heavenly born! whose blissful reign
Holds the vast globe in one surrounding chain,
Whose laws the jarring elements control,
And knit each atom close from pole to pole;
Soul of the world! and love's eternal spring!
This lucky hour thy aid, fair goddess! bring;
This lucky hour, ere aggravated crimes
Heap guilt on guilt, and doubly stain the times:
No veil henceforth for sin, for pardon none;
They know their duty now their friends are known.
Vain wish! from blood short must the respite be;
New crimes by love enhanc'd this night shall see:
Such is the will of Fate, and such the hard decree.
'Twas peace. From either camp, now void of fear,
The soldiers mingling cheerful feasts prepare;
On the green sod the friendly bowls were crown'd,
And hasty banquets pil'd upon the ground:
Around the fire they talk; one shows his scars,
One tells what chance first led him to the wars:
Their stories o'er the tedious night prevail,
And the mute circle listens to the tale.

They own they fought, but swear they ne'er could hate,
Deny their guilt, and lay the blame on fate:
Their love revives to make them guiltier grow;
A short-liv'd blessing but to heighten woe!
When to Petreius first the news was told
The jealous general thought his legions sold:
Swift with the guards, his headstrong fury drew
From out his camp, he drives the hostile crew,
Cuts clasping friends asunder with his sword,
And stains with blood each hospitable board.
Then thus his wrath breaks out: 'Oh, lost to fame!
Oh, false to Pompey and the Roman name!
Can ye not conquer? ye degenerate bands!
Oh! die at least, 'tis all that Rome demands.
What! will ye own, while ye can wield the sword,
A rebel standard and usurping lord?
Shall he be sued to take you into place
Amongst his slaves, and grant you equal grace?
What! shall my life be begg'd? inglorious thought!
And life abhorr'd, on such conditions bought!
The toils we bear, my friends! are not for life,
Too mean a prize in such a dreadful strife;
But peace would lead to servitude and shame,
A fair amusement and a specious name.
Never had man explor'd the iron ore,
Mark'd out the trench, or rais'd the lofty tow'r,
Ne'er had the steed in harness sought the plain,
Or fleets encounter'd on the' unstable main,
Were life, were breath, with fame to be compar'd,
Or peace to glorious liberty prefer'd.
By guilty oaths the hostile army bound,
Holds fast its impious faith, and stands its ground:

Are you perfidious who espouse the laws,
And traitors only in a righteous cause?
Oh shame! in vain through nations far and wide
Thou call'st the crowding monarchs to thy side,
Fall'n Pompey! while thy legions here betray
Thy cheap-bought life, and treat thy fame away.'
He ended fierce: the soldier's rage returns,
His blood flies upward, and his bosom burns.
So haply tam'd, the tiger bears his bands,
Less grimly growls, and licks his keeper's hands;
But if by chance he tastes forbidden gore,
He yells amain and makes his dungeon roar;
He glares, he foams, he aims a desperate bound,
And his pale master flies the dangerous ground.
Now deeds are done which man might charge aright
On stubborn Fate, or undiscerning Night,
Had not their guilt the lawless soldiers known,
And made the whole malignity their own.
The beds, the plenteous tables, float with gore,
And breasts are stab'd that were embrac'd before.
Pity awhile their hands from slaughter kept,
Inward they groan'd, and as they drew they wept;
But every blow their wavering rage assures,
In murder hardens, and to blood inures:
Crowds charge on crowds, nor friends their friends descry,
But sires by sons, and sons by fathers die.
Black monstrous rage! each with victorious cries
Drags his slain friend before the general's eyes,
Exults in guilt that throws the only shame
On Pompey's cause, and blots the Roman name.

THE

# *FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.*

## DEDICATION.

When I first entered upon this translation I was ambitious of dedicating it to the late Earl of Halifax; but being prevented from doing myself that honour by the unspeakable loss which our country hath sustained in the death of that extraordinary person, I hope I shall not be blamed for presuming to make a Dedication of it to his memory. The greatness of his name will justify a practice altogether uncommon, and may gain favour towards a work which (if it had deserved his patronage) is perhaps the only one inscribed to his lordship, that will escape being rewarded by him.

I might have one advantage from such a Dedication, that nothing I could say in it would be suspected of flattery: besides, that the world would take a pleasure in hearing those things said of this great man now he is dead, which he himself would have been offended at when living. But though I am sensible so amiable and exalted a character would be very acceptable to the public, were I able to draw it in its full extent; I should be censured very deservedly should I venture upon an undertaking to which I am by no means equal.

His consummate knowledge in all kinds of busi-

ness, his winning eloquence in public assemblies, his active zeal for the good of his country, and the share he had in conveying the supreme power to an illustrious family, famous for being friends to mankind, are subjects easy to be enlarged upon, but incapable of being exhausted. The nature of the following performance more directly leads me to lament the misfortune which hath befallen the learned world, by the death of so generous and universal a patron.

He rested not in a barren admiration of the polite arts, wherein he himself was so great a master, but was actuated by that humanity they naturally inspire, which gave rise to many excellent writers who have cast a light upon the age in which he lived, and will distinguish it to posterity. It is well known, that very few celebrated pieces have been published for several years but what were either promoted by his encouragement, or supported by his approbation, or recompensed by his bounty: and if the succession of men who excel in most of the refined arts should not continue, though some may impute it to a decay of genius in our countrymen, those who are acquainted with his lordship's character will know more justly how to account for it.

The cause of liberty will receive no small advantage in future times, when it shall be observed that the Earl of Halifax was one of the patriots who were at the head of it; and that most of those who were eminent in the several parts of polite or useful learning, were by his influence and example engaged in the same interest.

I hope, therefore, the public will excuse my am-

bition for thus intruding into the number of those applauded men who have paid him this kind of homage; especially since I am also prompted to it by gratitude for the protection with which he had begun to honour me, and do it at a time when he cannot suffer by the importunity of my acknowledgments.

THE

# *FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.*

## TO THE READER.

I must inform the Reader that when I begun this first book I had some thoughts of translating the whole Iliad, but had the pleasure of being diverted from that design by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand. I would not therefore be thought to have any other view in publishing this small specimen of Homer's Iliad than to bespeak, if possible, the favour of the public to a translation of Homer's Odysseis, wherein I have already made some progress.

ACHILLES' fatal wrath, whence discord rose
That brought the sons of Greece unnumber'd woes,
O goddess sing. Full many a hero's ghost
Was driv'n untimely to the' infernal coast,
While in promiscuous heaps their bodies lay,
A feast for dogs and every bird of prey.
So did the sire of gods and men fulfil
His stedfast purpose, and almighty will;
What time the haughty chiefs their jars begun,
Atrides king of men and Peleus' godlike son.
What god in strife the princes did engage?
Apollo! burning with vindictive rage
Against the scornful king, whose impious pride
His priest dishonour'd and his pow'r defied;
Hence swift contagion, by the gods' commands,
Swept through the camp and thin'd the Grecian bands.

For wealth immense the holy Chryses bore
His daughter's ransom to the tented shore:
His sceptre stretching forth, the golden rod
Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god;
Of all the host, of every princely chief,
But first of Atreus' sons he begg'd relief:
'Great Atreus' sons and warlike Greeks attend!
So may the' immortal gods your cause befriend,
So may you Priam's lofty bulwarks burn,
And, rich in gather'd spoils, to Greece return.
As for these gifts, my daughter, you bestow,
And reverence due to great Apollo show,
Jove's favourite offspring, terrible in war,
Who sends his shafts unerring from afar.'
Throughout the host consenting murmurs rise,
The priest to reverence and give back the prize,
When the great king, incens'd, his silence broke
In words reproachful, and thus sternly spoke:
'Hence, dotard! from my sight, nor ever more
Approach, I warn thee, this forbidden shore,
Lest thou stretch forth my fury, to restrain
The wreaths and sceptre of thy god in vain.
The captive maid I never will resign;
Till age o'ertakes her, I have vow'd her mine:
To distant Argos shall the fair be led;
She shall, to ply the loom and grace my bed.
Begone, ere evil intercept thy way:
Hence on thy life, nor urge me by thy stay.'
He ended frowning. Speechless and dismay'd
The aged sire his stern command obey'd.
Silent he pass'd amid the deafening roar
Of tumbling billows on the lonely shore:
Far from the camp he pass'd, then suppliant stood,
And thus the hoary priest invok'd his god:

'Dread warrior with the silver bow! give ear;
Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla hear:
To thee the guard of Tenedos belongs:
Propitious Smintheus! oh, redress my wrongs!
If e'er within thy fane, with wreaths adorn'd,
The fat of bulls and well-fed goats I burn'd,
O hear my prayer! Let Greece thy fury know,
And with thy shafts avenge thy servant's woe!'
Apollo heard his injur'd suppliant's cry;
Down rush'd the vengeful warrior from the sky.
Across his breast the glittering bow he flung,
And at his back the well-stor'd quiver hung:
(His arrows rattled as he urg'd his flight.)
In clouds he flew, conceal'd from mortal sight,
Then took his stand the well-aim'd shaft to throw;
Fierce sprung the string, and twang'd the silver bow.
The dogs and mules his first keen arrow slew,
Amid the ranks the next more fatal flew,
A deathful dart! The funeral piles around
For ever blaz'd on the devoted ground.
Nine days entire he vex'd the' embattled host;
The tenth, Achilles through the winding coast
Summon'd a council by the queen's command,
Who wields heaven's sceptre in her snowy hand:
She mourn'd her favourite Greeks, who now enclose
The hero, swiftly speaking as he rose:
'What now, O Atreus' son! remains in view,
But o'er the deep our wanderings to renew,
Doom'd to destruction, while our wasted pow'rs
The sword and pestilence at once devours?
Why haste we not some prophet's skill to prove,
Or seek by dreams? (for dreams descend from Jove.)
What moves Apollo's rage let him explain,
What vow withheld, what hecatomb unslain;

And if the blood of lambs and goats can pay
The price for guilt, and turn this curse away?'
Thus he: and next the reverend Calchas rose,
Their guide to Ilion whom the Grecians chose;
The prince of augurs! whose enlighten'd eye
Could things past, present, and to come, descry!
Such wisdom Phœbus gave. He thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man:
'Me then commandst thou, lov'd of Jove! to show
What moves the god that bends the dreadful bow?
First plight thy faith thy ready help to lend,
By words to aid me or by arms defend;
For I foresee his rage whose ample sway
The Argian pow'rs and sceptred chiefs obey.
The wrath of kings what subject can oppose?
Deep in their breasts the smother'd vengeance glows,
Still watchful to destroy. Swear, valiant youth!
Swear, wilt thou guard me if I speak the truth?'
To this Achilles swift replies: 'Be bold,
Disclose what Phœbus tells thee uncontroll'd.
By him who listening to thy powerful pray'r
Reveals the secret, I devoutly swear
That while these eyes behold the light, no hand
Shall dare to wrong thee on this crowded strand;
Not Atreus' son, though now himself he boast
The king of men, and sovereign of the host.'
Then boldly he:—'Nor does the god complain
Of vows withheld, or hecatombs unslain.
Chryseïs to her awful sire refus'd,
The gifts rejected, and the priest abus'd,
Call down these judgments; and for more they call,
Just ready on the' exhausted camp to fall:
Till ransom-free the damsel is bestow'd,
And hecatombs are sent to sooth the god,

To Chrysa sent. Perhaps Apollo's rage
The gifts may expiate and the priest assuage.'
He spoke and sat; when with an angry frown
The chief of kings upstarted from his throne.
Disdain and vengeance in his bosom rise,
Lour in his brow and sparkle in his eyes;
Full at the priest their fiery orbs he bent,
And all at once his fury found a vent.
'Augur of ills, (for never good to me
Did that most inauspicious voice decree)
For ever ready to denounce my woes,
When Greece is punish'd I am still the cause;
And now, when Phœbus spreads his plagues abroad
And wastes our camp, 'tis I provoke the god,
Because my blooming captive I detain,
And the large ransom is produc'd in vain.
Fond of the maid, my queen in beauty's pride
Ne'er charm'd me more, a virgin and a bride;
Not Clytemnestra boasts a nobler grace,
A sweeter temper or a lovelier face,
In works of female skill hath more command,
Or guides the needle with a nicer hand:
Yet she shall go; the fair our peace shall buy;
Better I suffer than my people die.
But mark me well; see instantly prepar'd
A full equivalent, a new reward:
Nor is it meet, while each enjoys his share,
Your chief should lose his portion of the war;
In vain your chief, whilst the dear prize I boast
Is wrested from me and for ever lost.'
To whom the swift pursuer quick replied;
'Oh sunk in avarice, and swoln with pride!
How shall the Greeks, though large of soul they be,
Collect their sever'd spoils, a heap for thee

To search anew, and cull the choicest share
Amid the mighty harvest of the war?
Then yield thy captive to the god resign'd,
Assur'd a tenfold recompence to find
When Jove's decree shall throw proud Ilion down,
And give to plunder the devoted town.'

'Think not, (Atrides answer'd) though you shine
Graceful in beauty like the pow'rs divine,
Think not thy wiles, in specious words convey'd,
From its firm purpose shall my soul dissuade.
Must I, alone bereft, sit down with shame,
And thou insulting keep thy captive dame?
If, as I ask'd, the large-soul'd Greeks consent
Full recompence to give, I stand content:
If not, a prize I shall myself decree
From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee;
While the proud prince despoil'd shall rage in vain.
But break we here; the rest let time explain.
Launch now a well-trimm'd galley from the shore,
With hands experienc'd at the bending oar;
Enclose the hecatomb, and then with care
To the high deck convey the captive fair.
The sacred bark let sage Ulysses guide,
Or Ajax or Idomeneus preside;
Or thou, O mighty man! the chief shall be,
And who more fit to sooth the god than thee?'

'Shameless, and poor of soul! (the prince replies,
And on the monarch casts his scornful eyes)
What Greek henceforth will march at thy command
In search of danger on the doubtful strand?
Who, in the face of day, provoke the fight,
Or tempt the secret ambush of the night?
Not I, be sure. Henceforward I am free,
For ne'er was Priam's house a foe to me:

Far from their inroads, in my pastures feed
The lowing heifer and the pamper'd steed.
On Phthia's hills our fruits securely grow,
And ripen careless of the distant foe;
Between whose realms and our Thessalian shore
Unnumber'd mountains rise and billows roar.
For thine and for thy baffled brother's fame
Across those seas, disdainful man! I came;
Yet, Insolent! by arbitrary sway
Thou talk'st of seizing on my rightful prey,
The prize whose purchase toils and dangers cost,
And giv'n by suffrage of the Grecian host.
What town, when sack'd by our victorious bands,
But still brought wealth to those rapacious hands?
To me, thus scorn'd, contented dost thou yield
My share of blood in the tumultuous field;
But still the flower of all the spoil is thine:
There claim'st thou most, nor e'er did I repine:
Whate'er was giv'n, I took, and thought it best,
With slaughter tir'd, and panting after rest.
To Phthia now, for I shall fight no more,
My ships their crooked prows shall turn from shore.
When I am scorn'd, I think I well foresee
What spoils and pillage will be won by thee.'
'Hence, (cried the monarch) hence without delay;
Think not, vain man! my voice shall urge thy stay:
Others thou leav'st to the great cause inclin'd;
A league of kings thou leav'st and Jove behind.
Of all the chiefs dost thou oppose me most:
Outrage and uproar are thy only boast,
Discord and jars thy joy. But learn to know,
If thou art strong 'tis Jove hath made thee so.

Go, at thy pleasure, none will stop thy way;
Go, bid thy base-born Myrmidons obey.
Thou nor thy rage shall my resolves subdue;
I fix my purpose, and my threats renew.
Since 'tis decreed, I must the maid restore,
A ship shall waft her to the' offended pow'r;
But fair Briseïs, thy allotted prize,
Myself will seize, and seize before thy eyes,
That thou and each audacious man may see
How vain the rash attempt to cope with me.'
Stung to the soul, tumultuous thoughts began
This way and that to rend the godlike man.
To force a passage with his falchion drawn,
And hurl the' imperial boaster from his throne
He now resolves; and now resolves again
To quell his fury, and his arm restrain.
While thus by turns his rage and reason sway'd,
And, half unsheath'd, he held the glittering blade,
That moment Juno, whose impartial eye
Watch'd o'er them both, sent Pallas from the sky:
She flew, and caught his yellow hair behind,
(To him alone the radiant goddess shin'd;)
Sudden he turn'd, and started with surprise;
Rage and revenge flash'd dreadful in his eyes.
Then thus with hasty words: 'O heavenly-born!
'Com'st thou to see proud Agamemnon's scorn?
But thou shalt see (my sword shall make it good)
This glutted sand smoke with the tyrant's blood.'
'To sooth thy soul,' the blue-eyed maid replies,
'(If thou obey my voice) I left the skies:
Heaven's queen, who favours both, gave this command;
Suppress thy wrath and stay thy vengeful hand;

Be all thy rage in tauntful words exprest,
But guiltless let the thirsty falchion rest.
Mark what I speak: An hour is on its way
When gifts tenfold for this affront shall pay;
Suppress thy wrath, and Heaven and me obey.'
Then he: 'I yield, though with reluctant mind:
Who yields to Heav'n shall Heav'n propitious find.'
The silver hilt close grasping, at the word
Deep in the sheath he plung'd his mighty sword.
The goddess, turning, darted from his sight,
And reach'd Olympus in a moment's flight.
But fierce Achilles in a thundering tone
Throws out his wrath, and goes impetuous on:
'Valiant with wine, and furious from the bowl,
Thou fierce-look'd talker, with a coward soul!
War's glorious peril ever slow to share,
Aloof thou viewst the field, for death is there:
'Tis greater far this peaceful camp to sway,
And peel the Greeks at will, who disobey;
A tyrant-lord o'er slaves to earth debas'd,
For had they souls, this outrage were thy last.
But thou my fix'd, my final purpose, hear:
By this dread sceptre solemnly I swear,
By this (which once from out the forest torn,
Nor leaf nor shade shall ever more adorn,
Which never more its verdure must renew,
Lopp'd from the vital stem whence first it grew,
But giv'n by Jove, the sons of men to awe,
Now sways the nations, and confirms the law)
A day shall come, when for this hour's disdain
The Greeks shall wish for me, and wish in vain;
Nor thou, though griev'd, the wanted aid afford,
When heaps on heaps shall fall by Hector's sword;

'Too late with anguish shall thy heart be torn,
That the first Greek was made the public scorn.'
He said; and mounting with a furious bound,
He dash'd his studded sceptre on the ground;
Then sat: Atrides, eager to reply,
On the fierce champion glanc'd a vengeful eye.
'Twas then, the madding monarchs to compose,
The Pylian prince, the smooth-speech Nestor rose.
His tongue dropp'd honey: full of days was he;
Two ages past, he liv'd the third to see,
And his first race of subjects long decay'd,
O'er their son's sons a peaceful sceptre sway'd.
'Alas for Greece! (he cries) and with what joy
Shall Priam hear, and every son of Troy,
That you, the first in wisdom as in wars,
Waste your great souls in poor ignoble jars!
Go to! you both are young; yet, oft rever'd,
Greater than you have the wise Nestor heard:
Their equals never shall these eyes behold,
Cæneus the just, Pirithoüs the bold,
Exadius, Dryas, born to high command,
Shepherds of men, and rulers of the land;
Theseus unrivall'd in his sires abodes,
And mighty Polypheme, a match for gods.
They, greatest names that ancient story knows,
In mortal conflict met as dreadful foes,
Fearless through rocks and wilds their prey pursued,
And the huge double Centaur-race subdued.
With them my early youth was pleas'd to roam
Through regions far from my sweet native home;
They call'd me to the wars: no living hand
Could match their valour or their strength with-
stand;

Yet wont they oft my sage advice to hear:
Then listen both with an attentive ear.
Seize not thou, king of men, the beauteous slave,
The' allotted prize the Grecian voices gave;
Nor thou, Pelides, in a threatening tone,
Urge him to wrath who fills that sacred throne,
The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove than e'er was king before.
Brave though thou art, and of a race divine,
Thou must obey a power more great than thine;
And thou, O king! forbear: myself will sue;
Great Thetis' son his vengeance to subdue;
Great Thetis' valiant son, our country's boast,
The shield and bulwark of the Grecian host!'

'Wise are thy words, O sire! (the king began)
But what can satiate this aspiring man?
Unbounded power he claims o'er humankind,
And hopes for slaves, I trust he ne'er shall find.
Shall we, because the gods have form'd him strong,
Bear the lewd language of his lawless tongue?'

'If aw'd by thee, the Greeks might well despise
My name, (the prince precipitate replies)
In vain thou nod'st from thy imperial throne;
Thy vassals seek elsewhere, for I am none.
But break we here. The fair, though justly mine,
With sword undrawn I purpose to resign:
On aught beside, I once for all command,
Lay not, I charge thee, thy presumptuous hand:
Come not within my reach, nor dare advance,
Or thy heart's blood shall reek upon my lance.'

Thus both in foul debate prolong'd the day;
The council broke, each takes his separate way:

Achilles seeks his tent with restless mind,
Patroclus and his train move slow behind.
Meantime a bark was haul'd along the sand;
Twice ten selected Greeks, a brawny band,
Tug the tough oars at the great king's command.
The gifts, the hecatomb, the captive fair,
Are all intrusted to Ulysses' care.
They mount the deck, the vessel takes its flight,
Bounds o'er the surge and lessens to the sight.
Next he ordains, along the winding coast,
By hallow'd rites to purify the host:
A herd of chosen victims they provide,
And cast their offals on the briny tide:
Fat bulls and goats to great Apollo die,
In clouds the savoury steam ascends the sky.
The Greeks to Heaven their solemn vows addrest,
But dire revenge roll'd in the monarch's breast:
Obsequious at his call two heralds stand,
To them in frowns he gives this harsh command:
'Ye heralds! to Achilles' tent repair,
Thence, swift the female slave Briseïs bear,
With arms, if disobey'd, myself will come:
Bid him resign her, or he tempts his doom.'
The heralds, though unwillingly, obey;
Along the sea-beat shore they speed their way;
And now the Myrmidonian quarter past,
At his tent-door they find the hero plac'd.
Disturb'd the solemn messengers he saw;
They, too, stood silent with respectful awe
Before the royal youth: they neither spoke:
He guess'd their message, and the silence broke:
'Ye ministers of gods and men! draw near;
Not you but him whose heralds ye appear,

Robb'd of my right, I blame. Patroclus, bring
The damsel forth for this disdainful king.
But ye my wrongs, O heralds! bear in mind,
And clear me to the gods and all mankind;
Ev'n to your thoughtless king, if ever more
My aid be wanted on the hostile shore.
Thoughtless he is, nor knows his certain doom,
Blind to the past, nor sees the woes to come;
His best defence thus rashly to forego,
And leave a naked army to the foe.'
He ceas'd. Patroclus his dear friend obey'd,
And usher'd in the lovely weeping maid.
Sore sigh'd she, as the heralds took her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.
The widow'd hero, when the fair was gone,
Far from his friends sat bath'd in tears alone;
On the cold beach he sat, and fix'd his eyes
Where black with storms the curling billows rise,
And as the sea wide-rolling he survey'd,
With outstretch'd arms to his fond mother pray'd:
'Since to short life thy hapless son was born,
Great Jove stands bound by promise, to adorn
His stinted course with an immortal name.
Is this the great amends? the promis'd fame?
The son of Atreus, proud of lawless sway,
Demands, possesses, and enjoys my prey.'
Near her old sire enthron'd, she heard him weep
From the low silent caverns of the deep;
Then in a morning mist her head she rears,
Sits by her son, and mingles tears with tears;
Close grasps her darling's hand: 'My son! (she cries)
Why heaves thy heart? and why o'erflow thy eyes?

Oh! tell me, tell thy mother all thy care,
That both may know it, and that both may share.'
'Oh goddess! (cried he with an inward groan)
Thou know'st it all; to thee are all things known.
Eëtian Thebes we sack'd; their ransack'd tow'rs,
The plunder of a people, all was ours.
We stood agreed the booty to divide:
Chryseïs, rosy-cheek'd and glossy-ey'd,
Fell to the king; but holy Chryses bore
Vast gifts of ransom to the tented shore:
His sceptre stretching forth (the golden rod
Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god)
Of all the host, of every princely chief,
But first of Atreus' sons, he begg'd relief.
Throughout the host, consenting murmurs ran
To yield her to the venerable man;
But the harsh king denied to do him right,
And drove the trembling prophet from his sight.
Apollo heard his injur'd suppliant's cry,
And dealt his arrows through the' infected sky;
The swift contagion sent by his commands,
Swept through the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian bands.
The guilty cause a sacred augur show'd,
And I first mov'd to mitigate the god.
At this the tyrant storm'd, and vengeance vow'd,
And now too soon hath made his threatenings good.
Chryseïs first with gifts to Chrysa sent,
His heralds came this moment to my tent
And bore Briseïs thence, my beauteous slave,
The' allotted prize which the leagued Grecians gave.
Thou, goddess! then, and thou I know hast pow'r,
For thine own son the might of Jove implore.
Oft in my father's house I've heard thee tell,
When sudden fears on Heaven's great monarch fell,

Thy aid the rebel deities o'ercame,
And sav'd the mighty Thunderer from shame.
Pallas, and Neptune, and great Juno bound
The sire in chains, and hem'd their sovereign round.
Thy voice, O goddess! broke their idle bands,
And call'd the giant of the hundred hands,
Thy prodigy whom heaven and earth revere,
Briareus nam'd above, Ægeon here:
His father, Neptune, he in strength surpass'd;
At Jove's right-hand his hideous form he plac'd,
Proud of his might: the gods with secret dread
Beheld the huge enormous shape, and fled.
Remind him then, for well thou know'st the art;
Go clasp his knees and melt his mighty heart.
Let the driven Argians, hunted o'er the plain,
Seek the last verge of this tempestuous main:
There let them perish, void of all relief,
My wrongs remember and enjoy their chief:
Too late with anguish shall his heart be torn,
That the first Greek was made the public scorn.'
Then she (with tears her azure eyes ran o'er)
'Why bore I thee, or nourish'd when I bore?
Blest, if within thy tent, and free from strife,
Thou might'st possess thy poor remains of life!
Thy death approaching now the Fates foreshow;
Short is thy destin'd term, and full of woe.
Ill-fated thou! and oh, unhappy I!
But hence to the celestial courts I fly,
Where, hid in snow, to heaven Olympus swells,
And Jove, rejoicing in his thunder, dwells.
Meantime, my son! indulge thy just disdain,
Vent all thy rage, and shun the hostile plain
Till Jove returns. Last night my waves he crost,
And sought the distant Ethiopian coast;

Along the skies his radiant course he steer'd,
Behind him all the train of gods appear'd,
A bright procession! To the holy feast
Of blameless men he goes a grateful guest:
To heaven he comes when twice six days are o'er,
Then shall my voice the sire of gods implore;
Then to his lofty mansion will I pass,
Founded on rocks of ever-during brass;
There will I clasp his knees with wonted art,
Nor doubt, my son! but I shall melt his heart.'
She ceas'd, and left him lost in doubtful care,
And bent on vengeance for the ravish'd fair.
But safe arriv'd near Chrysa's sacred strand
The sage Ulysses now advanc'd to land;
Along the coast he shoots with swelling gales,
Then lowers the lofty mast and furls the sails,
Next plies to port with many a well-tim'd oar,
And drops his anchors near the faithful shore.
The bark now fix'd amid the roiling tide,
Chryseïs follows her experienc'd guide:
The gifts to Phœbus from the Grecian host,
A herd of bulls, went bellowing o'er the coast:
To the god's fane, high looking o'er the land,
He led, and near the altar took his stand,
Then gave her to the joyful father's hand.
'All hail! Atrides sets thy daughter free,
Sends offerings to thy god and gifts to thee:
But thou intreat the power whose dreadful sway
Afflicts his camp and sweeps his host away.'
He said, and gave her. The fond father smil'd
With secret rapture, and embrac'd his child.
The victims now they range in chosen bands,
And offer gifts with unpolluted hands;

When with loud voice and arms uprear'd in air
The hoary priest prefer'd this powerful pray'r:
'Dread warrior with the silver bow! give ear:
Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla hear!
About this dome thou walk'st thy constant round:
Still have my vows thy power propitious found:
Rous'd by my prayers, ev'n now thy vengeance burns,
And, smit by thee, the Grecian army mourns.
Hear me once more, and let the suppliant foe
Avert thy wrath, and slack thy dreadful bow!'
He pray'd; and great Apollo heard his pray'r.
The suppliants now their votive rites prepare:
Amid the flames they cast the hallow'd bread;
And heavenward turn each victim's destin'd head;
Next slay the fatted bulls, their skins divide,
And from each carcass rend the smoking hide;
On every limb large rolls of fat bestow,
And chosen morsels round the offerings strow;
Mysterious rites! then on the fire divine
The great high priest pours forth the ruddy wine;
Himself the offering burns. On either hand
A troop of youths in decent order stand;
On sharpen'd forks obedient to the sire,
They turn the tasteful fragments in the fire;
Adorn the feast, see every dish well stor'd,
And serve the plenteous messes to the board.
When now the various feast had cheer'd their souls,
With sparkling wines they crown the generous bowls;
The first libations to Apollo pay,
And solemnize with sacred hymns the day:
His praise in Io Pæans loud they sing,
And sooth the rage of the far-shooting king.

At evening through the shore dispers'd they sleep,
Hush'd by the distant roarings of the deep.
When now, ascending from the shades of night,
Aurora glow'd in all her rosy light,
The daughter of the Dawn; the' awaken'd crew
Back to the Greeks encamp'd, their course renew.
The breezes freshen; for with friendly gales
Apollo swell'd their wide-distended sails:
Cleft by the rapid prow the waves divide,
And in hoarse murmurs break on either side:
In safety to the destin'd port they past,
And fix'd their bark with grappling halsers fast,
Then dragg'd her farther on the dry land coast,
Regain'd their tents, and mingled in the host.
But fierce Achilles, still on vengeance bent,
Cherish'd his wrath, and madden'd in his tent.
The' assembled chiefs he shun'd with high disdain,
A band of kings, nor sought the hostile plain,
But long'd to hear the distant troops engage,
The strife grow doubtful, and the battle rage.
Twelve days were past, and now the' ethereal train,
Jove at their head, to heaven return'd again,
When Thetis, from the deep prepar'd to rise,
Shot through a big-swoln wave and pierc'd the skies.
At early morn she reach'd the realms above,
The court of gods, the residence of Jove.
On the top-point of high Olympus, crown'd
With hills on hills, him far apart she found
Above the rest. The earth beneath display'd
(A boundless prospect!) his broad eye survey'd.
Her left hand grasp'd his knees, her right she rear'd,
And touch'd with blandishment his awful beard;
Then suppliant with submissive voice implor'd
Old Saturn's son, the god by gods ador'd:

'If e'er, by rebel deities opprest,
My aid reliev'd thee, grant this one request.
Since to short life my hapless son was born,
Do thou with fame the scanty space adorn.
Punish the king of men, whose lawless sway
Hath sham'd the youth, and seiz'd his destin'd prey.
Awhile let Troy prevail, that Greece may grieve,
And doubled honours to my offspring give.'
She said; the god vouchsaf'd not to reply,
(A deep suspense sat in his thoughtful eye:)
Once more around his knees the goddess clung,
And to soft accents form'd her artful tongue:
'Oh! speak; or grant me or deny my pray'r;
Fear not to speak what I am doom'd to bear,
That I may know, if thou my prayer deny,
The most despis'd of all the gods am I.'
With a deep sigh the Thundering Power replies:—
'To what a height will Juno's anger rise!
Still doth her voice before the gods upbraid
My partial hand, that gives the Trojans aid.
I grant thy suit. But hence; depart unseen,
And shun the sight of heaven's suspicious queen.
Believe my nod, the great, the certain sign,
When Jove propitious hears the powers divine,
The sign that ratifies my high command
That thus I will; and what I will shall stand.'
This said, his kingly brow the sire inclin'd;
The large black curls fell awful from behind,
Thick shadowing the stern forehead of the god:
Olympus trembled at the' almighty nod.
The goddess smil'd; and with a sudden leap
From the high mountain plung'd into the deep.
But Jove repair'd to his celestial tow'rs,
And, as he rose, up rose the' immortal pow'rs,

In ranks on either side the' assembly cast,
Bow'd down, and did obeisance as he past.
To him enthron'd (for whispering she had seen
Close at his knees the silver-footed queen,
Daughter of him, who low beneath the tides
Aged and hoary in the deep resides)
Big with invectives Juno silence broke,
And thus opprobrious her resentments spoke:
'False Jove! what goddess whispering did I see?
O fond of counsels still conceal'd from me!
To me, neglected, thou wilt ne'er impart
One single thought of thy close-cover'd heart.'
To whom the sire of gods and men replied:
'Strive not to find what I decree to hide;
Laborious were the search, and vain the strife,
Vain ev'n for thee, my sister and my wife.
The thoughts and counsels proper to declare,
Nor god nor mortal shall before thee share;
But what my secret wisdom shall ordain,
Think not to reach, for know the thought were vain.'
'Dread Saturn's son! why so severe? (replies
The goddess of the large majestic eyes.)
Thy own dark thoughts at pleasure hide or show;
Ne'er have I ask'd, nor now aspire to know.
Nor yet my fears are vain, nor came unseen
To thy high throne the silver-footed queen,
Daughter of him who low beneath the tides,
Aged and hoary, in the deep resides.
Thy nod assures me she was not denied,
And Greece must perish for a madman's pride.'
To whom the god whose hand the tempest forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heav'n with
storms,

Thus wrathful answer'd: 'Dost thou still complain?
Perplex'd for ever, and perplex'd in vain;
Shouldst thou disclose the dark event to come,
How wilt thou stop the' irrevocable doom?
This serves the more to sharpen my disdain,
And woes foreseen but lengthen out thy pain.
Be silent then; dispute not my command,
Nor tempt the force of this superior hand,
Lest all the gods around thee leagued, engage
In vain to shield thee from my kindled rage.'
Mute and abash'd, she sat without reply,
And downward turn'd her large majestic eye,
Nor further durst the' offended sire provoke:
The gods around him trembled as he spoke;
When Vulcan, for his mother sore distrest,
Turn'd orator, and thus his speech addrest:
'Hard is our fate, if men of mortal line
Stir up debate among the powers divine,
If things on earth disturb the blest abodes,
And mar the' ambrosial banquet of the gods!
Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
Though much more wise than I pretend to be:
Let me advise her silent to obey,
And due submission to our father pay,
Nor force again his gloomy rage to rise
Ill-tim'd, and damp the revels of the skies;
For should he toss her from the' Olympian hill
Who could resist the mighty monarch's will?
Then thou to love the Thunderer reconcile,
And tempt him kindly on us all to smile.'
He said; and in his tottering hands upbore
A double goblet, fill'd and foaming o'er.
'Sit down, dear mother! with a heart content,
Nor urge a more disgraceful punishment;

Which if great Jove inflict, poor I dismay'd
Must stand aloof, nor dare to give thee aid.
Great Jove shall reign for ever uncontroll'd:
Remember when I took thy part of old,
Caught by the heel he swung me round on high,
And headlong hurl'd me from the' ethereal sky:
From morn to noon I fell, from noon to night,
Till pitch'd on Lemnos, a most piteous sight!
The Sintiants hardly could my breath recall,
Giddy and gasping, with the dreadful fall.'
She smil'd; and, smiling, her white arm display'd
To reach the bowl her awkward son convey'd:
From right to left the generous bowl he crown'd,
And dealt the rosy nectar fairly round.
The gods laugh'd out, unweary'd as they spied
The busy skinker hop from side to side.
Thus feasting to the full, they pass'd away
In blissful banquets all the livelong day;
Nor wanted melody: with heavenly art
The Muses sung; each Muse perform'd her part,
Alternate warbling, while the golden lyre
Touch'd by Apollo led the vocal choir.
The sun at length declin'd, when every guest
Sought his bright palace and withdrew to rest.
Each had his palace on the' Olympian hill,
A masterpiece of Vulcan's matchless skill.
Ev'n he, the god who heaven's great sceptre sways,
And frowns amid the lightning's dreadful blaze;
His bed of state ascending lay compos'd;
His eyes a sweet refreshing slumber clos'd;
And at his side, all glorious to behold,
Was Juno, lodg'd in her alcove of gold.

## *TO A LADY,*

### WITH THE DESCRIPTION OF THE PHŒNIX.

Lavish of wit, and bold, appear the lines
Where Claudian's genius in the Phœnix shines;
A thousand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,
And the gay poem like its theme adorn'd.
A tale more strange ne'er grac'd the poet's art,
Nor e'er did fiction play so wild a part.
Each fabled charm in matchless Celia meets,
The heavenly colours and ambrosial sweets;
Her virgin bosom chaster fires supplies,
And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes;
O'erflowing wit imagin'd wonder drew,
But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.
Now buds your youth, your cheeks their bloom disclose,
The' untainted lily and unfolding rose;
Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face,
You speak a siren and you move a grace;
Nor time shall urge these beauties to decay
While virtue gives what years shall steal away.
The fair whose youth can boast the worth of age,
In age shall with the charms of youth engage;
In every change still lovely, still the same,
A fairer Phœnix in a purer flame.

## *DESCRIPTION OF THE PHŒNIX.*

### FROM CLAUDIAN.

In utmost ocean lies a lovely isle
Where spring still blooms and greens for ever smile,
Which sees the Sun put on his first array,
And hears his panting steeds bring on the day,
When from the deep they rush with rapid force,
And whirl aloft to run their glorious course,
When first appear the ruddy streaks of light,
And glimmering beams dispel the parting night.
In these soft shades, unprest by human feet,
The happy Phœnix keeps his balmy seat;
Far from the world disjoin'd, he reigns alone,
Alike the empire and its king unknown:
A godlike bird! whose endless round of years
Outlasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres.
Not us'd like vulgar birds to eat his fill,
Or drink the crystal of the murmuring rill,
But fed with warmth from Titan's purer ray,
And slak'd by streams which eastern seas convey;
Still he renews his life in these abodes,
Contemns the power of fate and mates the gods.
His fiery eyes shoot forth a glittering ray,
And round his head ten thousand glories play;
High on his crest a star, celestial bright,
Divides the darkness with its piercing light;
His legs are stain'd with purple's lively die,
His azure wings the fleeting winds outfly;
Soft plumes of cheerful blue his limbs infold,
Enrich'd with spangles and bedropt with gold.

Begot by none himself, begetting none,
Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son;
His life in fruitful death renews his date,
And kind destruction but prolongs his fate;
Ev'n in the grave new strength his limbs receive,
And on the funeral pile begin to live;
For when a thousand times the summer sun
His bending race has on the zodiac run,
And when as oft the vernal signs have roll'd,
As oft the wintry brought the numbing cold,
Then drops the bird worn out with aged cares,
And bends beneath the mighty load of years.
So falls the stately pine, that proudly grew
The shade and glory of the mountain's brow:
When pierc'd by blasts and spouting clouds o'erspread
It slowly sinking nods its tottering head,
Part dies by winds and part by sickly rains,
And wasting age destroys the poor remains.
Then as the silver empress of the night
O'erclouded, glimmers in a fainter light,
So frozen with age and shut from light's supplies,
In lazy rounds scarce roll his feeble eyes,
And those fleet wings for strength and speed renown'd,
Scarce rear the' inactive lumber from the ground.
Mysterious arts a second time create
The bird prophetic of approaching fate:
Pil'd on a heap Sabæan herbs he lays,
Parch'd by his sire the Sun's intensest rays;
The pile design'd to form his funeral scene
He wraps in covers of a fragrant green,
And bids his spicy heap at once become
A grave destructive and a teeming womb.

On the rich bed the dying wonder lies,
Imploring Phœbus with persuasive cries
To dart upon him in collected rays,
And new create him in a deadly blaze.
The god beholds the suppliant from afar,
And stops the progress of his heavenly car.
'O thou (says he) whom harmless fires shall burn,
Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn,
An infant's cradle is thy funeral urn!
Thou on whom Heav'n has fix'd the' ambiguous doom
To live by ruin and by death to bloom,
Thy life, thy strength, thy lovely form renew,
And with fresh beauties doubly charm the view!'
Thus speaking, midst the aromatic bed,
A golden beam he tosses from his head;
Swift as desire the shining ruin flies,
And straight devours the willing sacrifice,
Who hastes to perish in the fertile fire,
Sink into strength, and into life expire.
In flames the circling odours mount on high,
Perfume the air and glitter in the sky;
The moon and stars amaz'd, retard their flight,
And Nature startles at the doubtful sight!
For whilst the pregnant urn with fury glows,
The goddess labours with a mother's throes,
Yet joys to cherish in the friendly flames
The noblest product of the skill she claims.
The' enlivening dust its head begins to rear,
And on the ashes sprouting plumes appear;
In the dead bird reviving vigour reigns,
And life returning revels in his veins:
A new-born Phœnix starting from the flame
Obtains at once a son's and father's name,

And the great change of double life displays
In the short moment of one transient blaze!
  On his new pinions to the Nile he bends,
And to the gods his parent urn commends,
To Egypt bearing with majestic pride
The balmy nest where first he liv'd and died.
Birds of all kinds admire the' unusual sight,
And grace the triumph of his infant flight;
In crowds unnumber'd round their chief they fly,
Oppress the air, and cloud the spacious sky;
Nor dares the fiercest of the winged race
Obstruct his journey through the' ethereal space;
The hawk and eagle useless wars forbear,
Forego their courage, and consent to fear;
The feather'd nations humble homage bring,
And bless the gaudy flight of their ambrosial king!
  Less glittering pomp does Parthia's monarch yield,
Commanding legions to the dusty field,
Though sparkling jewels on his helm abound,
And royal gold his awful head surround,
Though rich embroidery paint his purple vest,
And his steed bound in costly trappings drest;
Pleas'd in the battle's dreadful van to ride,
In graceful grandeur and imperial pride.
  Fam'd for the worship of the Sun there stands
A sacred fane in Egypt's fruitful lands,
Hewn from the Theban mountain's rocky womb
An hundred columns rear the marble dome;
Hither, 'tis said, he brings the precious load,
A grateful offering to the beamy god,
Upon whose altar's consecrated blaze
The seeds and relics of himself he lays;
Whence flaming incense makes the temple shine,
And the glad altars breathe perfumes divine;

The wafted smell to far Pelusium flies,
To cheer old ocean and enrich the skies;
With nectar's sweets to make the nations smile,
And scent the sevenfold channels of the Nile.
Thrice happy Phœnix! Heaven's peculiar care
Has made thyself thyself's surviving heir;
By death thy deathless vigour is supplied,
Which sinks to ruin all the world beside:
Thy age, not thee, assisting Phœbus burns,
And vital flames light up thy funeral urns:
Whate'er events have been thy eyes survey,
And thou art fixt, while ages roll away:
Thou saw'st when raging Ocean burst his bed,
O'ertop'd the mountains and the earth o'erspread;
When the rash youth inflam'd the high abodes,
Scorch'd up the skies, and scar'd the deathless gods.
When Nature ceases thou shalt still remain,
Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
Baffle destruction and elude the grave.

FINIS.

C. WHITTINGHAM, *Printer*, 103, Goswell Street.

SHAW.

Wilt thou? ____
I know thou wilt ... sad silence speaks afsent;
And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content

*Monody.*

*Drawn by Rich.d Westall. R.A.* *Engrav'd by Ant.o Cardon.*

*Publish'd 1.st Oct.r 1809. by John Sharpe, Piccadilly.*

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

## *CUTHBERT SHAW.*

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

*THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.*

*LONDON:*
Printed at the Stanhope Press,
BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM,
103, *Goswell Street*;
FOR J. SHARPE; AND SOLD BY W. SUTTABY,
STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1807.

V.55

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# SONG.

## *TO EMMA.*

WHENE'ER to gentle Emma's praise
I tune my soft enamour'd lays,
When on the face so dear I prize,
I fondly gaze with love-sick eyes;
'Say, Damon,' cries the smiling fair,
With modest and ingenuous air,
'Tell of this homely frame, the part
To which I owe your vanquish'd heart.'

In vain, my Emma, would I tell
By what thy captive Damon fell;
The swain who partial charms can see
May own—but never lov'd like me!
Won by thy form and fairer mind,
So much my wishes are confin'd,
With lover's eyes so much I see,
Thy very faults are charms to me.

## *EMMA TO DAMON,*

ON FINDING HIS ADDRESSES NOT FAVOURED BY HER FRIENDS, ON ACCOUNT OF HIS WANT OF FORTUNE.

Forbear, in pity, ah! forbear
To soothe my ravish'd ear;
Nor longer thus a love declare,
'Tis death for me to hear.

Too much, alas! my tender heart
Does to thy suit incline;
Why then attempt to gain by art,
What is already thine?

O! let not, like the Grecian dame[1],
My hapless fortune prove,
Who languish'd in too fierce a flame,
And died by too much love.

[1] Semele.

## *THE AUTHOR,*

BEING IN COMPANY WITH EMMA, AND HAVING NO OPPORTUNITY OF EXPRESSING CERTAIN DOUBTS HE HAD CONCEIVED OF HER SINCERITY, CONVEYS TO HER THE FOLLOWING LINES, AS A DEVICE TO KNOW THE SENTIMENTS OF HER HEART.

ARE all my flattering hopes at once betray'd,
And cold and faithless grown my nut-brown maid?
Have I so long indulg'd the pleasing smart,
And worn thy grateful image next my heart?
And must I thus at once all hopes resign,
When, fix'd as fate, I fondly thought thee mine?
Then go, irresolute,—and dare to prove,
To please proud friends, a rebel to thy love.
Perhaps, too long accustom'd to obtain,
My flattering views were ever false and vain!
Perhaps my Emma's lips, well skill'd in art,
Late breath'd a language foreign to her heart!
Perhaps the Muse profanely does thee wrong,
Weak my suspicions and unjust my song[1]!
Whichever is the cause, the truth proclaim,
And to that sentence here affix thy name;
So shall we both be rescued from the fear
Which thou must have to tell, and I to hear;

[1] After perusing the paper, Emma (as the reader may conjecture from the sequel) returned it to the Author, after having written her name with a pencil at the close of the following line: 'Weak my suspicions and unjust my song.'

If thou art false the Muse shall vengeance take,
And blast the faithless sex for Emma's sake:
If true—my wounds thy gentle voice shall heal,
And own me punish'd by the pangs I feel.
But O! without disguise pronounce my fate,
Bless me with love, or curse me with thy hate!
Hearts soft as mine indifference cannot bear;
Perfect my hopes, or plunge me in despair.

---

## *TO EMMA,*

### DOUBTING THE AUTHOR'S SINCERITY.

When misers cease to doat on gold,
When justice is no longer sold,
When female tongues their clack shall hush,
When modesty shall cease to blush,
When parents shall no more control
The fond affections of the soul,
Nor force the sad reluctant fair
Her idol from her heart to tear;
For sordid interest to engage,
And languish in the arms of age;
Then in this heart shall falsehood reign,
And pay thy kindness with disdain.
When friends severe as thine shall prove
Propitious to ingenuous love,
Bid thee in merit place affiance,
And think they're honour'd by the' alliance:
And oh! when hearts as proud as mine
Shall basely kneel at Plutus' shrine,
Forego my modest plea to fame,
Or own dull power's superior claim;

When the bright sun no more shall bring
The sweet return of annual spring;
When Nature shall the change deplore,
And music fill the groves no more;
Then in this heart shall falsehood reign,
And pay thy kindness with disdain.
But why from dearer objects rove,
Nor draw illusions whence I love?
When my dear Emma's eyes shall be
As black as jet or ebony,
And every froward tooth shall stand
As rang'd by Hemet's [1] dextrous hand;
When her sweet face, deform'd by rage,
No more shall every heart engage,
When her soft voice shall cease to charm,
Nor malice of its power disarm;
When manners, gentle and refin'd,
No more speak forth her spotless mind;
But the perfidious minx shall prove
A perjur'd traitress to her love:
Then—nor till then—shall Damon be
False to his vows, and false to thee!

---

AN

## *INVITATION TO EMMA,*

AFTER MARRIAGE, TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY.

COME, my dear girl, let's seek the peaceful vale,
Where honour, truth, and innocence prevail.
Let's fly this cursed town—a nest of slaves—
Where fortune smiles not but on fools or knaves,

[1] A celebrated dentist.

Who merit claim proportion'd to their gold,
And truth and innocence are bought and sold.
An humble competence we have in store,
Mere food and raiment—kings can have no more!
A glorious patriarchal life we'll lead,
See the fruits ripen, and the lambkins feed;
Frequent observe the labours of the spade,
And joy to see each yearly toil repaid;
In some sequester'd spot a bower shall stand,
The favourite task of thy lov'd Damon's hand,
Where the sweet woodbine clasps the curling vine,
Emblem of faithful love, like your's and mine!
Here will we sit when evening shades prevail,
And hear the night-bird tell its plaintive tale,
Till nature's voice shall summon us away,
To gather spirits for the' approaching day;
Then on thy breast I'll lay my weary head,
A pillow softer than a monarch's bed!

---

## *MONODY*

### TO THE MEMORY OF EMMA.

YET do I live! O how shall I sustain
This vast unutterable weight of woe?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below—
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
Is gone—for ever fled—
My dearest Emma's dead;
These eyes, these tear-swol'n eyes, beheld her fall:
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore, [more.
She lives—but (cruel thought!) she lives for me no

I, who the tedious absence of a day
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight,
Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night;
How, how shall I endure
(O misery past a cure!)
Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?
Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?
Did ever mind so much of Heaven partake?
Did she not love me with the purest flame,
And give up friends and fortune for my sake?
Though mild as evening skies,
With downcast streaming eyes,
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train,
(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)
Teach me each moving melancholy strain;
And, O! discard the pageantry of phrase:
Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like mine!
Thus, haply, as I paint
The source of my complaint,
My soul may own the' impassion'd line;
A flood of tears may gush to my relief, [grief.
And from my swelling heart discharge this load of

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell—
'How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!'
In pity cease—alas! I know too well
How, in her sweet expressive face,
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd.

No piteous object could she see,
  But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
While smiles of affability
  Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow:
Whate'er the' emotions of her heart,
  Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
Stranger to every female art,
  Alike to feign, or to disguise:
    And O—the boast how rare!
The secret in her faithful breast repos'd
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
    In sacred silence lodg'd inviolate there.
O feeble words—unable to express
Her matchless virtues, or my own distress!

Relentless Death! that, steel'd to human woe,
  With murderous hands deals havoc on mankind,
Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow,
  And leave such wretched multitudes behind?
Hark! groans come wing'd on every breeze!
  The sons of Grief prefer their ardent vow;
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
  And supplicate thy aid, as I do now:
In vain—Perverse, still on the' unweeting head
  'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed;
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
And drench in tears the face of Joy.

But, oh! fell tyrant! yet expect the hour
When Virtue shall renounce thy pow'r;
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.
Alas! the day—where'er I turn my eyes,
  Some sad memento of my loss appears;
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
  Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears;

But, ah! in vain—no change of time or place
The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air, [spair.
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and de-

Where were the delegates of Heaven,—oh where?
Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep!
Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,
She had not died, nor had I liv'd to weep:
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To see her force the' endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,
When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd;
Sure they had warded that untimely dart, [heart.
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's
How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling Death's resistless pow'r,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in faultering accents, spoke her fears:—

'Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!
But, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear;
If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain, [vain;
Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune smil'd in
If it has been my sole endeavour, still
To act in all obsequious to thy will;
To watch thy very smiles, and wish to know,
Then only truly bless'd when thou wert so;
If I have doated with that fond excess,
Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less;
If this I've done, and more—oh! then be kind
To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.

When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
And hate it for the love thou bore to me:
My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,
But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)
Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow,
(Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)
That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
Where, safe, thy blandishments it may partake;
And, oh! be tender for its mother's sake:
Wilt thou?——
I know thou wilt——sad silence speaks assent,
And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content!'

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
But sink beneath the weight:
Just Heaven! (I cried) from memory's earliest day
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
Misfortune still with unrelenting sway
Has claim'd me for her own.
But O!—in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—
Vain hope—the' irrevocable doom is pass'd,
Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last——
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.
When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
With impious wish to tear her from the skies,
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!

But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?
Fond man, forbear,
Thy fruitless sorrow spare,
Dare not to task what Heaven's high will decreed;
In humble reverence kiss the' afflictive rod,
And prostrate bow to an offended God.
Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from groveling views below,
And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach:
To show that all the flattering schemes of joy,
Which towering Hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,
And plunge the' exulting maniac in despair.
Then O! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain;
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.
Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate,
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage:
But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping awhile in sullen mood
Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song:
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
And with its plaintive warbling saddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heaven! yet—yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!

My budding joys just promising to blow,
All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!
My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song?
Time creeps unconscious of delight:
How shall I cheat the tedious day?
And O——the joyless night!
Where shall I rest my weary head?
How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

Come, Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,
To my torn heart its former peace restore;
Thy votary, wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,
Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore:
Haply when lock'd in Sleep's embrace,
Again I shall behold my Emma's face;
Again with transport hear
Her voice soft whispering in my ear;
May steal once more a balmy kiss,
And taste, at least, of visionary bliss.

But, ah! the' unwelcome morn's obtruding light
Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,
Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
And wake me to the sense of all my woes:
If to the verdant fields I stray,
Alas! what pleasures now can these convey?
Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,
And darkens all the scene with woe.
By Nature's lavish bounties cheer'd no more,
Sorrowing I rove
Through valley, grot, and grove:
Nought can their beauties or my loss restore;

No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
And my sad sighs are borne on every passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly business call away,
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Should aught my bosom discompose,
Who now, with sweet complacent air,
Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,
And soften all my woes?
Too faithful Memory——Cease, O cease——
How shall I e'er regain my peace?
(O to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart.

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet-lisping tongue shall ask the cause?
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's smile upon thy face!
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more!
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distress'd,
More beggar by the riches once possess'd.
My little darling!——dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caus'd—O strange to hear!)
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:

Who now shall seek with fond delight
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She, who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments bless'd,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone——Yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tenderest love;
And, O sweet senseless smiler, (envied state!)
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
When years thy judgment shall mature,
And reason shows those ills it cannot cure;
Wilt thou, a father's grief to' assuage,
For virtue prove the Phœnix of the earth,
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age?

When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
And, oft as to thy listening ear
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To soothe my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

# EVENING ADDRESS

## TO

## *A NIGHTINGALE.*

SWEET bird! that, kindly perching near,
Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of Woe;
  Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:——
For, surely, thou hast known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapless love;
  Else why so feelingly complain,
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove?

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
  That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
Or has the cruel hand of Fate
  Bereft thee of thy darling young?
    Alas, for *both* I weep——
In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms,
A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,
  And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
At once the source of rapture and distress,
  The flattering prop of my declining years!
In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
  By every art that Science could devise,
Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
  And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies.—

Then O! our comforts be the same,
At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower.

But why, alas! to thee complain!
To thee—unconscious of my pain!
Soon shalt *thou* cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year:
The genial warmth of joy-renewing Spring
Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;
Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love.
But O! for *me* in vain may seasons roll,
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears;
Deploring still the *comfort of my soul*,
I count my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou syren Hope, deceiver, say,
Where is the promis'd period of my woes?
Full three long, lingering years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:
O what delusion did thy tongue employ!
'That *Emma's* fatal pledge of love,
Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,
The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
Soften the horrors of despair,
And cheer a heart long lost to joy?'
How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,
My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms!

And O! what flattering scenes had Fancy feign'd!
How did I rave of blessings yet in store!
Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could
utter more.——

'Just Heaven,' I cried——with recent hopes elate,
'Yet I will live—will live, though *Emma's* dead!
So long bow'd down beneath the storms of Fate,
Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!
My little *Emma*, now my *all*,
Will want a father's care,
Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recall,
And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear;
And oft together we'll complain;
Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know;
From me my child shall learn the mournful strain,
And prattle tales of woe.
And O! in that auspicious hour,
When Fate resigns her persecuting power,
With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
No more to weep—my sorrow-streaming eyes,
When Death gives Misery repose,
And opes a glorious passage to the skies.'

Vain thought! it must not be.—She too is dead——
The flattering scene is o'er,——
My hopes for ever—ever fled——
And vengeance can no more——
Crush'd by misfortune—blasted by disease—
And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
Or soothe the anguish of an aching heart!

Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome Death,
With lenient hand, (O falsely deem'd severe!
Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
And dry up every tear!
Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
But ah! from my affections far remov'd!
The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
As if I ne'er had been belov'd;
As if, unconscious of poetic fire,
I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;
As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet——while this weary life shall last,
While yet my tongue can form the' impassion'd strain,
In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
And dwell with fond delay on blessings past;
For O! how grateful to a wounded heart
The tale of misery to impart!
From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of woe!
Ev'n he [1], the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear!

[1] Lord Lyttelton, who had highly applauded Shaw's Monody.

# THE RACE.

BY

*MERCURIUS SPUR, ESQ.*

WITH NOTES BY FAUSTIMUS SCRIBLERUS.

1766.

Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum! HOR.

## ADDRESS TO THE CRITICS.

Ye puny things, who self-important sit
The sovereign arbiters of monthly wit;
Who, gnatling-like, your stings around dispense,
And feed on excrements of sickly sense;
Ye gentle Critics, whom, by Fancy led,
My Pegasus has kick'd upon the head,
Who, zealous to decry the' injurious strain,
While Common-sense [1] has bled at every vein;

[1] In justification of the author's severity, the reader is desired to attend to the Critical Review on the first edition of this poem, where he will find, comprised in a very narrow compass, a most wonderful variety of nonsense, both literal and metaphorical; where the Race is ingeniously discovered to be an imitation of Pope's Dunciad. Now, the only circumstance which has the least reference to that

Bewilder'd wander on, with idiot-pride,
Without or wit or grammar for your guide;
Behold! again I blot the' envenom'd page,
Come, whet your tiny stings, exhaust your rage:
Here wreak your vengeance, here exert your skill,
Let blustering Kenrick [2] draw his raven's quill:
My claims to genius let each dunce disown,
And damn all strains more favour'd than their own.
Where Pegasus, who ambled at fifteen,
No longer sporting on the rural green,
Rampant breaks forth: now flies the peaceful plains,
And bounds, impetuous, heedless of the reins,
O'er earth's vast surface madly scours along,
Nor spares a critic, gaping in the throng;
Truth rides behind [3], and prompts the wild career;
And, truth my guardian, what have I to fear?
Oh, Truth! thou sole director of my views,
Whom yet I love far dearer than the Muse!
Teach me myself in every sense to know,
Proof 'gainst the' injurious shafts of friend or foe.
When smooth-tongued flatterers my ears assail,
May my firm soul disdain the fulsome tale!

poem, is the hero's tumbling into a bog, which is (as it is there acknowledged) an exact imitation of a passage in Homer, and was designed at the same time as a stroke of ridicule on one of the instances where that immortal bard has nodded.—This the set of gentlemen had not eyes to see, and are therefore excusable. Those gentlemen certainly cannot help their having neither genius nor literature; but blockheads may certainly help commencing critics.

[2] Dr. Kenrick, a writer at perpetual warfare with his contemporaries.

[3] Perhaps some half-witted critic may pertly inquire why should Truth ride behind, rather than before? Soft and fairly: certainly every man has a right to ride foremost on his own Pegasus.

And ah! from pride thy votive bard defend,
Though Conway smile, or Chesterfield commend!
Unmov'd by squibs from all the scribbling throng,
Whom thou proclaim'st the refuse of my song;
Still may I safe between the danger steer
Of Scylla-flattery, and Charybdis-fear! [claim!)
Those foes to Genius (should'st thou grant my
Those wrecks alike of reason and of fame.

## *THE RACE.*

Aid me,—some honest sister of the Nine,
Who ne'er paid court at Flattery's fulsome shrine,
A youth enlighten with thy keenest fires,
Who dares proclaim whate'er the Muse inspires,
By squint-ey'd Prejudice, or love inclin'd,
No partial ties shall here enslave the mind:
Though fancy sport in fiction's pleasing guise,
Truth, still conspicuous, through the veil shall rise;
No bribe or stratagem shall here take place,
Though (strange to tell!)—the subject is a Race.
Unlike the Race which fam'd Newmarket boasts,
Where pimps are peers' companions, whores their toasts,
Where jockey-nobles with groom-porters vie,
Who best can hedge a bet, or cog a die.
Nor like the Race, by ancient Homer told,
No spears for prizes, and no cups of gold:
A poets' Race, I sing—a poet's prize,
Who gold [4] and fighting equally despise.

[4] The poverty of poets is a well-known adage; or, to speak more poetically, their contempt of riches. They also seem

To all the rhyming brethren of the quill
Fame sent her heralds, to proclaim her will:—
'Since late her votaries in abusive lays
Had madly wrangled for the wreath of bays;
To quell at once this foul tumultuous heat,
The day was fix'd whereon each bard should meet.
Already had she mark'd the destin'd ground,
Where from the goal her eager sons should bound,
There, by the hope of future glory fed,
Prove by their heels the prowess of the head;
And he, who fleetest ran, and first to fame,
The chaplet and the victory should claim.'
Swift spread the grateful news through all the town,
And every scribbler thought the wreath his own.
No corporal defect can now retard
The one-legg'd, short-legg'd, or consumptive bard [5];
Convinc'd that legs or lungs could make no odds
'Twixt man and man, where goddesses or gods
Presided judges; sure to have decreed
To dulness crutches, and to merit speed.
To view the various candidates for fame,
Booksellers, printers, and their devils came.
First Becket and De Hondt came hand in hand,
And next came Nourse and Millar, from the Strand;

providentially in all ages to have possessed the most pacific tempers: no doubt, lest their lives should be endangered, whose labours are so conducive to the amusement of society. Horace confesses himself a coward:

Relicta non bene parmula, &c.

But the moderns are not quite so ingenuous.

[5] The discerning reader will at once be sensible of the necessity of this proviso; otherwise it is to be supposed, a poet with a wooden leg, or any other bodily infirmity, would never have started.

Here Woodfall—there the keen-ey'd Scott appears,
And Say[6] (oh, wonderful!) with both his ears.
Morley the meagre, with Moran the fat,
And Flexney[7] with a favour in his hat.
Williams and Kearsley[8] now afresh begin
To curse the cruel walls that held 'em in.
In rage around his shop poor Owen[9] flies,
Damning the Chevalier who clos'd his eyes;
'Oh! could he see, this day, the glorious strife,
He'd grope contented all his future life.'—
To Paternoster Row the tidings reach,
And forth came Johnny Coote[10] and Dryden Leach;
Associates in each cause alike they share,
Be it to print a prayer-book or Voltaire.
Thus leagued, how sweet the friendly pence to earn,
Like gentle Rosencrantz and Guildenstern[11]! [fled,
But Leach[12] where Churchill came still cautious
Skulk'd through the crowd, and trembled for his head.

[6] Mr. Say's boldness in asserting any thing, written in opposition even to the ministerial measures, will render the meaning of this line sufficiently obvious to the intelligent reader.

[7] Alluding to the custom of tenants wearing ribbons in their hats when the 'Squire's horse wins the plate. Mr. Flexney, our hero's publisher, does the same, from strong presumption of his author's success.

[8] These two gentlemen, at the time this poem was first published, were imprisoned for publications that were deemed libellous.

[9] Owen sold books and mineral waters near Temple-Bar.

[10] Coote usually published what Leach printed.

[11] Two characters in Hamlet, where one never appears without the other.

[12] From a circumstance which Mr. Leach has the best reason to remember (as we hold *feeling* to be the most perfect of all the senses) the author must allow Mr. Churchill to be an exception to the general rule of poets being cowards, who for most part are fonder of laying on their

With his whole length of body scarce a span,
Yet aping all the dignity of man,
Next Vaillant came, erect his dwarfish mien,
He perch'd on horseback, that he might be seen;
And vow'd, with worshipful grimace [13] and din [14],
He'd back the peerless bard [15] of Lincoln's-Inn.
High on a hill, enthron'd in stately pride,
Appear'd the Goddess; while on either side
Stood Vice and Virtue, harbingers of Fame,
*This* stamps a good, and *that* an evil name.
On flowers thick scatter'd o'er the mossy ground,
The nymphs of Helicon reclin'd around;
Here, while each candidate his claim preferr'd,
In silent state the Goddess sat and heard.
Not far from hence, across the path to Fame,
A horrid ditch appear'd—known by the name
Of black Oblivion's gulf. In former days
Here perish'd many a poet and his lays;
Close by the margin of the sable flood
Reviewers *Critical* and *Monthly* stood
In terrible array, who dreadful frown, [down.
And, arm'd with clubs, here knock poor authors
Merit, alas! with them is no pretence,
In vain the pleas of poësy or sense;

blows with a pen than a cudgel; though we must confess it is a very cruel alternative where a printer must either submit to have his head broke, or run the hazard of losing his ears.

[13] The reader is not to suppose Mr. Vaillant made faces, but only that he assumed the proper air and countenance of a worshipful magistrate.

[14] No inglorious expression, as some may imagine, witness the din of war—the din of arms, &c. therefore proper to be employed in any character of consequence.

[15] A phrase common upon the turf, and consequently very applicable here.

All levell'd here, though some triumphant rise,
Shake off the dirt, and seek their native skies.
But, strange! to Dulness they deny the crown,
And damn ev'n works as stupid as their own!
Oh! be this rage for massacre withstood,
Nor thus imbrue your hands in brother's blood.'
Foremost, the spite of Hell upon his face,
Stood the Thersites of the Critic Race,
Tremendous Hamilton! Of giant strength,
With crab-tree staff full twice two yards in length,
Near John o'Groats'[16] thatch'd cot its parent stood
Alone for many a mile—itself a wood;
Till Archy spied it, yet unform'd and wild,
And robb'd the mother of her tallest child.
Ill-omen'd birds beheld with dire affright
Their roost despoil'd, and sicken'd at the sight;
The ravens croak'd, pies chatter'd round his head,
In vain—he frown'd, the birds in terror fled:
Perch'd on their thistles droop'd the mournful band,
Archy stalk'd off, the crab-tree in his hand.

Close wedg'd behind, in rank and file were seen,
From Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen,
A troop of Lairds with scraps of Latin hung,
Who came to teach John Bull his mother tongue.
Poor John! who must not judge whate'er he read,
But wait for sentence from these sons of Tweed.

Now coward Prudence, in the Muse's ear
Whispers—'How dar'st thou, novice, persevere

[16] The learned reader will not be surprised at this genealogy of the crab-tree stick, belonging to so illustrious a character as the printer of the Critical Review.—It is common, and Homer has often done the same, in regard to his hero's swords and spears, &c.

With headlong fury, to destruction prone,
[17] Rouse sacred Dulness, yawning on her throne?
Thus madly bold, dread'st not the harpy's claw?
Thou, scarce a morsel for so vast a maw!
Soon shalt thou mourn thy ill-star'd numbers curst.'
She scorns their malice; let them do their worst.
Where Phœbus casts not an auspicious eye,
The sickening numbers of themselves must die;
But where true genius beams conspicuous forth,
The candid few will justify its worth;
Still as it flows increasing in its course,
Till like a river, with resistless force
Rapid rolls down the torrent of applause;
Then, struck with fear, each puny wretch with-
Meanly disclaims the paths he lately trod; [draws,
Belies himself, and humbly licks the rod [18].
First enter'd in the list the laureat bard,
And thus preferr'd his suit:——'If due reward,
Goddess ador'd! to merit thou assign,
Whose verse so smooth, whose claim so just as mine?
To thee my cause I trust; oh, lend me wings,
Show wit and sack to be consistent things,
And that he rhymes the best who rhymes for kings.

[17] This alludes to a part of their criticism upon the Race above mentioned, wherein they observe: 'The author has attacked booksellers, printers, and even Reviewers—Oh! presumption! attack Reviewers! a set of gentlemen too!' We acknowledge the justice of this remark, and submit to the lash.

[18] Every ingenuous mind must conceive the utmost contempt for modern criticism, by looking back on the treatment of the late Mr. Churchill, where we find the very critics, who, at his first appearance in public, would scarcely allow him the least pretensions to genius, disavowing their former proceedings, and meanly courting his friendship. See the Critical Review, about that period.

Lur'd by a sober honest thirst for fame,
Armstrong appear'd to lay his lawful claim;
Armstrong [19], whose Muse has taught the youth to prove
The sweet economy of health and love.
But, when he saw what spleen each bosom fir'd,
Forth from the field he modestly retir'd.

Not so repuls'd, nor overaw'd with shame,
Next Hill stood forth, a darling child of Fame;
But, as to Justice, Fame herself must bow,
The poets' bays shall never deck his brow:
Else who, like Hill, can save a sickly age;
Like him arrest the hand of death with sage [20]?
But this the ancients never knew [21], or sure
They ne'er had died while sage remain'd a cure.
Oh, matchless Hill! if aught the Muse foresee
Of things conceal'd in dark futurity,
Death's triumph by thy skill shall soon be o'er,
Hence dire disease and pain shall be no more;
'Tis thine to save whole nations from his maw,
By some new tincture of a barley-straw.

[19] This gentleman has obliged the public with two poetical pieces; the one entitled, The Economy of 'Love;' the other 'Health;' in which he has displayed great abilities, both in sentiment and diction.

[20] It is impossible to express the obligations of the public to the author of this discovery. We learn that the ancients had indeed the art of restoring youth, by cutting the party to pieces, and boiling them in a kettle; but certainly the horror of so dismal a process (could the art be revived) might deter a person of a moderate share of courage from receiving the benefit of it. But Dr. Hill has removed the scruples of the most timorous, and has promised all the good effects of so dreadful an experiment, in a discovery both simple and palatable.

[21] A favourite expression of Dr. Hill's, in all his advertisements, is, 'the Ancients knew this,—the Greeks knew this,' &c.

He bow'd, and spoke :—' Oh, Goddess, heavenly fair!
To thy own Hill now show a mother's care ;
If I go unrewarded hence away,
What bard will court thee on a future day?
Who toils like me thy temple to unlock,
By moral essays, rhime, and water-dock?
With perseverance who like me could write
Inspector on Inspector, night by night ;
Supplying still, with unexhausted head,
Till every reader slumber'd as he read?
No longer then my lawful claim delay'—
She smil'd [22]—Hill simper'd, and went pleas'd away.
Next Dodsley spoke :—' A bookseller and bard
May sure with justice claim the first regard.
A double merit's surely his, that's wont
To make the fiddle, and then play upon't :—
But more ; to prove beyond a doubt my claim,
Behold the work on which I build my fame!
Search every tragic scene of Greece and Rome,
From ancient Sophocles to modern Home [23] ;
Examine well the conduct, diction, plan,
And match, then match Cleone, if you can.
A father wretched,—husband wretched more,—
A harmless baby weltering in its gore,
Such dire distress as ne'er was seen before!
Such sad complaints and tears, and heartful throes,
Sorrows so wet and dry [24], such mighty woes,
Too big for utterance e'en in tragic ohs!'

[22] As the reader may perhaps ascertain within himself the future success of Dr. Hill, from the smile of the goddess ; he is desired to suspend his judgment, and consider that here are smiles of contempt as well as of approbation.

[23] Author of Douglas.

[24] In perusing the above piece, the readers may observe the different effects of grief here mentioned, where one cha-

Next Smollett came. What author dare resist
Historian, critic, bard, and novelist?
'To reach thy temple, honour'd Fame,' he cried,
'Where, where's an avenue I have not tried?
But since the glorious present of to-day
Is meant to grace alone the poet's lay,
My claim I wave to every art beside,
And rest my plea upon the Regicide[25].

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * * [26]

But if, to crown the labours of my Muse,
Thou, inauspicious, should'st the wreath refuse,
Whoe'er attempts it in this scribbling age
Shall feel the Scotish powers of critic-rage;
Thus spurn'd, thus disappointed of my aim,
I'll stand a bugbear in the road to Fame;
Each future minion's infant hopes undo,
And blast the budding honours of his brow.'

He said—and, grown with future vengeance big,
Grimly he shook his scientific wig[27].

To clinch the cause, and fuel add to fire,
Behind came Hamilton, his trusty 'squire.

racter complains of being drowned in tears, and another that he cannot shed any.

[25] A tragedy written by Dr. S. and printed by subscription, but never acted. See 'Companion to the Playhouse;' where it is said to have been offered to the managers of the Theatres, but rejected: a particular account of which the author has given, under feigned characters, in his adventures of Roderick Random.

[26] The reader is to suppose that these asterisks must certainly mean something of the utmost consequence. It is exactly of the same kind with the blank-page in 'Tristram Shandy.'

[27] Annuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.
VIRGIL.

Awhile he paus'd, revolving the disgrace,
And gathering all the horrors of his face;
Then rais'd his head, and turning to the crowd,
Burst into bellowing terrible and loud:—
'Hear my resolve, and first by G— I swear!—
By Smollett, and his gods! whoe'er shall dare
With him this day for glorious fame to vie,
Sous'd in the bottom of the ditch shall lie;
And know, the world no other shall confess,
Whilst I have crab-tree life, or letter-press.'
Scar'd at the menace, authors fearful grew,
Poor Virtue trembled, and e'en Vice look'd blue [28].
Next Wilkes appear'd, vain hoping the reward,
A glorious patriot, an inglorious bard,
Yet erring, shot far wide of Freedom's mark,
And rais'd a flame, in putting out a spark:
Near to the throne, with silent step he came,
To whisper in her ear his filthy claim;
But ruin to his hopes! behind stood near,
With fix'd attention and a greedy ear,
A sneaking priest, who heard, and to the crowd
Blab'd, with most grievous zeal, the tale aloud.
The peaceful Nine, whom nothing less could vex,
Flew on the vile assassin of the sex,
Disown'd all knowledge of his brutal lays,
And scratch'd the front intended for the bays.
Here Johnson comes—unbless'd with outward grace,
His rigid morals stamp'd upon his face,
While strong conceptions struggle in his brain,
(For even wit is brought to bed with pain.)

[28] As *pale* is an epithet that characterises the fear of mortals, the author has made use of the Poetica Licentia, in making a goddess turn *blue*.

To view him, porters with their loads would rest,
And babes cling frighted to the nurses' breast:
With looks convuls'd, he roars in pompous strain,
And, like an angry lion, shakes his mane.
The Nine, with terror struck, who ne'er had seen
Aught human with so horrible a mien,
Debating, whether they should stay or run—
Virtue steps forth, and claims him for her son.
With gentle speech she warns him now to yield,
Nor stain his glories in the doubtful field;
But, wrapt in conscious worth, content sit down,
Since Fame, resolv'd his various pleas to crown,
Though forc'd his present claim to disavow,
Had long reserv'd a chaplet for his brow.
He bows; obeys—for Time shall first expire,
Ere Johnson stay, when Virtue bids retire.
Next Murphy silence broke:—'Oh, Goddess fair!
To whom I still prefer my daily pray'r;
For whose dear sake I've scratch'd my drowsy head,
And robb'd alike the living and the dead; [thin,
Stranger to fear, have plung'd through thick and
And Fleet-ditch virgins drag'd to Lincoln's-Inn;
Smile on my hopes, thy favour let me share,
And show mankind Hibernia boasts thy care.'
Here stop'd he, interrupted quick by Jones,
A poet, rais'd from mortar, brick, and stones:
'Goddess,' he cries, 'reject his pitch-patch work,
He was a butter-seller's boy at Cork [29];
On me bestow the prize, on me, who came
From my dear country in pursuit of fame:
For thus advis'd Mæcenas [30] (best of men:)
"Jones, drop the trowel, and assume the pen;

[29] See the 'Picklock,' a scurrilous poem.
[30] Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, when lord lieutenant, transplanted Jones from Ireland to England.

The Muses thrive not in this barren soil,
Come, seek with me fair Albion's happier isle;
There shall the theatres increase thy store,
And Essex[31] bleed to make thy purse run o'er."—
Thus have I fondly left the mason's care,
To build imaginary tow'rs i'the' air,
Then since my golden hopes have prov'd a cheat,
Oh, give him Fame, whom Fate forbids to eat[32];
This, this at least, to me forlorn supply,
I'll live contented on a farthing-pie.'
Next in the train advanc'd a Highland lad[33],
Array'd in brogues and Caledonian plaid,
Surrounded by his countrymen, while loud
The British Homer[34] rang through all the crowd.
Then he with mickle pride and uncouth air
His bonnet doff'd, and thus prefer'd his pray'r:
'O Fame! regard me with propitious eyes,
Give me to seize this long-contested prize;
In epic lines I shine the king of verse!
From torn and tatter'd scraps of ancient Erse,

[31] Jones's tragedy of the Earl of Essex was produced at Covent Garden in 1753.

[32] It is a mortification to which the professed patrons of merit must ever be liable, to have their benevolence abused and their hopes deceived;—but great souls have no limits, or rather disdain any; which is well expressed by Voltaire:

Repandez vos bienfaits avec magnificence,
Meme au moins verteceux ne les refusez pas,
Ne vous informez pas de leur reconnoissance,
Il est grand, il est beau, de faire des ingrats.

[33] Macpherson.

[34] There is indeed an air of originality, which, to a literary virtuoso, renders Fingal worthy of notice. But I am afraid the North Britons cannot easily be acquitted of national partiality; who, instead of a bonnet and thistle, which would have been no incompetent reward, have insisted on his right to a crown of laurel.

'Tis mine a perfect pile to raise, for all
Must own the wondrous structure of Fingal!'
No less a miracle, than if a Turk
A mosque should raise up of Mosaic work.
Next Mallet came; Mallet, who knows each art,
The ear to tickle, and to soothe the heart;
Who with a goose-quill, like a magic rod,
Transforms a Scotish peer[35] into a god.
Oh! matchless Mallet, by one stroke to clear,
One lucky stroke, four hundred pounds a year!
Long round a court poor Gay dependent hung,
(And yet most trimly[36] has the poet sung)
Twice six revolving years vain-hoping pass'd,
And unrewarded went away at last.
Again dame Prudence checks the madd'ning strain,
And thus advises, wisely, though in vain:
'Ah, Spur! enlisted in a luckless cause,
Who pelf despising, seeks for vain applause,
Thy will how stubborn, and thy wit how small,
To think a muse can ever thrive on gall!
Then timely throw thy venom'd shafts aside,
Choose out some fool, blown up with power and pride,—
Be flattery thy arrow, this thy butt,
And praise the devil for his cloven foot.'
The counsel's good;—but how shall I subscribe,
Who scorn to flatter, and detest a bribe?

* * * * * * *

[35] For taking part with the Earl of Bute in some political disputes, Mallet was rewarded by the office of Keeper of the Book of Entries for ships in the port of London, in the year 1763.

[36] 'He told me, once upon a day,
Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay.'
*Prolog. to the Shepherd's Week.*

In voice most weak, in sentiment most strong,
Like Milton, murder'd in an eunuch's song;
With honesty no malice e'er could shame,
With prejudices hunger ne'er could tame;
With judgment sometimes warp'd, but oft refin'd,
Next Cleland came—the champion of mankind!
Who views, contented with his little state,
Wealth squander'd by the partial hand of fate;
And, whilst dull rogues the joys of life partake,
Lives, a great patriot—on a mutton steak!
Dreaming of genius, which he never had,
Half-wit, half-fool, half-critic, and half-mad;
Seizing, like Shirley, on the poet's lyre,
With all the rage, but not one spark of fire;
Eager for slaughter, and resolv'd to tear
From others' brows that wreath he must not wear,
Next Kenrick came; all-furious, and replete
With brandy, malice, pertness, and conceit.
Unskill'd in classic lore, through envy blind
To all that's beauteous, learned, or refin'd;
For faults alone behold the savage prowl,
With reason's offal glut his ravening soul;
Pleas'd with his prey, its inmost blood he drinks,
And mumbles, paws, and turns it—till it stinks.
Erect he stood, nor deign'd one bow to Fame,
Then bluntly thus:—'Will Kenrick is my name.
Who are these minions crowding to thy fane?
Poets! 'pshaw! scribblers, impotent and vain;
The chaplet's mine—I claim it, who inherit
Dennis's rage, and Milbourne's glorious spirit [37].

[37] Dennis and Milbourne, two things called Critics, damned to immortality for being the persecutors of Dryden and Pope.

Struck with amazement, Fame, who ne'er had seen
A face so brazen, and so pert a mien,
Calmly replied—'Vain-boaster, go thy way,
And prove more furious, and more dull than they.'
Then Brown appear'd:—with such an air he mov'd,
As show'd him confident and self-approv'd.
Poor, injur'd, honour'd Pope! the bard on thee
Has clapp'd a rusty lock without a key [38]:
Thus, when enraptur'd, we attempt to rove
Through all the sweets of the Pierian grove,
The gate, alas! is strongly barr'd: and all
That taste the sweets must climb the rugged wall.
Reverent he bow'd, and thus address'd the throne:
'One boon, oh! grant me, and the day's my own!
When the shrill trumpet calls the rival train
To scour with nimble feet the dusty plain;
Let not the dread professor, Lowth, appear,
To freeze thy votary's shivering soul with fear,
Tear the fine form, perhaps of all I've writ,
And drown me in a deluge of his wit.'
Next Vaughan [39] appear'd; he smil'd, and strok'd his chin,
And, pleas'd to think his carcass was so thin,

[38] Alluding to the 'Essay on Satire,' by Dr Brown, prefixed to the second volume of Pope's works, which the reader of no discernment might mistake for the production of that immortal genius, unless he is lucky enough to stumble upon the title-page. It has often been a matter of astonishment, how it came there; as there is no such privilege in Mr. Pope's will, bequeathed to the editor, together with the property of his works.

[39] Vaughan was a friend of Murphy, and wrote two farces. Churchill introduces him in the Rosciad as

'Vaughan or Dapper, call him which you will.'

So moulded for the Race, while self-dubb'd worth
Beam'd from his eyes, he hemm'd—and thus held
forth:
'Goddess, your slave;—'tis true I draw the quill,
Sometimes through anger, not to show my skill[40];
Yet all must own, spite of the Bear's[41] report,
There's obvious merit in my keen retort:
Though Flexney (oh! his ignorance confound!)
Sells its contents to grocers by the pound,
And, deaf to genius, and its pleas to fame,
Puts it to purposes——unfit to name.
Then, since no profit from the Muse I draw,
You can't refuse me praise, and so your ta—!'
The goddess laugh'd:—and who could well contain,
To see such foplings skip around her fane? [heart
Next Churchill came—his face proclaim'd a
That scorn'd to wear the smooth address of art,
Strongly mark'd out that firm unconquer'd soul,
Which nought on earth could bias or control.
He bow'd—when all sneer at his want of grace[42]
And uncouth form, ill-suited for the Race;
While he contemptuous smil'd on all around,
And thus address'd her in a voice profound[43]:

[40] *Facit indignatio versus.*] Let no one pretend to say, that even anger has not its good effects, since we owe the immortal works both of a Juvenal and a Vaughan to their being roused by a spirit of resentment.

[41] A name by which the late Mr. Churchill was distinguished, on account (as we suppose) of the rough manner in which he handled the gentle bards who were so unlucky as to come within reach of his poetical paws.

[42] Not spiritual grace, but grace in making a bow; or, if the reader must be let into the secret, this may refer to the cavils of the critics in general, against the unharmoniousness of his numbers.

[43] Mr. Churchill, as a scholar, is here supposed well acquainted with that general maxim in oratory, *Loquere ore rotundo*, which is here rendered 'a voice profound.'

'Goddess, these gnatlings move not me at all,
I come by just decrees to stand or fall.
When first the daring bard aspires to sing,
To check the sallies of his infant wing,
Critics not only try (your pardon, Fame,
To you a stranger is the critic's name,)
But ev'ry blockhead, who pretends to write,
Would damp his vigour, and retard his flight.
Critics, oh Fame! are *things* compos'd between
The two ingredients, Ignorance and Spleen;
Who, like the daw, would infamously tear
The shining plumes they see another wear;
That, thus unfeather'd by these wretched elves,
All may appear as naked as themselves.
'Hard is the task in such a cause to' engage,
With fools and knaves eternal war to wage,
By fears or partial feelings unsubdued,
To hurl defiance at so vast a crowd;
To stand the teizing of their little spleen,
So oft to clear the witling-crowded scene;
From vice and folly tear the foul disguise,
And crush at once the Hydras as they rise.
Yet on I will—unaw'd by slavish fears,
Till gain'd the glorious cause, or lost my ears.'
Next from the temple six poetic cubs,
With him whose humble Muse delights in shrubs [44],
And commentator Fawkes—let Woty tell,
Alone who sees, how much he can excel,
Who wipes all doubts from sacred texts away,
Clear as the skies upon a misty day;
Bard, critic, and divine—with upturn'd eyes
Dejected virtue to the goddess cries,
'What ways and means for raising the supplies!'

[44] The Shrubs of Parnassus were published in 1760.

Awhile demurring who should move the pleas,
Fawkes claim'd the right, from having ta'en degrees:
'Combin'd, dear Woty, sure we ne'er can fail,
Ill speak—do thou hold up the cassock's tail.'
He hemm'd—then haw'd—then bow'd, and thus began:
'Oh Fame! propitious view the friendly plan.
See Law on Gospel cast a social look,
And Moses side with Lyttelton and Coke:
Let not a partnership, unknown before,
In vain for favour and for bays implore [45];
But guide thy votary's feet across the plain,
While gentle Woty bears the sable train;
And crown'd with conquest, amply to reward
So mean an office in so great a bard;
Six days in seven I'll the wreath resign,
Only on Sundays be its honours mine.'
Reverent he bow'd:—then Bickerstaff [46] advanc'd
His sing-song Muse, by vast success enhanc'd;
Who, when fair Wright [47], destroying Reason's fence,
Inveigles our applause, in spite of sense,
With syren voice our juster rage confounds,
And clothes sweet nonsense in delusive sounds;
Pertly commends the judgment of the town,
And arrogates the merit as his own;
Talks of his taste! how well each air was hit!
While printers and their devils praise his wit;
And, wrapp'd in warm surtout of self-conceit,
Defies the critic's cold, and poet's heat.

[45] Fawkes and Woty published the Poetical Calendar in editorial conjunction.

[46] Isaac Bickerstaff, the writer of many popular English operas.

[47] Afterwards Mrs. Arne.

He ey'd the rabble round, and thus began:
'Goddess! I wonder at the pride of man!
Fellows, whose accents never yet have hung
On skilful Beard's or Brent's harmonious song,
Dare here approach, who chatter like a parrot,
But hardly "know a sheep's head from a carrot[48];"
Whose tasteless lines ne'er grac'd a royal stage,
Nor charm'd a tuneful crotchet-loving age!
Prove then, oh Goddess! to my labours kind,
And let the sons of Dulness lag behind,
While hoity-toity, whisky-frisky[49], I
On ballad-wings spring forth to victory.'
So sure!—but justice stops thee in thy flight,
And damns thy labours to eternal night,
Brands that success which boasts no just pretence
To genius, judgment, wit, or common sense;
But who for taste shall dare prescribe the laws,
Or stop the torrent of the mob's applause?
In thought sublim'd, next Elphinston came forth,
And thus harangu'd the goddess on his worth:
'Tis mine, oh Fame! full fraught with Attic lore,
Long-lost pronunciation to restore,
Of letters to reform each vile abuse,
And bring the Grecian *kappa*[50] into use,
Tully once more his proper name shall know,
Restor'd its ancient sound of Kikero.

[48] See Love in a Village, a comic opera, printed in 1762.
[49] A favourite word of this author. See Education, a poem.
[50] Mr. Elphinston intends to lay before the public his reasons for giving C always the sound of the Grecian K. which will certainly give a softness and dignity to the expressions of many other sounds in our language, as well as this instanced by the author.

First, from my native tongue, 'tis mine to' expel
The superfluities of E and L,
To' unveil the long conceal'd recess of truth,
And teach betimes to bend the pliant youth;
To point the means of proper recreation,
And prove no " whetter equals emulation [51] ?"
In song didactic as I move to draw
The proper rules for study and for taw,
In taste for sacred writings to refine us,
And show the odds 'twixt Daniel and Longinus;
To criticise, instruct, and prove, in metre,
Tully's a perfect blockhead to St. Peter:
Deign then, oh Fame! to satisfy my lore,
Who've wrote as mortal man ne'er wrote before;
Broke through all pedant rules of mood and tense,
And nobly soar'd beyond the reach of sense.
He bow'd:—then Arne swift bolted through the throng,
Renown'd for all the various powers of song:
Sweet as the Thracian's whose melodious woe
Mov'd the stern tyrant of the shades below;
Or that, by which the faithless syren charms,
And woos the sailor, shipwreck'd in her arms:
Soft as the notes which Phœbus did employ
To raise the glories of ill-fated Troy;
Or those which banish'd Reason could recall,
And bring the Devil capering out of Saul.
But, not contented with his crotchet-praise,
Lo! he adventures for the poets bays!
No more is genius rear'd in classic schools,
But falls, like Fortune, on the heads of fools:
Dull dogmas, thunder'd from the pedant's mouth,
No more shall tire the ear-belabour'd youth;

[51] See his poem entitled 'Education.'

Since bards now spring without the pains of lashing,
Like Arne and Duck, from fiddling and from
thrashing.
'Oh, Fame!' he cries, 'with kind attention hear
The cause why I thy candidate appear.
Ere yet the outwitted Guardian crawl'd to light,
Four smother'd brats I doom'd to endless night [52]:
Abash'd, lest any thing less fair should prove
Unworthy Arne and thy maternal love.
But here behold a babe, to whom belong
The double gift of eloquence and song;
Who, not like other infants born or bred,
Sprung forth, like Pallas, from its daddy's head;
On me then, Fame, oh! let thy favours fall,
And show that Tommy Arne outwits 'em all!'
Here F * * s rais'd his head, though last not least,
A wanton poet, and a solemn priest;
By turns through life each character we mark,
A priest by day, a poet in the dark;
Yet each at will the Proteus can forsake,
Now politician, now commences rake,
Nay worse—(if Fame says true) panders for love,
And acts the Mercury to a lustful Jove.
Now grave he sits, and checks the' unhallow'd jest,
Whilst his sage precepts cool each amorous breast;
Now strips the priest's disguise, awakes desire,
Tells the lewd tale, and fans the dying fire:
All poz'd, despair his character to paint,
And wonder how the devil they lost the saint!
Next from the different theatres came forth
A score at least, of self-sufficient worth;
Each claims the chaplet, or protests his wrong,
A prologue this had wrote, and that a song;

[52] See the preface to the 'Guardian Outwitted.'

Forth from the crowd a general hissing flies,
To see such triflers arrogate the prize;
But fully bent this day the Goddess came,
To hear with patience every coxcomb's claim.
Here endless groups on groups from every street,
Popes, Shakspeares, Johnsons——in their own conceit,
With hopes elate advance, and ardour keen,
Whom not one Muse had ever heard or seen;
Who still write on, though hooted and disgrac'd,
And damn the public for their want of taste.
Oh, Vanity! whose far-extended sway
Nations confess, and potentates obey,
How vast thy reign!—Say, where, oh! where's the man
His own defects who boldly dares to scan?
Just to himself—Ev'n now, whilst I incline
To paint the votaries kneeling at thy shrine,
Whilst others' follies freely I impart,
Thy power resistless flutters round my heart,
Prompts me this common weakness to disclose,
(Myself the very coxcomb I expose.)
And, ah! too partial to my lays and me,
My kind—yet cruel friends—soon shall you see
The culprit-muse, whose idle sportive vein
No views can bias, and no fears restrain,
(Thus female thieves, though threaten'd with disgrace,
Must still be fingering dear forbidden lace,)
Dragg'd without mercy to that awful bar
Where Spleen with Genius holds eternal war;
And there, her final ruin to fulfil,
Condemn'd by batchers, pre-resolv'd to kill,
In vain her youth shall for compassion plead,
Ev'n for a syllable the wretch shall bleed;

And, spite of all the friendship you can show,
Be made a public spectacle of woe.
But hold, though sentenc'd—manners! and be mute—
Derrick appears to move his kingly suit.
'Goddess, I come not here for fame to vie,
(A master of the ceremonies I.)
Since re-enthron'd at Bath I now appear,
This day appoint me to that station here;
In nicest order I'll conduct the whole,
All riot and indecency control.
For know, this pigmy frame contains a mighty soul!
Nay, let me urge a more important claim,
'Twas I first gave the strumpets' list [53] to fame,
Their age, size, qualities, if brown or fair, hair.
Whose breath was sweetest, whose the brightest
Display'd each various dimple, smile, and frown,
Pimp-generalissimo to all the town!
From this what vast advantages accrue!
Thus each may choose the maid of partial hue;
Know to whose bed he has the best pretensions,
And buy the Venus of his own dimensions.
'Nor yet a stranger to the tuneful Nine,
Songs, prologues, and meandering odes are mine,
Such jeux d'esprit as best becomes a king,
And gentle epigrams—without a sting.
The fam'd Domitian still before my eyes,
Who ne'er for pastime murder'd aught but flies;
Nay—let my Muse boast gentler sport than he,
Since fly or gnat was never hurt by me;
By me, though seated in monarchal state,
And, spite of Harrington [54], whose will is fate.'

[53] A most infamous pamphlet, entitled 'Harris's List.'
[54] The musical and well-known Dr. Harrington of Bath.

Here rais'd the little monarch on his toe,
And smil'd contempt on printers' boys below.
He spoke:—The goddess thus replied:—'My son,
'Tis time the business of the day were done;
Enjoy what thou demand'st—up yonder tree
Climb expeditious, that the crowd may see;
This flag, the signal to begin, hang out,
And quell the tumult of the rabble rout.
'But stay, methinks, while round the field I gaze,
Amid the various claimants for the bays,
One favourite bard escapes my notice—say,
My dear Melpomene, on such a day,
Why is not thy beloved Shenstone here?'—
The Muse was silent—sob'd—and dropt a tear.
And now the trumpet's sound, by Fame's command,
Proclaims the hour of starting is at hand.
Now round the goal the various heroes press,
While hope and fear alternately possess
Each anxious breast: in order here they rise,
And panting stand impatient for the prize:
Scarce can they wait till Derrick takes his place,
And waves the flag, as signal for the race.
But, lo!—a crowd upon the plain appear,
With Descaizeau slow-pacing in the rear;
Mason and Thompson, Ogilvy and Hayes,
And he whose hand has pluck'd a sprig of bays
On Rhœtia's barren hills [55]:—onward they move;
But now too late their various powers to prove,
Some future day may fair occasion yield
To weigh their several merits in the field:
For see! the bards, with expectation rife,
Stand strip'd, and ready for the glorious strife:

[55] See the Traveller, a poem, by Goldsmith.

And monarch Derrick would attempt in vain
Their furious ardour longer to restrain.
The flag display'd, promiscuous forth they bound,
And shake with clattering feet the powder'd ground;
Equal in flight there two dispute the race,
With envious strife, and measure pace for pace.
Straight all is uproar and tumultuous din;
This tumbles down, another breaks his shin;
That swears his puffing neighbour stinks of gin.
Each jostles each, a wrangling, madding train,
While loud, 'To order,' Derrick calls in vain.
Stuck fast in mire here some desponding lay,
And grinning yield the glories of the day.
For, maugre all primeval bards have sung,
Steep is the road to Fame, and clog'd with dung.
Borne on the wings of hope now Murphy flies,
Vain hope! for Fate the wish'd-for boon denies;
Arriv'd where scavengers, the night before,
Had left their gleanings from the common shore,
With head retorted, as he fearful spied
The giant Churchill thundering at his side,
Sudden he tript, and, piteous to tell!
Prone in the filth the hapless poet fell. [57]
'Distanc'd, by G—!' roars out a rustic 'squire,
He must give out, thus sous'd in dung and mire.'
Lord March replies, 'I'll hold you six to ten,
Spite of the t—d, he'll rise and run again.'

[57] The very same misfortune happens to Oilean Ajax, in the Iliad, who also makes a speech to the same effect:

> Accursed Fate, the conquest I forego,
> A mortal I, a goddess was my foe!
> She urg'd her favourite on the rapid way;
> And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day.

A noble precedent, and sufficient for authorizing so low an incident in this poem.

A burst of laughter echoes all around,
While, sputtering dirt, and scrabbling from the ground,
'Cease, fools, your mirth, nor sneer at my disgrace,
This cursed bog, not Churchill, won the race;
And sure, who such disasters can foresee,
Must be a greater conjurer than me.'
While Churchill, careless, triumphs in his fall,
Up to the gulf his jaded rivals crawl;
Here some the watchful harpies on the shore
Plunge in—ah! destin'd to return no more!—
While others, wondering, view them as they sink,
And, scar'd, stand quivering on the dreadful brink.
Now rous'd the hero, by the trumpet's sound,
Turns from his rueful foe, and stares around;
No bard he views behind—but all have pass'd
Him, heedless of their flight, and now the last.
Stung at the thought, with double force he springs,
Rage gives him strength, and emulation wings:
The ground regain'd—'Stand clear,' he sternly said,
'Who bars my passage, horror on his head!'—
Unhappy Dapper! doom'd to meet thy fate,
Why heard'st thou not the menace ere too late?
Fir'd with disdain, he spurn'd the witling's breech,
And headlong hurl'd him in Oblivion's ditch;
Then instant bounding high with all his main,
O'erleap'd its utmost bounds, and scour'd along the plain.
Sour critics, frowning, view'd him as he fled;
Spite bit her nails, and Dulness scratch'd her head.
The gulf once pass'd, no obstacle remains,
Smooth is the path, midst flower-enamell'd plains;
Unrival'd now, with joyful speed he flies,
Performs the destin'd race, and claims the prize.

Fame gives the chaplet, while the tuneful Nine
The' acknowledg'd victor hail in notes divine.
Smollet stood grumbling by the fatal ditch;
Hill call'd the goddess whore, and Jones a bitch;
Each curs'd the partial judgment of the day,
And, greatly disappointed, sneak'd away.

---

## *THE SNOW-BALL.*

### A CANTATA.

#### RECITATIVE.

As Harriot, wanton as the sportive roe,
Was pelting Strephon with the new-fall'n snow;
The' enamour'd youth, who'd long in vain admir'd,
By every look and every gesture fir'd,
While round his head the harmless bullets fly,
Thus breathes his passion, prefac'd with a sigh.

#### AIR.

'Cease, my charmer, I conjure thee,
Oh! cease this pastime too severe;
Though I burn, snow cannot cure me,
Fix'd is the flame that rages here.

'Snow in thy hand its chillness loses,
Each flake converts to glowing fire;
Whilst thy cold breast all warmth refuses,
Thus I, by contraries, expire.'

#### RECITATIVE.

'At humble distance thus to tell your pain,
What should you meet but coldness and disdain?'

Replied the laughing fair—‘ Observe the snow,
The sun retir’d, broods o’er the vale below,
But when approaching near he gilds the day,
It owns the genial flame and melts away.’

AIR.

‘ Whining in this love-sick strain,
Strephon, you will sigh in vain;
For your passion thus to prove,
Moves my pity, not my love.
Phœbus points you to the prize,
Take the hint, be timely wise:
Other arts perhaps may move,
And ripen pity into love.’

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

## *EDWARD LOVIBOND.*

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

*THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.*

*LONDON:*
Printed at the Stanhope Press,
BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM,
103, *Goswell Street*;
FOR J. SHARPE; AND SOLD BY W. SUTTABY,
STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1807.

[V. 56]

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# ENCOMIUM ON LOVIBOND.

## *ON HIS DEATH.*

BY MISS G——.

Ah! what avails—that once the Muses crown'd
Thy head with laurels, and thy temples bound!
That in that polish'd mind bright genius shone,
That letter'd Science mark'd it for her own!
Cold is that breast that breath'd celestial fire!
Mute is that tongue, and mute that tuneful lyre!
O could my Muse but emulate thy lays,
Immortal numbers should record thy praise,
Redeem thy virtues from Oblivion's sleep,
And o'er thy urn bid distant ages weep!—
Yet though no laureat flowers bestrew thy hearse,
Nor pompous sounds exalt the glowing verse,
Sublimer Truth inspires this humbler strain,
Bids Love lament, and Friendship here complain:
Bids o'er thy tomb the Muse her sorrows shed,
And weep her Genius, number'd with the dead!—

THE

# TEARS

OF

## *OLD MAY-DAY*[1].

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, uprose the gentle May;
Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flowers
That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.

Her locks with Heaven's ambrosial dews were bright,
And amorous zephyrs flutter'd on her breast:
With every shifting gleam of morning light
The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial ensigns grac'd her smiling form,
A golden key, and golden wand she bore;
This charms to peace each sullen eastern Storm,
And that unlocks the Summer's copious store.

Onward in conscious majesty she came,
The grateful honours of mankind to taste;
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

[1] Written on the 25th of July, 1754, when our style or calendar was rendered conformable to the usage of the rest of Europe.

Vain hope! no more in choral bands unite
Her virgin votaries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to May and Love's mysterious rite, [lawn.
Brush the light dew-drops [2] from the spangled

To her no more Augusta's [3] wealthy pride
Pours the full tribute from Potosi's mine;
Nor fresh-blown garlands village maids provide,
A purer offering at her rustic shrine.

No more the Maypole's verdant height around
To valour's games the' ambitious youth advance;
No merry bells and tabors' sprightlier sound
Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.

Sudden in pensive sadness droop'd her head,
Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson dy'd—
'O! chaste victorious triumphs, whither fled?
My maiden honours, whither gone?' she cried.

'Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
The earth and smiling ocean saw me rise,
With time coëval and the star of morn,
The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

'Then, when at Heaven's prolific mandate sprung
The radiant beam of new-created day,
Celestial harps, to airs of triumph strung,
Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me May.

'Space in her empty regions heard the sound,
And hills, and dales, and rocks, and vallies rung;
The Sun exulted in his glorious round,
And shouting Planets in their courses sung.

[2] Alluding to the country custom of gathering May-dew.

[3] The plate-garlands, which the London milk-maids dance round.

'For ever then I led the constant year;
Saw Youth, and Joy, and Love's enchanting wiles;
Saw the mild Graces in my train appear,
And infant Beauty brighten in my smiles.

'No Winter frown'd. In sweet embrace allied,
Three sister Seasons danc'd the' eternal green;
And Spring's retiring softness gently vied
With Autumn's blush, and Summer's lofty mien.

'Too soon, when man profan'd the blessings given,
And Vengeance arm'd to blot a guilty age,
With bright Astrea to my native Heaven
I fled, and flying saw the Deluge rage:

'Saw bursting clouds eclipse the noontide beams,
While sounding billows from the mountains roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my streams,
My nectar'd streams, that flow'd on sands of gold.

'Then vanish'd many a sea-girt isle and grove,
Their forests floating on the watry plain:
Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
My Atalantis [4] sunk beneath the main.

'No longer bloom'd primeval Eden's bow'rs,
Nor guardian dragons watch'd the' Hesperian steep:
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits, and flow'rs,
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

'No more to dwell in silvan scenes I deign'd,
Yet oft descending to the languid earth,
With quickening powers the fainting mass sustain'd,
And wak'd her slumbering atoms into birth.

[4] See Plato.

'And every echo caught my raptur'd name,
And every virgin breath'd her amorous vows,
And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
Shower'd by the Muses, crown'd my lofty brows.

'But chief in Europe, and in Europe's pride,
My Albion's favour'd realms, I rose ador'd;
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes denied,
From Amalthea's horn with plenty stor'd.

'Ah me! for now a younger Rival claims
My ravish'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances and victorious games,
To her my garlands and triumphal song.

'O say what yet untasted bounties flow,
What purer joys await her gentler reign?
Do lilies fairer, violets sweeter blow?
And warbles Philomel a softer strain?

'Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise?
Does evening fan her with serener gales?
Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier skies,
Or wantons plenty in her happier vales?

'Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And Cynthia, riding on the car of night,
Through clouds embattled faintly wins her way.

'Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs,
Nor mounting juices feed the swelling flow'r;
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings
When Silence listens at the midnight hour.

'Nor wonder, man, that Nature's bashful face,
And opening charms, her rude embraces fear:
Is she not sprung of April's wayward race,
The sickly daughter of the' unripen'd year?

'With showers and sunshine in her fickle eyes,
With hollow smiles proclaiming treacherous peace;
With blushes, harbouring in their thin disguise,
The blast that riots on the Spring's increase.

'Is this the fair invested with my spoil
By Europe's laws, and Senates' stern command[5]?
Ungenerous Enrope, let me fly thy soil,
And waft my treasnres to a grateful land:

'Again revive on Asia's drooping shore,
My Daphne's groves, or Lycia's ancient plain;
Again to Afric's sultry sands restore
Embowering shades, and Lybian Ammon's fane:

'Or haste to northern Zembla's savage coast,
There hush to silence elemental strife;
Brood o'er the region of eternal frost,
And swell her barren womb with heat and life:

'Then Britain'—Here she ceas'd. Indignant grief,
And parting pangs, her faultering tongue suppress'd:
Veil'd in an amber cloud she sought relief,
And tears and silent anguish told the rest.

[5] The alteration of style was enforced by act of parliament.

## *VERSES*

### WRITTEN AFTER PASSING THROUGH FINDON, SUSSEX, 1768.

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. MR. WOODDESON, OF KINGSTON UPON THAMES [1].

Wooddeson! these eyes have seen thy natal earth,
Thy Findon [2], sloping from the southern downs;
Have bless'd the roof ennobled by thy birth,
And tufted valley, where no ocean frowns.

Thou wert not born to plough the neighbouring main,
Or plant thy greatness near Ambition's throne,
Or count unnumber'd fleeces on thy plain:
—The Muses lov'd and nurs'd thee for their own!

And twin'd thy temples here with wreaths of worth,
And fenc'd thy childhood from the blights of morn,
And taught enchanting song, and sent thee forth
To stretch the blessing to an age unborn:

[1] The author of these poems had been educated under this gentleman, for whom he ever retained the most affectionate regard. Mr. Wooddeson was one of those amiable beings whom none could know without loving. To the abilities of an excellent scholar was united a mind so candid, so patient, so replete with universal benevolence, that it glowed in every action. His life was an honour to himself, to religion, to human nature. He preserved to his death such a simplicity of manners as is rarely to be met with. He judged of the world by the standard of his own virtuous heart; and few men who had seen such length of days ever left it so little acquainted with it.

[2] Findon is a village on the side of the South Downs, Sussex.

Best blessing!—what is Pride's unwieldy state?
What awkward wealth from Indian oceans given?
What monarchs nodding under empires' weight,
If Science smile not with a ray from Heaven?

Witness yon ruins, Arundel's high tower,
And Bramber, now the bird of night's resort!
Your proud possessors reign'd in barbarous power;
The war their business, and the chase their sport;

Till there a minstrel, to the feast prefer'd,
With Cambrian harp, in gothic numbers charm'd,
Enlighten'd chiefs grew virtuous as they heard—
—The Sun of Science in its morning warm'd.—

How glorious, when it blaz'd in Milton's light,
And Shakspeare's flame, to full meridian day!
Yet smile, fair beam! though sloping from that height,
Gild our mild evening with a setting ray.

---

## *DEDICATION OF JULIA'S*[1] *LETTER.*

TO THE REV. MR. WOODDESON, OF KINGSTON UPON THAMES, AND THE LADIES OF HIS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

O THOU who sit'st in academic schools,
Less teaching than inspiring ancient art,
Thy own example nobler than your rules,
Thy blameless life, best lesson for the heart.

[1] Julia was the new Eloise of Rousseau.

And ye, who dwell in peaceful groves around,
Whose voice, whose verse enchants, harmonious
Maids!
Who mix the lyre with harps of Cambrian sound;
A mournful Muse, ah! shelter in your shades!

Nor you she rivals nor such magic strain
As rescued Eloise from oblivion's sleep;
Enough, if one, the meekest of your train,
'Poor Julia!' cries,—and turns aside to weep!—

## *JULIA'S PRINTED LETTER.*

### TO LORD ——.

—'And darst thou then, insulting lord, demand
A friendly answer from this trembling hand?
Perish the thought! shall this unguarded pen
Still trust its frailties with the frauds of men?
To one, and one alone, again impart
The soft effusions of a melting heart!—
No more thy lips my tender page shall stain,
And print false kisses, dreamt sincere in vain;
No more thy eyes with sweet surprise pursue
Love's secret mysteries, there unveil'd to you.
Demand'st thou still an answer?—let it be
An answer worthy vengeance, worthy me!—
Hear it in public characters relate
An ill-starr'd passion, and capricious fate!
Yes, public let it stand;—to warn the Maid
From her that fell, less vanquish'd than betray'd

Guiltless, yet doom'd with guilty pangs to groan,
And expiate other's treasons, not her own:
A race of shame in Honour's paths to run,
Still Virtue's follower, yet by Vice undone;
Such free complaint to injur'd love belongs,
Yes, tyrant, read, and know me by my wrongs;
Know thy own treacheries, bar'd to general view,
Yes, traitor, read, and reading tremble too!
'What Vice would perpetrate and Fraud disguise,
I come to blaze it to a nation's eyes;
I come—ah! wretch, thy swelling rage control,
Was he not once the idol of thy soul?—
True,—by his guilt thy tortur'd bosom bleeds,
Yet spare his blushes, for 'tis Love that pleads!—
Respecting him, respect thy infant flame,
Proclaim the treason, hide the traitor's name!—
Enough to honour, and revenge be giv'n,
This truth reserve for conscience, and for Heav'n!—
'Talk'st thou, ingrate, of Friendship's holy pow'rs?
What binds the tiger and the lamb, be ours!
This cold, this frozen bosom, can'st thou dream,
Senseless to love, will soften to esteem?
What means thy proffer'd friendship?—but to prove
Thou wilt not hate her, whom thou can'st not love—
Remember thee!—repeat that sound again!—
My heart applauding echoes to the strain;
Yes, till this heart forgets to beat, and grieve,
Live there thy image—but detested live!—
Still swell my rage—uncheck'd by time, or fate,
Nor waken memory but to kindle hate!—
'Enter thy treacherous bosom, enter deep,
Hear Conscience call, while flattering passions
sleep!—

Impartial search, and tell thy boasted claim
To Love's indulgence and to virtuous Fame!
Where harbour Honour, Justice, Faith, and Truth,
Bright forms, whose dazzling semblance caught my youth.
How could I doubt what fairest seem'd and best,
Should build its mansion in a noble breast?
How doubt such generous virtues lodg'd in thine
That felt them glowing, tender maid, in mine?
Boast not of trophies from my fall achiev'd,
Boast not, deceiver, in this soul deceiv'd;
Easy the traitor saps an open heart,
Artless itself, and unsuspecting art:
Not by superior wiles, successful proves,
But fond credulity in her that loves.—
'Blush, shameless grandeur, blush!—shall Britain's peer,
Daring all crimes, not dare to be sincere?—
His fraud in Virtue's fairest likeness paint,
And hide his nobleness in base constraint.
What charms were mine to tempt thy guilty fires!
What wealth, what honours, from illustrious sires!
Can Virtue's simple spoils adorn thy race?
Shall annals mark a village-maid's disgrace?
Ev'n the sad secret, to thyself confin'd,
Sleeps, nor thou dar'st divulge it to mankind:
When bursting tears my inward anguish speak,
When paleness spreads my sometimes flushing cheek,
When my frame trembles with convulsive strife,
And spirits flutter on the verge of life,
When to my heart the ebbing pulse is driv'n,
And eyes throw faint accusing beams to Heav'n,

Still from the world those swelling sighs suppress'd,
Those sorrows streaming in one faithful breast;
Explain to her, from others hide my care,
Thought Nature's weakness, and not Love's despair,
The sprightly youth in gloomy languor pine,
My portion misery, yet not triumph thine—
Ah! whence derives thy sex its barbarous pow'rs
To spoil the sweetness of our virgin hours?
Why leave me not, where first I met your eye,
A simple flower to bloom in shades, and die?—
Where sprightly Morn on downy pinions rose,
And Evening lull'd me to a deep repose?
Sharing pure joys, at least divine content,
The choicest treasure for mere mortals meant.
Ah! wherefore poisoning moments sweet as these,
Essay on me thy fatal arts to please?
Destin'd, if prosperous, for sublimer charms,
To court proud wealth and greatness to thy arms!
How many a brighter, many a fairer dame,
Fond of her prize, had fann'd thy fickle flame?
With livelier moments sooth'd thy vacant mind!
Easy possess'd thee, easy too resign'd—
Chang'd but her object, Passion's willing slave,
Nor felt a wound to fester to the grave—
Oh! had I, conscious of thy fierce desires,
But half consenting, shar'd contagious fires,
But half reluctant, heard thy vows explain'd,
This vanquish'd heart had suffer'd, not complain'd—
But ah! with tears and crowded sighs to sue
False Passion's dress in colours meant for true;
Artful assume Confusion's sweet disguise,
Meet my coy virtues with dejected eyes,
Steal their sweet language that no words impart,
And give me back an image of my heart;

This, this was treachery, fated best to share
Hate from my bosom, and from thine despair—
Yet unrelenting still the tyrant cries,
Heedless of Pity's voice and Beauty's sighs,
" That pious frauds the wisest, best, approve,
And Heaven but smiles at perjuries in love."—
' No—'tis the villain's plea, his poor pretence
To seize a trembling prey, that wants defence.
' No—'tis the base sensation cowards feel;
The wretch that trembles at the brave man's steel,
Fierce and undaunted to a sex appears,
That breathes its vengeance but in sighs and tears;
That helpless sex, by Nature's voice address'd
To lean its weakness on your firmer breast,
Protection pleads in vain—the' ungenerous slave
Insults the virtue he was born to save.—
' What! shall the lightest promise lips can feign,
Bind man to man in Honour's sacred chain?
And oaths to us not sanctify the' accord,
Not Heaven attested, and Heaven's awful Lord?
Why various laws for beings form'd the same?
Equal from one indulgent hand we came,
For mutual bliss that each assign'd its place,
With manly vigour tempering female grace,
Depriv'd our gentler intercourse, explain
Your solitary pleasures sullen reign;
What tender joys sit brooding o'er your store,
How sweet Ambition's slumbers gorg'd with gore!
'Tis our's the' unsocial passions to control,
Pour the glad balm that heals the wounded soul;
From Wealth, from Power's delusive, restless
To lure your fancy to diviner themes.— [dreams,
Confess at length your fancied rights you draw
From force superior, and not Nature's law;

Yet know, by us those boasted arms prevail,
By native gentleness, not man we fail;
With brave revenge a tyrant's blood to spill,
Possessing all the power—we want the will.
'Still if you glory in the lion's force,
Come, nobly emulate that lion's course!
From guarded herds he vindicates his prey,
Not lurks in fraudful thickets from the day;
While man, with snares to cheat, with wiles perplex,
Weakens, already weak, too soft a sex;
In laws, in customs, fashion's fetters binds,
Relaxes all the nerves that brace our minds,
Then, lordly savage, rends the captive heart
First gain'd by treachery, then tam'd by art.—
'Are these reflections then that Love inspires?
Is bitter grief the fruit of fair desires?
From whose example could I dream to find
A claim to curse, perhaps to wrong mankind?
Ah! long I strove to burst the' enchanting tie,
And form'd resolves, that ev'n in forming die;
Too long I linger'd on the shipwreck'd coast,
And eyed the ocean where my wealth was lost!
In silence wept, scarce venturing to complain,
Still to my heart dissembled half my pain—
Ascrib'd my sufferings to its fears, not you;
Beheld you treacherous, and then wish'd you true;
Sooth'd by those wishes, by myself deceiv'd,
I fondly hop'd, and what I hop'd, believ'd.—
Cruel! to whom? Ah! whither should I flee,
Friends, fortune, fame, deserted all for thee!
On whom but you my fainting breast repose?
With whom but you deposit all its woes?—
To whom but you explain its stifled groan?
And live for whom? but Love and you alone?

What hand to probe my bleeding heart be found?
What hand to heal?—but his that gave the wound?—
O dreadful chaos of the ruin'd mind!
Lost to itself, to virtue, humankind!
From earth, from heaven, a meteor flaming wide,
Link'd to no system, to no world allied;
A blank of Nature, vanish'd every thought
That Nature, Reason, that Experience taught,
Past, present, future trace, alike destroy'd,
Where Love alone can fill the mighty void:
That Love on unreturning pinions flown,
We grasp a shade, the noble substance gone—
From one ador'd and once adoring dream
Of Friendship's tenderness—ev'n cold esteem
(Humble our vows) rejected with disdain,
Ask a last conference, but a parting strain,
More suppliant still, the wretched suit advance,
Plead for a look, a momentary glance,
A latter token—on Destruction's brink
We catch the feeble plank of Hope, and sink.—
'In those dread moments, when the hovering flame
Scarce languish'd into life, again you came,
Pursued again a too successful theme,
And dried my eyes, with your's again to stream;
When treacherous tears your venial faults confess'd,
And half dissembled, half excus'd the rest,
To kindred griefs taught pity from my own,
Sighs I return'd, and echo'd groan for groan;
Your self-reproaches stifling mine, approv'd,
And much I credited, for much I lov'd.
'Not long the soul this doubtful dream prolongs,
If prompt to pardon, not forget its wrongs,
It scorns the traitor, and with conscious pride
Scorns a base self, deserting to his side:

Great by misfortune, greater by despair,
Its Heaven once lost, rejects an humbler care,
To drink the dregs of languid joys disdains,
And flies a passion but perceiv'd from pains;
Too just the rights another claims to steal,
Too good its feelings to wish Virtue feel,
Perhaps too tender or too fierce, my soul
Disclaiming half the heart, demands the whole.—
I blame thee not, that, fickle as thy race,
New loves invite thee, and the old efface,
That cold, insensible, thy soul appears
To Virtue's smiles, to Virtue's very tears;
But ah! a heart whose tenderness you knew,
That offer'd Heaven, but second vows to you,
In fond presumption that securely play'd,
Securely slumber'd in your friendly shade,
Whose every weakness, every sigh to share,
The powers that haunt the perjur'd, heard you swear;
Was this a heart you wantonly resign'd
Victim to scorn, to ruin, and mankind?
Was this an heart?—O shame of honour, truth,
Of blushing candour, and ingenuous youth!
What means thy pity? what can it restore?
The grave that yawns till general doom's no more,
As soon shall quicken, as my torments cease,
Rock'd on the lap of Innocence and Peace,
As smiles and joy this pensive brow invade,
And smooth the traces by Affliction made,
Flames once extinguish'd Virtue's lamp divine,
And visits Honour, a deserted shrine!
No, wretch, too long on Passion's ocean tost,
Not Heaven itself restores the good you lost;
The form exists not that thy fancy dream'd,
A Fiend pursues thee that an Angel seem'd;

Impassive to the touch of Reason's ray
His fairy phantom melts in clouds away;
Yet take my pardon in my last farewell,
The wounds you gave, ah cruel! never feel!
Fated like me to court and curse thy fate,
To blend in dreadful union Love and Hate;
Chiding the present moment's slumbering haste,
To dread the future, and deplore the past;
Like me condemn the' effect, the cause approve,
Renounce the lover, and retain the love.
Yes, Love—even now in this ill-fated hour,
An exile from thy joys, I feel thy pow'r.
The Sun to me his noontide blaze that shrouds
In browner horrors than when veil'd in clouds;
The Moon, faint light that melancholy throws,
The streams that murmur, yet not court repose;
The breezes sickening with my mind's disease,
And vallies laughing to all eyes but these,
Proclaim thy absence, Love, whose beam alone
Lighted my morn with glories not its own.
O thou of generous passions purest, best!
Soon as thy flame shot rapture to my breast,
Each pulse expanding, trembled with delight,
And aching vision drank thy lovely light;
A new creation brighten'd to my view,
Nurs'd in thy smiles the social passions grew;
New strung, the thrilling nerves harmonious rose,
And beat sweet unison to others' woes;
Slumbering no more, a Lethe's lazy flood,
In generous currents swell'd the sprightly blood,
No longer now to partial streams confin'd,
Spread like an ocean, and embrac'd mankind;
No more concentering in itself the blaze,
The soul diffus'd Benevolence's rays,

Kindled on earth, pursued the' ethereal road,
In hallow'd flames ascended to its God.—
'Yes, Love, thy star of generous influence cheers
Our gloomy dwelling in this vale of tears.
What? if a tyrant's blasting hand destroys
Thy swelling blossoms of expected joys,
Converts to poison what for life was given,
Thy manna dropping from its native Heaven,
Still Love victorious triumphs, still confess'd
The noblest transport that can warm the breast;
Yes, traitor, yes; my heart, to Nature true,
Adores the passion, and detests but you.

## *TO MRS. B——,*

### READING JULIA WITH TEARS, DURING A HARD FROST.

WHAT, though descending as the dews of morn,
On misery's sighs your tear of virtue waits;
Forget the fallen Julia! you were born
For heart-expanding joys and smiling fates.

To soothe with social pleasures human cares,
To call the Muse to Thames's frozen glades,
To wake the slumbering Spring with vernal airs,
And plant an Eden in December's shades;

To deck, like Eve[1], with soft officious haste,
Your banquet, worthiest of her angel-guest;
Amid the flowers that crown the fair repast
A flower yourself, the fairest of the feast.

[1] See Milton's Paradise Lost, book v. from line 303.

There the great Giver for his bounties given,
Your grateful consort blessing, blesses too
The sweet dispenser of the gifts of Heaven,
In wonder's silent prayer he blesses you:

Your infants there reflecting round the board,
Maternal graces while his eye approves;
One tear to rapture give!—then sit ador'd
The gentle mother of the Smiles and Loves.

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ON CONVERTING THE

## *LATE MR. WOODDESON'S HOUSE,*

AT KINGSTON, INTO A POOR-HOUSE, AND CUTTING DOWN THE GREAT WALK OF HIGH TREES BEFORE IT.

WHERE the broad path-way fronts yon ancient seat,
Approach not, stranger, with unhallow'd feet,
Nor mock the spot, unshelter'd now, and bare!
The grove's old honours rose majestic there:
Its giant arms extending to defend
Thy reverend temples, man's and virtue's friend!
Secure thy walk, that unpierc'd gloom along,
No storm approach'd to silence Homer's song;
No beam to wound thy Heaven-directed eye:
The world's near tumult swept unheeded by.
Now, low as thine, these towering heads are laid,
Nor more embower the mansion in their shade;
Time-honour'd pile! that, owning thee its lord,
Saw ancient manners, ancient faith, restor'd;

In renovated youth beheld again
Saturnian days, the good Eliza's reign.
With thee too sheltering many an angel-guest,
For what, but Heaven, serener than thy breast?—
Bless'd mansion then, Simplicity's abode,
Where smiling Innocence look'd up to God;
Where Nature's genuine graces charm'd the heart,
Or Nature, polish'd but by classic art. [beams,
There Fancy, warm'd with brightest, chastest
The saint's high rapture, and the poet's dreams,
While Virtue left, delighting there to dwell,
The pensive mountain, and the hermit's cell.—
There the good teacher held by turns to youth
The blaze of fiction and pure light of truth,
Who, less by precept than example fir'd,
Glow'd as he taught, inspiring and inspir'd.
Nor think, gay revellers, this awful roof
Echoed no sounds but Wisdom's harsh reproof;
The social board, attendant Mirth, was there,
The smile unconscious of to-morrow's care,
With every tranquil joy of wedded life,
The gracious children, and the faithful wife.
In dance, in song, in harmless sports approv'd,
There youth has frolic'd, there soft maids have lov'd.
There one, distinguish'd one—not sweeter blows
In simpler ornament attir'd, the rose,
The rose she cull'd to deck the nuptial bower,
Herself as fair—a transitory flower.—
Thus a short hour—and woods and turrets fall;
The good, the great, the beauteous, perish all.
Another age a gayer race supplies,
Less awful groves, and gaudier villas rise.
See Wisdom's place usurp'd by Folly's sons,
And scorners sit on Virtue's vacant thrones.

See neighbouring Combe's old genius quit its bowers,
Not Warwick's [1] name preserv'd his gothic towers;
Nor distant [2] see new royal domes deride
What half remains of Wolsey's ancient pride!
While yet this humbler pile survives to prove
A mansion worthy of its master's love:
Like him, still welcomes to its liberal door
Whom most he honour'd, honouring most the poor;
Like him, the lisping infant's blessing shares,
And age's gratitude in silent prayers.—
While such partake the couch, the frugal feast,
No regal chambers boast an equal guest;
For, gracious Maker, by thy own decree,
Receiving mercy is receiving Thee!—

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ON

## *REBUILDING COMBE-NEVILLE,*

NEAR KINGSTON, SURREY, ONCE THE SEAT OF THE FAMOUS KING-MAKING EARL OF WARWICK, AND LATE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY OF HARVEY.

Ye modern domes that rise elate
O'er yonder prostrate walls,
In vain your hope to match the state
Of Neville's ancient halls.

[1] Combe-Neville, near Kingston, built by the king-making Earl of Warwick.

[2] The new apartments at Hampton-Court, raised on the ruins of part of Wolsey's palace.

Dread mansion! on thy gothic tower
Were regal standards rais'd;
The rose of York, white virgin flower,
Or red Lancastria's blaz'd.

Warwick, high chief, whose awful word
Or shook, or fix'd the throne,
Spread here his hospitable board,
Or war'd in tilts alone.

When Combe her garter'd knights beheld
On barbed steeds advance,
Where ladies crown'd the tented field,
And Love inspir'd the lance.

Historic heralds here array'd
Fair acts in gorgeous style,
But heroes' toils were best repay'd
By bashful Beauty's smile.

So flourish'd Combe, and flourish'd long
With lords of bounteous soul;
Her walls still echoed to the song,
And Mirth still drain'd her bowl.

And still her courts with footsteps meek
The fainting traveller press'd,
Still Misery flush'd her faded cheek
At Harvey's genial feast.—

Lov'd seat, how oft, in childish ease,
Along thy woods I stray'd,
Now ventrous climb'd embowering trees,
Now sported in their shade.

Along thy hills the chase I led
With echoing hounds and horns,
And left for thee my downy bed,
Unplanted yet with thorns.

Now, languid with the noontide beams,
  Explor'd thy [1] precious springs
That proudly flow [2], like Susa's streams,
  To temper cups for Kings.

But soon, inspir'd with nobler pow'rs,
  I sought thy awful grove;
There frequent sooth'd my evening hours,
  That best deceiver, Love.

Each smiling joy was there, that springs
  In life's delicious prime;
There young Ambition plum'd his wings,
  And mock'd the flight of Time.—

There patriot passions fir'd my breast
  With Freedom's glowing themes,
And Virtue's image rose confess'd
  In bright Platonic dreams.—

Ah me! my dreams of harmless youth
  No more thy walks invade,
The charm is broke by sober Truth,
  Thy fairy visions fade.—

No more unstain'd with fear or guilt
  Such hours of rapture smile,
Each airy fabric Fancy built
  Is vanish'd as thy pile!—

[1] Hampton-Court Palace is supplied with water from the springs on Combe-Hills.

[2] There Susa by Choapes' amber stream,
  The drink of none but Kings. MILTON.

## *ON LADY POMFRET'S*

### PRESENTING THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD WITH HER COLLECTION OF STATUES.

WELCOME again the reign of ancient Arts!
Welcome fair modern days from gothic night,
Though late, emerging! sun of Science hail!
Whose glorious rays enlighten'd Greece and Rome,
Illustrious nations!—Their's was empire's seat,
Their's Virtue, Freedom, each enchanting grace;
Sculpture with them to bright perfection rose,
Sculpture, whose bold Promethean hand inform'd
The stubborn mass with life—in fretted gold
Or yielding marble, to the raptur'd eye
Display'd the shining conclave of the skies,
And chiefs and sages gave the Passions form,
And Virtue shape corporeal: taught by her
The obedient brass dissolv'd;
In Love's soft fires thy winning charms she stole,
Thou mild retreating Medicean Fair.
She mark'd the flowing Dryads lighter step,
The panting bosom, garments flowing loose,
And wanton tresses waving to the wind.—
Again by Pomfret's generous care, these stores
Of ancient Fame revisit Learning's seats,
Their old abode. O reverence Learning's seats,
Ye beauteous Arts! for know, by Learning's smiles
Ye grew immortal—Know, however fair
Sculpture and Painting, fairer Poetry
Your elder Sister, from the' Aönian mount,
Imagination's fruitful realm, supplied
The rich material of your lovely soil.
Her fairy forms, poetic Fancy first

Peopled the hills, and vales, and fabled groves,
With shapes celestial, and by fountain side
Saw Fauns with wanton Satyrs lead the dance
With meek-ey'd Naïds; saw your Cyprian Queen
Ascending from the Ocean's wave;
Poetic Fancy in Mæonian song
Pictur'd immortal Jove, ere Phidias' hands
Sublime with all his thunders form'd the God.
Here then uniting with your kindred art,
Majestic Grecian Sculpture deign to dwell,
Here shades of Academe again invite,
Athenian philosophic shades, and here
Ye Roman forms, a nobler Tyber flows.
  Come, Pomfret, come; of rich munificence
Partake the fame, though candid blushes rise,
And modest virtues shun the blaze of day.
Pomfret, not all thy honours, splendid train,
Not the bright coronet that binds thy brow,
Not all thy lovely offspring, radiant queens
On Beauty's throne, shall consecrate thy praise
Like Science, boasting in thy genial beam
Increasing stores: in these embowering shades
Stands the fair tablet of eternal Fame;
There Memory's adamantine pen records
Her sons; but each illustrious female's name
In golden characters engrav'd, defies
Envy and Time, superior to their rage.—
Pomfret shall live, the generous Pomfret join'd
With Caroline, and martial Edward's Queen.
And great Eliza, regal names, like thee
Smiling on Arts and Learning's sons they reign'd.—
And see where Westmorland adorns the train
Of Learning's princely patrons! lo, I see
A new Pantheon rise, as that of old

Famous, nor founded by ignobler hands;
Though thine, Agrippa, sway'd the helm of Rome:
I see enshrin'd majestic awful forms,
Chiefs, legislators, patriots, beauties, gods.
Not him by superstitious fears ador'd
With barbarous sacrifice and frantic zeal,
Yet not uncelebrated nor unsung, for oft
Thou, slumbering Cupid, with inverted torch
Betokening mildest fires, shall hear the sighs
Of virtuous love-sick youths. You too shall reign,
Celestial Venus, though with chaster rites,
Address'd with vows from purer votaries heard.

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## *ON RURAL SPORTS.*

THE sun wakes jocund—all of life, who breathe
In air, or earth, and lawn, and thicket rove,
Who swim the surface, or the deep beneath,
Swell the full chorus of delight and love.

But what are ye, who cheer the bay of hounds,
Whose levell'd thunder frightens Morn's repose,
Who drag the net, whose hook insidious wounds
A writhing reptile, type of mightier woes?

I see ye come, and havoc loose the reins;
A general groan the general anguish speaks,
The stately stag falls butcher'd on the plains,
The dew of death hangs clammy on his cheeks.

Ah! see the pheasant fluttering in the brake,
Green, azure, gold, but undistinguish'd gore!
Yet spare the tenants of the silver lake!
—I call in vain—They gasp upon the shore.

A yet ignobler band is guarded round
With dogs of war—the spurning bull their prize;
And now he bellows, humbled to the ground,
And now they sprawl in howlings to the skies.

You too must feel their missile weapon's pow'r,
Whose clarion charms the midnight's sullen air;
Thou the Morn's harbinger, must mourn the hour
[1] Vigil to fasts, and penitence, and prayer.

Must fatal wars of human avarice, wage
For milder conflicts, Love their palm design'd?
Now sheath'd in steel, must rival Reason's rage,
Deal mutual death, and emulate mankind?

Are these your sovereign joys, Creation's lords?
Is death a banquet for a godlike soul?
Have rigid hearts no sympathising chords
For concord, order, for the harmonious whole?

Nor plead necessity, thou man of blood! [vere!
Heaven tempers power with mercy—Heaven re-
Yet slay the wolf for safety, lamb for food;
But shorten misery's pangs, and drop a tear!

Ah! rather turn, and breathe this evening gale,
Uninjur'd, and uninjuring Nature's peace.
Come, draw best nectar from the foaming pail,
Come, pen the fold, and count the flock's increase!

See pasturing heifers with the bull, who wields
Yet budding horns, and wounds alone the soil!
Or see the panting spaniel try the fields,
While bursting coveys mock his wanton toil!

[1] Shrove Tuesday.

Now feel the steed with youth's elastic force
Spontaneous bound, yet bear thy kind control;
Nor mangle all his sinews in the course,
And fainting, staggering, lash him to the goal!

Now sweetly pensive, bending o'er the stream,
Mark the gay floating myriads, nor molest
Their sports, their slumbers, but inglorious dream
Of evil fled and all Creation bless'd!

Or else, beneath thy porch, in social joy
Sit and approve thy infant's virtuous haste,
Humanity's sweet tones while all employ
To lure the wing'd domestics to repast!

There smiling see a fop in swelling state,
The turkey, strut with valour's red pretence,
And duck, row on with waddling honest gait,
And goose, mistake solemnity for sense!

While one with front erect, in simple pride,
Full firmly treads, his consort waits his call;
Now deal the copious barley, waft it wide,
That each may taste the bounty meant for all!

Yon bashful songsters with retorted eye
Pursue the grain, yet wheel contracted flight,
While he, the bolder sparrow, scorns to fly;
A son of freedom claiming Nature's right.

Liberal to him; yet still the wafted grain,
Choicest for those of modest worth, dispense;
And blessing Heaven that wakes their grateful strain,
Let Heaven's best joy be thine, benevolence!

While flocks' soft bleatings, echoing high and clear,
The neigh of steeds, responsive o'er the heath;
Deep lowings sweeter melt upon thy ear
Than screams of terror and the groans of death.

Yet sounds of woe delight a giant brood:
Fly then mankind, ye young, ye helpless old!
For not their fury, a consuming flood
Distinguishes the shepherd, drowns the fold.

But loosen once thy gripe, avenging law!
Eager on man, a nobler chase, they start;
Now from a brother's side the dagger draw,
Now sheath it deeper in a virgin's heart.

See, as they reach Ambition's purple fruits,
Their reeking hands in nation's carnage died!
No longer bathing in the blood of brutes,
They swim to empire in a human tide.

But see him, see the fiend that others stung,
With scorpion conscience lash himself, the last!
See festering in the bosom where they sprung
The fury passions that laid Nature waste!

Behold the self-tormentor drag his chains,
And weary Heaven with many a fruitless groan!
By pining fasts, by voluntary pains,
Revenging Nature's cause, he pleads his own.

Yet prostrate, suppliant to the throne above,
He calls down Heaven in thunders to pursue
Heaven's fancied foes—O God of peace and love,
The voice of thunder is no voice from you!

Mistaken mortal! 'tis that God's decree
To spare thy own, nor shed another's blood:
Heaven breathes benevolence, to all, to thee;
Each being's bliss consummates general good.

## *ODE TO CAPTIVITY.*

### WRITTEN IN THE LAST WAR.

O STERN Captivity! from Albion's land
Far, far, avert the terrors of thy rod!
O wave not o'er her fields thy flaming brand!
O crush not Freedom, fairest child of God!—
Bring not from thy Gallic shore
The galling fetters, groaning oar!
Bring not hither Virtue's bane,
Thy sister Superstition's train!
O spare from sanguine rites the silver floods!
Nor haunt with shapes obscene our unpolluted woods!—

Is yet too weak, rapacious Power, thy throne?
While the chain'd Continent thy vassal waits,
The Rhine, the Danube, and the sounding Rhone,
Proclaim thy triumphs through an hundred states.
See Valentia's smiling vales
Courted for thee by Ocean's gales!
Through yawning vaults[1] on Tagus' streams,
Thine Revenge's dagger gleams:
Thy fury bursts on Rome's devoted head,
In vain the Scipios liv'd, the Decii, Cato bled!

Be these thy bounds—whose laws with monarchs reign,
To this fair isle how impotent thy hate!
Where Pitt, so righteous Heaven and George ordain,
In wisdom guides the thunder of the state.

[1] The late conspiracy against the Portuguese government was planned amid the ruins of that unfortunate capital.

That thunder shook on Afric's [2] shore,
The howling wild where lions roar;
In western [3] worlds its awful powers
Sunk astonish'd Bourbon's towers:
That thunder sounding o'er the Celtic main,
Roll'd to Lutetia's walls along the' affrighted Seine.

Daughters of Albion! strew his paths with flowers,
O wake for him the lute's harmonious chord!
His name be echoed in your festal bowers,
Who guards Britannia from a foreign Lord!
Happy Fair, who seated far
From haughty conquerors, barbarous war,
Have heard alone in tragic songs,
Of cities storm'd and virgins' wrongs,
There felt the daughter's, parent's, consort's groan,
And wept historic woes, unpractis'd in your own!

Have you not heard how Sion's daughters mourn'd
Their prostrate land?—how Greece her victims tore
From flaming altars?—captive queens they turn'd
From Troy reluctant—on the sea-beat shore
Their eyes to Heaven were roll'd in vain,
Their eyes—for not the victor's chain
Indulg'd thy privilege, Despair!
Their hands to rend their flowing hair;
Behind them Troy a smoaking ruin lies,
Before lie unknown seas, and black incumbent skies.

'Ye gales [4]!' they cried, 'ye cruel eastern gales!
Adverse to Troy, conspiring with the foe,
That eager stretch the victor's swelling sails,
To what unfriendly regions will ye blow?

[2] Senegal. [3] Louisbourg.
[4] An imitation of the first chorus in the Hecuba of Euripides.

Shall we serve on Doric plains?
Or where in Pithia Pyrrhus reigns?
Shall Echo catch our captive tales?
Joyless in the sprightly vales
Apidanus thy beauteous current laves,
Say, shall we sit and dream of Simois' fairer waves?

'Shall Delos, sacred Delos, hear our woes?
Where when Latona's offspring sprung to birth,
The palm spontaneous, and the laurel rose,
O Dian, Dian, on thy hallow'd earth;
With Delian maids, a spotless band,
At Virtue's altar shall we stand,
And hail thy name, with choral joy,
Invok'd in vain for falling Troy?
Thy shafts victorious shall our songs proclaim,
When not an arrow fled to spare thy votaries shame.

'To Athens, Art's fair empire, shall we rove
There for some haughty mistress ply the loom,
With daring fancy paint avenging Jove,
His forked lightnings flaming through the gloom,
To blast the bold Titanian race:
Or deaf to Nature, must we trace
In mournful shades our hapless war?
What art, dread Pallas, to thy car,
Shall yoke the' immortal steeds? what colours tell
By thine, by Pyrrhus' lance, how lofty Ilion fell?

'Yes, cruel gods, our bleeding country falls,
Her chiefs are slain—see brothers, sires expire!
Ah see, exulting o'er her prostrate walls,
The victor's fury, and devouring fire!
Asia's haughty Genius broke,
Bows the neck to Europe's yoke,

Chains are all our portion now,
No festal wreaths shall bind our brow,
Nor Hymen's torches light the bridal day: [prey!
O Death, and black Despair, behold your destin'd

## *ODE TO YOUTH.*

Youth, ah stay, prolong delight,
Close thy pinions stretch'd for flight!
Youth, disdaining silver hairs,
Autumn's frowns and Winter's cares,
Dwell'st thou but in dimple sleek,
In vernal smiles and Summer's cheek?
On Spring's ambrosial lap thy hands unfold, [gold.
They blossom fresh with hope, and all they touch is

Graver years come sailing by:
Hark! they call me as they fly;
Quit, they cry, for nobler themes,
Statesman, quit thy boyish dreams!
Tune to crowds thy pliant voice,
Or flatter thrones, the nobler choice!
Deserting Virtue, yet assume her state; [to Hate.
Thy smiles, that dwell with Love, ah! wed them now

Or in Victory's purple plain
Triumph thou on hills of slain!
While the virgin rends her hair,
Childless sires demand their heir,
Timid orphans kneel and weep:
Or, where the unsunn'd treasures sleep,
Sit brooding o'er thy cave in grim repose, [woes.
There mock at human joys, there mock at human

Years away! too dear I prize
Fancy's haunts, her vales, her skies;
Come, ye gales that swell the flow'rs,
Wake my soul's expanding pow'rs;
Come, by streams embower'd in wood,
Celestial forms, the Fair, the Good!
With moral charms associate vernal joys!
Pure Nature's pleasures these—the rest are Fashion's toys.

Come, while years reprove in vain,
Youth, with me, and Rapture reign!
Sculpture, Painting, meet my eyes,
Glowing still with young surprise!
Never to the Virgin's lute
This ear be deaf, this voice be mute!
Come, Beauty, cause of anguish, heal its smart,
—Now temperate measures beat, unalter'd else my heart.

Still my soul, for ever young,
Speak thyself divinely sprung!
Wing'd for Heaven, embracing Earth,
Link'd to all of mortal birth,
Brute or man, in social chain
Still link'd to all, who suffer pain.
Pursue the' eternal law!—one Power above
Connects, pervades the whole—that Power divine is Love.

## *IMITATION FROM OSSIAN'S POEMS,*

### LATELY PUBLISHED BY THE TITLE OF FINGAL, &c.

Brown Autumn nods upon the mountain's head,
The dark mist gathers; howling winds assail
The blighted desart; on its mineral bed
Dark rolls the river through the sullen vale.
On the hill's dejected scene
The blasted ash alone is seen,
That marks the grave where Connal sleeps;
Gather'd into mouldering heaps
From the whirlwind's giddy round,
Its leaves bestrew the hallow'd ground:
Across the musing hunter's lonesome way
Flit melancholy ghosts, that chill the dawn of day.

Connal, thou slumber'st there, the great, the good!
Thy long-fam'd ancestors what tongue can trace?
Firm, as the oak on rocky heights, they stood;
Planted as firm on Glory's ample base.
Rooted in their native clime,
Brav'd alike devouring time,
Full of honours, full of age,
That lofty oak the winter's rage
Rent from the promontory's brow,
And Death has laid the mighty low.
The mountains mourn their consecrated tree;
His country Connal mourns;—what son shall rival thee?
Here was the din of arms, and here o'erthrown
The valiant!—mournful are thy wars, Fingal;
The caverns echo'd to the dying groan,
The fatal fields beheld the victor fall;

Tall amidst the host, as hills
Above their vales and subject rills,
His arm, a tempest louring high,
His sword, a beam of summer's sky,
His eyes, a fiery furnace, glare,
His voice that shook the astonish'd war,
Was thunder's sound: he smote the trembling foes,
As sportive infant's staff the bearded thistle mows.

Onward to meet this hero, like a storm,
A cloudy storm, the mighty Dargo came;
As mountain caves, where dusky meteors form
His hollow eye-balls flash'd a livid flame!
And now they join'd, and now they wield
Their clashing steel—resounds the field,
Crimora heard the loud alarms,
Rinval's daughter, bright in arms,
Her hands the bow victorious bear,
Luxuriant wav'd her auburn hair;
Connal, her life, her love, in beauty's pride, [side.
She follow'd to the war, and fought by Connal's

In wild despair, at Connal's foe she drew
The fatal string, impatient flew the dart;
Ah, hapless maid!—with erring course it flew;
The shaft stood trembling in her lover's heart.
He fell—so falls by thunder's shock
From ocean's cliffs the rifted rock.
That falls and ploughs the groaning strand—
He fell by Love's unwilling hand.
Hapless maid! from eve to day,
Connal, my love; the breathless clay
My love, she calls—now rolls her frantic eyes—
—Now bends them sad to earth—she sinks, she faints, she dies.—

Together rest in Earth's parental womb,
  Her fairest offspring; mournful in the vale
I sit, while, issuing from the moss-grown tomb,
  Your once-lov'd voices seem to swell the gale—
    Pensive Memory wakes her powers,
    Oft recals your smiling hours
    Of fleeting life, that wont to move
    On downy wings of youth and love;
    The smiling hours no more return;
    —All is hush'd—your silent urn
The mountain covers with its awful shade,
Far from the haunts of men in pathless desart laid.

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ON A

## *PRESENT TO THE AUTHOR,*

OF TWO IMPRESSIONS FROM A FINE ANTIQUE SEAL OF THE HEAD OF ALEXANDER.

*The one by Lady P——, on Paper: the other by Miss J—— P——, in Wax.*

Fair sculpture of Ammon's young graces!
  My lady with whim shall we tax;
On paper who marks thy faint traces,
  Which Stella stamps lively in wax?

Of their hearts they make mutual confession:
  That, cold to emotions once felt,
The mother's scarce yields to impression—
  —The daughter's can soften and melt.

ON THE SUBJECT OF

## *THE MONUMENT IN ARCADIA.*

O YOU, that dwell where shepherds reign,
Arcadian youths, Arcadian maids,
To pastoral pipe who danc'd the plain;
Why pensive now beneath the shades?

Approach her virgin tomb, they cry,
Behold the verse inscrib'd above,
Once too in Arcady was I,—
Behold what dreams are life and love!

---

## *ON THE SAME.*

SWEET Arcady, where shepherds reign,
Your simple youths, your simple maids,
With pastoral dance still cheer the plain,
Their pastoral pipe still charms the shades:

This only song still meets our ear,
It swells the breeze, it fills the grove;
'What joys so sweet as Nature's here?
What joy of Nature sweet as Love?'

## *HITCHIN CONVENT.*

### A TALE.

WHERE Hitch's gentle current glides,
An ancient convent stands
Sacred to prayer, and holy rites
Ordain'd by pious hands.

Here monks of saintly Benedict
Their nightly vigils kept,
And lofty anthems shook the choir
At hours when mortals slept.

But Harry's [1] wide reforming hand
That sacred order wounded;
He spoke—from forth their hallow'd walls
The friars fled confounded.

Then wicked laymen entering in,
Those cloisters fair profan'd;
Now Riot loud usurps the seat
Where bright Devotion reign'd.

Ev'n to the chapel's sacred roof,
Its echoing vaults along,
Resounds the flute, and sprightly dance,
And hymeneal song.

Yet Fame reports, that monkish shades
At midnight never fail
To haunt the mansion once their own,
And tread its cloisters pale.

[1] Henry the Eighth, who suppressed the religious houses in England,

One night, more prying than the rest,
It chanc'd a friar came,
And enter'd, where on beds of down
Repos'd each gentle dame.

Here, softening midnight's raven gloom,
Lay R——e, blushing maid;
There, wrapt in folds of cypress lawn,
Her virtuous aunt was laid.

He stop'd, he gaz'd, to wild conceits
His roving fancy run;
He took the aunt for Prioress,
And R——e for a Nun.

It hap'd that R——'s capuchin,
Across the couch display'd,
To deem her sister of the veil,
The holy sire betray'd.

Accosting then the youthful fair,
His raptur'd accents broke;
Amazement chill'd the waking nymph:
She trembled as he spoke:—

'Hail halcyon days! Hail holy Nun!
This wondrous change explain:
Again Religion lights her lamp,
Reviews these walls again.

'For ever bless'd the power that check'd
Reformists' wild disorders,
Restor'd again the church's lands,
Reviv'd our sacred orders.

'To Monks indeed, from Edward's days,
Belong'd this chaste foundation;
Yet sister Nuns may answer too
The founder's good donation.

'Ah! well thy virgin vows are heard:
For man were never given
Those charms, reserv'd to nobler ends,
Thou spotless spouse of Heaven!

'Yet speak what cause from morning Mass
Thy lingering steps delays:
Haste to the deep-mouth'd organ's peal,
To join thy vocal praise.

'Awake thy abbess-sisters all;
At Mary's holy shrine,
With bended knees and suppliant eyes
Approach, thou Nun divine!—'

'No Nun am I,' recovering cried
The nymph; 'no Nun, I say,
Nor Nun will be, unless this fright
Should turn my locks to grey.

'Tis true, at church I seldom fail
When aunt or uncle leads:
Yet never rise by four o'clock
To tell my morning beads.

'No mortal lover yet, I vow,
My virgin heart has fix'd,
But yet I bear the creature's talk
Without a grate betwixt.

'To Heaven my eyes are often cast,
(From Heaven their light began)
Yet deign sometimes to view on earth
Its image stamp'd on man.

'Ah me! I fear in borrow'd shape
Thou com'st, a base deceiver;
Perhaps the Devil to tempt the faith
Of orthodox-believer.

'For once my hand, at masquerade,
A reverend Friar press'd;
His form as thine, but holier sounds
The ravish'd saint address'd.

'He told me vows no more were made
To senseless stone and wood,
But adoration paid alone
To saints of flesh and blood.

'That rosy cheeks, and radiant eyes,
And tresses like the morn,
Were given to bless the present age,
And light the age unborn:

'That maids, by whose obdurate pride
The hapless lover fell,
Were doom'd to never-dying toils
Of leading apes in hell.

'Respect the first command, he cried,
It's sacred laws fulfil,
And well observe the precept given
To Moses—*Do not kill.*

'Thus spoke, ah yet I hear him speak!
My soul's sublime physician;
Then get thee hence, thy doctrines vile
Would sink me to perdition.'

She ceas'd—the Monk in shades of night
Confus'dly fled away;
And Superstition's clouds dissolv'd
In sense, and beauty's ray.

## *TO A YOUNG LADY,*

### A VERY GOOD ACTRESS.

POWERFUL is beauty, when to mortal seats
From Heaven descends the heaven-created good,
When fancy's glance the fairy phantom meets,
Nymph of the shade, or naiad of the flood.

So blooms Celena, daughter of the skies,
Queen of the joys romantic rapture dreams;
Her cheeks are summer's damask rose, her eyes
Steal their quick lustre from the morning's beams.

Her airy neck the shining tresses shade;
In every wanton curl a Cupid dwells:
To these, distrusting in the Graces' aid,
She joins the mighty charms of magic spells.

Man, hapless man, in vain destruction flies,
With wily arts the' enchantress nymph pursues;
To varying forms, as varying lovers rise,
Shifts the bright Iris of a thousand hues.

Behold the' austere Divine, oppress'd by years,
Colics, and bulk, and tythes engender'd care;
The sound of woman grates his aching ears,
Of other woman than a scripture fair.

Sudden she comes, a Deborah bright in arms,
Or wears the pastoral Rachel's ancient mien;
And now, as glow gay-flushing eastern charms,
He sighs like David's son for Sheba's Queen.

To Change the China-trader speeds his pace,
Nor heeds the chilly North's unripening dames;
'Tis her's with twinkling eyes, and lengthen'd face,
And pigmy foot, to wake forgotten flames.

She oft, in likeness of the' Egyptian crone,
Too well inform'd, relates to wondring swains
Their amorous plaints prefer'd to her alone:
Her own relentless breast too well explains.

See, at the manor's hospitable board
Enters a Sire, by infant age rever'd;
From shorten'd tube exhaling fumes afford
The incense bland that clouds his forky beard.

Conundrums quaint, and puns of jocund kind,
With rural ditties, warm the' elated 'Squire,
Yet oft sensations quicken in his mind,
Other than ale and jocund puns inspire.

The forms where bloated Dropsy holds her seat
He views, unconscious of magician's guiles;
Nor deems a jaundic'd visage lov'd retreat
Of graces, young desires, and dimpled smiles.

Now o'er the portal of an antique hall
A Grecian form the raptur'd patriot awes,
The hoary bust and brow severe recal
Lycurgus, founder of majestic laws.

Awhile entranc'd, he dreams of old renown,
And freedom's triumph in Platean fields,
Then turns—relaxing sees the furrow'd frown,
To melting airs the soften'd marble yields.

'I see the lips as breathing life,' he cries,
'On icy cheeks carnation blooms display'd:
The pensive orbs are pleasure-beaming eyes,
And Sparta's lawgiver a blushing maid.

'There, at the curtains of the shuddering youth,
Stiff, melancholy, pale, a spectre stands,
Some love-lorn virgin's shade—O! injur'd truth,
Deserted phantom, and ye plighted hands.'

He scarce had utter'd—from his frantic gaze
The vision fades—succeeds a flood of light:
'O friendly shadows, veil him, as the blaze
Of beauty's sun emerging from the night.

'Here end thy triumphs, nymph of potent charms,
The laurel'd bard is Heavens immortal care;
Him nor illusion's spell nor philter harms,
Nor music floating on the magic air.

'The myrtle wand this arm imperial bears,
Reluctant ghosts and stubborn elves obey:
Its virtuous touch the midnight fairy fears,
And shapes that wanton in Aurora's ray.'

I ceas'd; the virgin came in native grace,
With native smiles that strengthen beauty's chain:
O vain the confidence of mortal race!
My laurel'd head and myrtle wand are vain.

Again wild raptures, kindling passions rise,
As once in Andover's autumnal grove;
When looks that spoke, and eloquence of sighs,
Told the soft mandate of another's love.

TO

## *AN ACCOMPLISHED LADY.*

IN THE MANNER OF WALLER.

O NYMPH! than bless'd Pandora honour'd more,
What gods to grace thee lavish all their store!
We see thy form in awful beauty move,
At once repelling and inviting love;
We see thy mind each bright perfection reach
That Genius kindles, and the Graces teach;
Pallas to form that matchless mind, conspires
With Wisdom's coolness, tempering Fancy's fires:
Here, as in Eden's blissful garden, shoot
The tree of Knowledge and forbidden Fruit.

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## *ADDRESS TO THE THAMES.*

O THAMES! thy clear majestic stream
Shall ever flow my raptur'd theme;
Not because Augusta's pride
Builds her greatness on thy tide,
Courted by worlds in other oceans found;
Not because proud Cliefden laves
His pendent beeches in thy waves;
Not because thy limpid rills
Reflect on Hampton's towers, or Richmond's hills;
Or Cooper's [1] mountain, by the Muses crown'd,

[1] Cooper's Hill; the well-known subject of Sir John Denham's descriptive poem.

Or catch the blaze from Windsor's beaming
star,
Sacred to patriot chiefs, the boast of peace and war.

Nor yet because thy current loves
The haunt of Academic groves;
And still with lingering fond delay
Through Egham's vales delights to stray,
Once scene of Freedom's claims, heroic cares:
But hail thee, Thames! while o'er thy meads
Eliza with Louisa leads
Each winning grace of Love and Youth,
Ingenuous forms, fair Candour and fair Truth:
Oh! fan their evening walk with mildest airs;
So Gallic spoils shall crowd thy wealthy side,
And Commerce swell her stores with each revolving tide.

---

## *TO LADY F——,*

### ON HER MARRIAGE.

Though to Hymen's gay season belong
Light airs, and the raptures of youth;
Yet listen to one sober song;
O listen, fair Stella, to truth.

Farewell to the triumphs of beauty,
To the soft serenade at your bow'r,
To the lover's idolatrous duty,
To his vigils in midnight's still hour.

To your frowns darting amorous anguish,
To your smiles chasing every care,
To the power of your eyes' lively languish,
To each glance waking hope or despair.

Farewell to soft bards, that in Heaven
Dipt the pencil to picture your praise,
And blended the colours of even
With morning's gay opening rays:

They no longer on Thames shall proclaim you
A naiad new sprung from the flood,
Nor to Bushy's soft echoes shall name you
Bright Dian, the queen of the wood.

Farewell to Love's various season,
Smiling days hung with tempests and night;
But welcome the reign of fair Reason,
O! welcome securer delight.

O! welcome, in Nature's own dress,
Purest pleasures of gentler kind;
O! welcome the power to bless,
To redeem Fortune's wrongs on mankind.

Be a goddess indeed, while you borrow
From Plenty's unlimited store,
To gild the wan aspect of Sorrow,
To cheer the meek eyes of the poor.

When your virtues shall mix with the skies,
When your beauty, bright phœnix, decays:
In your image new graces shall rise,
And enlighten Posterity's days.

Future ages shall trace every air;
Every virtue deriv'd to your blood,
Shall remember that Stella was fair,
Shall remember that Stella was good.

## *SONG.*

No gaudy Rubens ever dare
  With flaunting Genius, rosy Loves,
To crowd the scene, in sunshine's glare,
  Exposing her the Muse approves.

Let, chaste Poussin, thy shaded stream
  Reflect her pensive, tender air;
Let evening veil, with sober beam,
  In bashful night the bashful Fair.

---

## *TO A LADY.*

The simple swain, where Zembla's snows
  Are bound in frozen chains,
Where scarce a smile the sun bestows
  To warm the sullen plains;

Not once conceives that sun to rise
  With kinder, brighter ray;
Nor southern vales, Hesperian skies,
  To bask in smiling day.

As weak my thoughts respecting thee:
  Must thou, my better sun,
Because but smiling cold on me,
  Be therefore warm to none?

## *STANZAS.*

Where more is meant than meets the ear.
MILTON.

THE bird of midnight swell'd her throat,
The virgins listen'd round
To Sorrow's deeply-warbled note,
To sweet but solemn sound:

When soon the lark ascending high,
In sun-beams idly play'd;
As soon to greet him, see, they fly—
One pensive virgin stay'd.

She stay'd to hear the mourner sing;
The rest, to Nature true,
The flutter of the gayer wing
The vacant song pursue.

TO

## *A YOUNG LADY,*

WHO OBJECTED TO SUP WITH A PARTY OF BOTH SEXES THAT MET AT A COFFEE-HOUSE.

O Far from Caroline, so soft a maid,
Be cruel coyness, pride, and cold disdain!
Who now of man, the monster man, afraid,
Flies the gay circle of the social train.

Away vain fears! away suspicious dreams,
From Beauty, Virtue, Tenderness, and Truth;
From eyes that dawn with Wisdom's mildest beams,
From harmless smiles that wait on gentle Youth.

Far other years and other nymphs befit
The prudish form, and high forbidding brow;
With others dwell, or frowns or scornful wit,
With nymphs less innocent, less fair than thou:

With her, whose youth, of Virtue's mild control
Impatient, rush'd on wanton wild desires;
Now Prayer or Scandal cheers the gloomy soul,
That pines in secret with forbidden fires:

Or her that triumph'd in her lover's sighs,
As round their brows the willow garlands bend;
She now dejected, now deserted lies,
Without a lover, and without a friend!

Another fate is youthful Virtue's share:
Come with the Graces, gentle maid, along;
Come, fairest thou among the young and fair,
To lead the dance, or join the virgin's song,

Come, listen to the tale that youths complain,
To thousand vows, in amorous sighs address'd;
Propitious listen to the raptur'd strain,
When chaste majestic passions swell the breast.

Too long exterior charms of radiant eyes
And blushing cheeks, the captive sense control;
Thy forms, fair Harmony, too long we prize,
Forget the fairer, more harmonious soul.

Too long the lovers for an empty Fair
At heedless ease inglorious arts advance;
Enough for them to deck the flowing hair,
Or flutter gaudy with the pride of France.

From Worth with Beauty nobler lessons taught,
Each youth that languishes, his flame shall prove
By generous action or heroic thought,
And merit fame by arts that merit love.

Shall once again the Grecian lyre be strung,
Restoring Hymen's mild Arcadian reign?
Shall patriot Eloquence instruct the tongue,
And spoils be gather'd from the martial plain?

O! far unlike to such celestial flame
The passion kindled from impure desires;
Fatal to Friends, to Fortune, and to Fame,
The momentary flash in night expires.

Love's lambent fire that beams from Virtue's rays,
Each sordid passion as it burns, refin'd,
Still bright and brighter with benignant blaze
Embraces friends, a country, humankind.

## *A DREAM.*

With bridal cake beneath her head,
As Jenny press'd her pillow,
She dreamt that lovers, thick as hops,
Hung pendent from the willow.

Around her spectres shook their chains,
And goblins kept their station;
They pull'd, they pinch'd her, till she swore
To spare the male creation.

Before her now the buck, the beau,
The 'squire, the captain trips;
The modest seiz'd her hand to kiss,
The forward seiz'd her lips.

For some she felt her bosom pant,
For some she felt it smart;
To all she gave enchanting smiles,
To one she gave her heart.

She dreamt—(for magic charms prevail'd,
And Fancy play'd her farce on)
That, soft reclin'd in elbow-chair,
She kiss'd a sleeping parson.

She dreamt—but, O rash Muse! forbear,
Nor virgins' dreams pursue;
Yet bless'd above the gods is he
Who proves such visions true.

## *THE MULBERRY-TREE.*

### A TALE.

For London's rich city, two Staffordshire swains,
Hight Johnson, hight Garrick, forsaking their plains,
Reach'd Shakspeare's own Stratford, where flows by his tomb
An Avon, as proudly as Tiber by Rome.
Now Garrick, (sweet imp too of Nature was he)
Would climb and would eat from his Mulberry-tree;
Yet as Johnson, less frolic, was taller, was older,
He reach'd the first boughs by the help of his shoulder;
Where, shelter'd from famine, from bailiffs, and weather,
Bards, critics, and players sat crowded together;
Who devour'd in their reach, all the fruit they could meet,
The good, bad, indifferent, the bitter and sweet:
But Garrick climb'd high to a plentiful crop,
Then, heavens! what vagaries he play'd on the top!
How, now on the loose twigs, and now on the tight,
He stood on his head, and then bolted upright!
All features, all shapes, and all passions he tried;
He danc'd and he strutted, he laugh'd and he cried,
He presented his face, and he show'd his backside!
The noble, the vulgar, flock'd round him to see
What feats he perform'd in the Mulberry-tree:
He repeated the pastime, then open'd to speak,
But Johnson below mutter'd strophes of Greek,

While Garrick proclaim'd—'such a plant never grew,
So foster'd by sun-shine, by soil, and by dew.
The palm-trees of Delos, Phœnicia's sweet grove,
The oaks of Dodona, though hallow'd by Jove,
With all that antiquity shows to surpass us,
Compar'd to this tree, were mere shrubs of Parnassus.
Not the beeches of Mantua, where Tityrus was laid,
Not all Vallombrosa produc'd such a shade;
That the myrtles of France, like the birch of the schools,
Were fit only for rods to whip Genius to rules;
That to Stratford's old Mulberry, fairest and best,
The Cedars of Eden must bow their proud crest!
Then the fruit—like the loaf in the Tub's pleasant Tale[1], [ale—
That was fish, flesh, and custard, good claret, and
It compris'd every flavour, was all, and was each,
Was grape, and was pine-apple, nectarine and peach;
Nay he swore, and his audience believ'd what he told,
That under his touch it grew *apples of gold.*——
Now he paus'd!—then recounted its virtues again—
'Twas a wood for all use, bottom, top, bark, and grain:
It would saw into seats for an audience in full pits,
Into benches for judges, episcopal pulpits;
Into chairs for philosophers, thrones too for kings,
Serve the highest of purposes, lowest of things;
Make brooms to mount witches, make May-poles for May-days,
And boxes, and ink-stands, for wits and the ladies.'—

[1] The Tale of a Tub, by Swift. See Section IV.

His speech pleas'd the vulgar, it pleas'd their superiors,
By Johnson stopt short,—who his mighty posteriors
Applied to the trunk—like a Sampson, his haunches
Shook the roots, shook the summit, shook stem, and shook branches!
All was tremor and shock!—now descended in showers
Wither'd leaves, wither'd limbs, blighted fruits blighted flowers!
The fragments drew critics, bards, players along,
Who held by weak branches, and let go the strong;
E'en Garrick had dropt with a bough that was rotten,
But he leapt to a sound, and the slip was forgotten.
Now the plant's close recesses lay open to day,
While Johnson exclaim'd, stalking stately away,
'Here's rubbish enough, till my homeward return,
For children to gather, old women to burn;
Not practis'd to labour, my sides are too sore,
Till another fit season, to shake you down more.
What future materials for pruning, and cropping,
And cleaning, and gleaning, and lopping, and topping!
Yet mistake me not, rabble! this tree's a good tree,
Does honour, dame Nature, to Britain and thee;
And the fruit on the top,—take its merits in brief,
Makes a noble desert, where the dinner's roast-beef!'

## *TO A LADY.*

YES; Wedlock's sweet bands were too bless'd, in her lover
If Virtue her likeness could find,
What Plato [1] has fabled, could Julia recover
Her lost other half, from mankind.

What joy to receive all the good you impart,
Thy cares on another recline,
Another's fond bosom, and feel that his heart
Beats all the same measures with thine!

The features, the virtues of both, in your race,
How sweet the confusion, enjoy!
Yet more of thyself in the daughter still trace,
And more of thy lord in the boy.

Such bliss rivals Heaven—yet what grief, what disgrace,
Were riot's low follower thy lot,
Were he whose loud pleasures are wine and the chase,
All love's silent pleasures forgot!

What misery to hear, without daring reply,
All folly, all insolence speaks;
Still calling the tear of reproach to thy eye,
The flush of disdain to thy cheeks!

[1] Plato's fable is, that man and woman originally were one being, divided afterwards by Jupiter for their punishment; that each part, in perpetual search of the other, never recovers happiness till their reunion.

Would soft macaronies have judgment to prize,
Whom arts and whom virtues adorn,
Who learnt every virtue and art to despise,
Where Catos and Scipios were born?

Would Wealth's drowsy heir, without spark of Heaven's fire,
Enshrin'd in his dullness completely,
Awake to the charmer, her voice, and her lyre,
Ah! charm they though ever so sweetly?

But what with the gamester, ah! what were thy fate,
What Fortune's caprices thy share!
To sleep upon down under canopied state,
To wake on the straw of Despair!

The timid free-thinker, that only defies
Those bolts which his Maker can throw;
Would he, when blaspheming the Lord of the skies,
Yet reverence his image below?

Would slaves to a court, or to Faction's banditti,
Thy temperate spirit approve;
So proud in their chains of the court and the city,
Disdaining no chains, but of Love?

O! mild as the zephyr, like zephyr that throws
Its sweets on the sweet-breathing May;
But not on the lap of cold Winter bestows,
What Winter will never repay.

So turn thee from Folly's cold aspect, ah! turn
From Vice's hard bosom away;
The wise and the virtuous thy sweets will return,
As warm and as grateful as May.

---

ON

## *A VERY FINE LADY.*

Fine B—— observes no other rules
Than those the Coterie prize;
She thinks, whilst Lords continue fools,
'Tis vulgar to be wise:

Thinks rudeness wit in noble dames,
Adultery, love polite;
That ducal stars shoot brighter flames
Than all the host of light.

Yet sages own that greatness throws
A grace on Spencer's charms;
On Hagley's verse, on Stanhope's prose,
And gilded Marlborough's arms.

For titles here their reverence ends,
In general Wisdom thinks
The higher Grandeur's scale ascends,
The lower Nature's sinks.

ON

## *MEN BEING DEPRIVED,*

### FROM CUSTOM AND DELICACY, OF ENJOYING SOCIAL FRIENDSHIP WITH THE FAIR-SEX.

Had soft Aspasia's sex been man,
What Friendship's holy chains
Had link'd our beings, Fortune's plan,
Our pleasures and our pains?

Alike our ruder, milder sports,
Our studies too the same;
Companions both in shades and courts,
In paths of love or fame.

By bright collision, patriot beams
Had flush'd from soul to soul;
And War had seen, in Union's streams,
Our tide of glory roll.

There Fate, that strikes the noblest breast,
Had surely reverenc'd thine;
The thirsty lance I then had bless'd
For only wounding mine.

But ah! my sweeter downy hours,
Had I been chang'd, not you;
What tranquil joys, if kinder powers
Had made me woman too!

Made each the other's softer care,
One table then had fed,
One chamber lodg'd the faithful pair,
Ah, do not blush!—one bed.

Both sitting at one busy loom
In Nature's vernal bow'r,
Had rivall'd Nature's vernal bloom,
Creating both one flow'r.

Both screen'd from summer's sultry view,
In shades by haunted stream,
Had own'd the moral vision true
That youthful poets dream.

Sweet wisdom, couch'd in mystic rhyme,
Yet bending o'er the brook,
Had gather'd morals more sublime
From great Creation's book;

And felt our mixing souls refine
In purer wisdom's ray,
The being Virtue's friend and thine
Had clear'd our mists away.

My morning incense, evening pray'r,
With thine had soar'd above,
With thine ascending sweeter there
On wings of song and love.

Vain dreams! for custom's laws, combin'd
With Virtue's stern decree,
Divide the beings Nature join'd,
Divide my fair from me.

## *TO A YOUNG LADY,*

### FAINTING AT THE NEWS OF HER FRIEND'S MISFORTUNES.

Ah! maid too gentle, while thy tears deplore
The virtuous exile on a foreign shore,
Thy pulse forgets to beat, thy cheek to glow,
Dim the bright eye, fix'd monument of woe;
Lost every function, vanish'd every sense:
Is this thy lot, divine benevolence?
Approach no more, such bitter anguish, near
So soft a bosom; flow alone the tear,
That dew of Heaven, O maid! to Heaven allied,
Thy great Redeemer shed for man, and died.
Good angels mourn Creation's glories lost,
And mourning, please, resemble him, the most;
Flow then thy tear, ordain'd by Heaven's decree,
For bliss to others, sweeter bliss to thee!
With Pity's pangs her dear sensations feel;
The shaft that wounds thee, drops a balm to heal.
Thy soul expanding, like a vernal flower,
Shall glow the brighter in Affliction's shower.
For every tear to suffering Virtue given,
Itself approving, and approv'd by Heaven.
Weep then, but weep another's fate alone;
Let smiles be still attendant on thy own!

ON THE

## *DEATH OF AN INFANT.*

How bless'd is he whom Nature's gentle hand
Has snatch'd from human life and human woes,
Ev'n in his childish days, ere yet he knew
Or sin, or pain, or youthful passion's force!
In Earth's soft lap, beneath the flowery turf,
His peaceful ashes sleep; to Heaven ascends
The' unspotted soul, declar'd by voice divine
A guest well pleasing—Then no longer mourn,
Thou drooping parent, nor bewail him lost—
In life's first bloom, when infant reason dawn'd,
And the young mind, unfolding every power,
Gave promise fair of manhood, transport fill'd
The mother's bosom, pondering every word
And action there. She now lamenting loud
Deplores him, from her vain embraces torn
By unrelenting fate, and fierce disease;
Like eastern storms that blast the opening year.

---

## *TO MISS N———M,*

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

Lovely N——m! rise, and see
Modest morn resemble thee!
Ocean smiles with your repose,
Come to seas, where Venus rose!

Bathing, Dr. Pool observes,
Braces all the optic nerves.
'Heavens,' she cries, 'what idle whim!
Youthful eyes are seldom dim;
Mine can mark the distant sail,
Or lowing herds in Sussex vale;
Scarce a spire or cottage smoke,
Or cloud embracing mountain oak:
An object scarce of land or sea
Rises unperceiv'd by me.'
True—but eyes that distant roam,
Frequent fail for scenes at home.
Let example make me clearer,
Place yourself at Shergold's mirror!
Every mild reflected grace,
That angel form, that angel face,
A world of wonders all can view,
Envy only blind and—you.

---

TO

## *THE MRS.'S R——S.*

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

No, gentle Ladies!—he on Brighton's flood,
Who deck'd with N——s' name a feeble page;
For you, the guardians of the fair and good,
Has arm'd no bitter stings of Satan's rage.

On impious necks the Muse of Vengeance treads,
For shameless Folly dips her shafts in gall;
While, dropping odours on your virtuous heads,
The dews of praise, a precious ointment, fall.

Your N———m's mind in every virtue grew,
In every grace, beneath your sweet control;
In genuine lustre were preserv'd by you
Her polish'd form, reflecting all the soul.

Her candid smiles, unconscious of their worth,
Her blush of nature, without other dye;
You taught her modest eyes to love the earth,
Or soar in flaming rapture to the sky.

Her, the best gift of Heaven, its gracious love
Permitted to your guidance—come and share
The joy of virtuous souls, whose toils improve
The talents [1] trusted to their fruitful care;

'Come, faithful servants'—hear a voice proclaim
Your hymn of triumph—'tis no song of mine;
'Tis Heaven that calls you to partake your fame
With GOD the giver, and this gift divine.

---

## *VERSES*

### WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

HERE Charles lay shelter'd, from this desart shore
He launch'd the bark, and brav'd the tempest's roar;
He trusted here the faith of simple swains,
And ocean, friendlier than the Worcester [2] plains.
No beauteous forms, as now, adorn'd it then,
The downs were pathless, without haunt of men.

[1] Matthew xxv.
[2] Charles II. after the battle of Worcester, escaped to France in a fishing-boat, from Brighthelmstone.

One shepherd wander'd on the lonely hill,
One village-maid explor'd the distant rill.
But mark the glittering scenes succeeding these;
See peopled all the shores, and healing seas;
Yet, friend to Britain, flows alike the wave
With India's treasures, and defrauds the grave.
Had Fate now plac'd him on this fairy land,
The thoughtless Charles had linger'd on the strand,
Nor danger chill'd, nor high ambition fir'd
That wanton bosom, by the loves inspir'd:
His languid sails the monarch here had furl'd,
Had gain'd a N——m's smile, and lost the world.

---

## *TO MISS G———,*

### FROM BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

Come, Stella, let us climb the heights
  Where purer spirits flow,
And upward point our mental flights,
  And mock the scenes below.

And turn no more the giddy rounds
  Of Pleasure's wanton chase,
But range beyond material bounds,
  Eternity, and space!—

Come, read in ocean's ample page,
  Explain the cause that guides,
That bridles now, and now to rage
  Precipitates the tides.

In glory see the planets roll,
Their laws, their measure, scan:
Nor there confin'd, explore the soul,
And liberty, and man!

On soaring pinions let us shoot,
Like him, the bird of Jove!
—'What waste,' she cries, 'in such pursuit,
An age of life and love!

'With eagle flight and eagle view
Let Newton sail the sky!
But what am I? or what are you,
Philosopher?—a fly:

'Vain insect! now aloft he springs
To drink the liquid light,
And quenches now his flagging wings
In angry seas and night.

'Ah, fool! to quit his reptile state
Amid fresh dews and flowers!
Be his the justly purchas'd fate,
The sober lesson ours.

'From clouds descending, let us try
What humbler regions give!
Let others soar to fall and die!
'Tis ours to creep and live.'

## *ANSWER*

### TO THE FOREGOING VERSES.

BY MISS G———.

No more let science tempt thy searching eyes.
  Beyond the bounds prescrib'd to mortal sight,
No more adventrous mount the lofty skies,
  And, daring, penetrate the realms of light.

With humble mind go trace thy Maker's hand
  In every smiling valley, fertile plain;
Adore his bounty in the cultur'd land,
  Revere his wisdom in the stormy main!

Nor thoughtless view the vast tremendous sea,
  Whose course impetuous power divine restrains;
Whose rushing tide, control'd by Heaven's decree,
  Forbears to violate the flowery plains.

Nor yet confine to these thy wandering sight,
  While splendid gems the face of Heaven adorn;
Nor heedless view the radiant lamps of night,
  Nor heedless view the sun that gilds the morn:

But turn with praise to HIM who reigns above,
  Supreme o'er works that speak Almighty power;
O! turn a grateful bosom breathing love,
  And learn the noblest lesson—to adore!

ON THE

## *DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.*

Go, mournful spirit, wing thy dreary way,
Leave a lov'd mansion, leave the cheerful day;
A naked wanderer on the winter's wind,
Ah leave, reluctant, youth and strength behind!
Not long a wanderer, to that happier shore
Be Heaven thy guide, where mourning is no more!
In purer mansions, in a form divine,
Immortal youth, immortal joy be thine!

---

## *INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN.*

O you, who mark what flowerets gay,
What gales, what odours breathing near,
What sheltering shades from summer's ray
Allure my spring to linger here:

Yet see me quit this margin green,
Yet see me deaf to pleasure's call,
Explore the thirsty haunts of men,
Yet see my bounty flow for all.

O, learn of me—no partial rill,
No slumbering selfish pool be you:
But social laws alike fulfil;
O flow for all creation too!

## *TO THE THAMES.*

NEARER to my grove, O Thames!
Lead along thy sultry streams,
Summer fires the stagnant air,
Come and cool thy bosom there!
Trees shall shelter, zephyrs play,
Odours court thy smiling stay;
There the lily lifts her head,
Fairest child of nature's bed.
Oh! Thames, my promise all was vain:
Autumnal storms, autumnal rain,
Have spoil'd that fragrance, strip'd those shades,
Hapless flower! that lily fades.—
What? if chance, sweet evening ray,
Or western gale of vernal day,
Momentary bloom renews,
Heavy with unfertile dews
It bends again, and seems to cry,
'Gale and sunshine, come not nigh!
Why reclaim from winter's pow'r
This wither'd stalk, no more a flow'r!'
Such a flower, my youthful prime,
Chill'd by rigour, sapp'd by time,
Shrinks beneath the clouded storm:
What? if Beauty's beaming form,
And Cambrian virgins' vocal air
Expand to smiles my brow of care:
That beam withdrawn, that melting sound,
The dews of death hang heavier round,
No more to spring, to bloom, to be,
I bow to fate and Heaven's decree.

Come then, Cambrian virgin, come,
With all thy music seek my tomb,
With all thy grace, thy modest state,
With all thy virtues, known too late!
Come, a little moment spare
From pious rites and filial care!
Give my tomb—no heartfelt sigh,
No tear convulsing pity's eye!
Gifts of too endearing name
For you to grant, for me to claim;
But bring the song—whose healing sounds
Were balm to all my festering wounds.
Bring the lyre—by music's pow'r
My soul entranc'd shall wait the hour,
The dread majestic hour of doom,
When through the grave, and through the gloom,
Heaven shall burst in floods of day:
Dazzled with so fierce a ray,
My aching eyes shall turn to view
Its milder beams reflect from you.

## *TO MISS K—— P——.*

Gentle Kitty take the lyre
Thy magic hands alone inspire!
But wake not once such swelling chords
As rouse Ambition's stormy lords,
Nor airs that jocund tabors play
To dancing youth in shades of May,
Nor songs that shake old Picton's tow'rs,
When feast and music blend their pow'rs!

But notes of mildest accent call,
Of plaintive touch and dying fall;
Notes, to which thy hand, thy tongue,
Thy every tender power is strung.—
Cambrian maid, repeat that strain!
Soothe my widow'd bosom's pain!
Its passions own thy melting tones;
Sighs succeed to bursting groans;
Soft and softer still they flow,
Breathing more of love than woe;
Glistening in my eye appears
A tenderer dew than bitter tears;
Springing hope despair beguiles,
And sadness softens into smiles.
I quit thy lyre—but still the train
Of sweet sensations warms my brain.
What? though social joy and love
Forget to haunt my sullen grove:
Though there my soul, a stagnant flood,
Nor flows its own or others good,
Emblem of yon faded flow'r,
That, chill'd by frost, expands no more:
The dreary scene yet sometimes closes,
When sleep inspires, on beds of roses,
Such dear delusions, fairy charms,
As Fancy dreams in Virtue's arms.
For see, a gracious form is near!
She comes to dry my falling tear:
One pious hand, in pity spread,
Supports my else unshelter'd head;
The other waves, to chase away
The spectres haunting all my day:
She calls—above, below, around,
Sweet fragrance breathes, sweet voices sound—

Such a balm to wounded minds,
Gentle Kitty, slumber finds;
Such a change is misery's due—
—Who wakes to grief should dream of you.

---

## *TO MISS K—— P——.*

Ah! bow to music, bow my lays
To beauty's noblest art!
To reach the bosom mine the praise,
But thine to melt the heart.

'Tis mine to close Affliction's wounds,
To brighten Pleasure's eye:
But thine, by sweet dissolving sounds,
To make it bliss to die.

My notes but kindle cold desire,
Ah! what you feel for me!
Diviner passions thine inspire,
Ah! what I feel for thee!

Associate then thy voice, thy touch,
O wed to mine thy pow'rs!
Be such at least, nor blush at such,
Connubial union our's!

---

## *TO MISS K—— P——.*

Why, Kitty, with that tender air,
Those eyes to earth inclin'd,
Those timid blushes, why despair
Of empire o'er mankind?

Ah! know, that Beauty's surest arms
Are candour, softness, ease;
Your sweet distrust of pleasing charms
Is half the charm to please.—

Respect your own harmonious art!
For love securest wounds,
Securest takes the' imprison'd heart,
Entranc'd by magic sounds!

If flowers of fiction's growth, you call
This wreath that truth bestows;
Survey around your Attic wall
Each pencill'd [1] form that glows:

And ask the youths! what heavenly fair
Their tenderest vows inspires?
If Juno's more than regal air,
Or fierce Minerva's fires?

'Tis bashful Venus they prefer,
Retiring from the view;
And what their lips address to her,
Their bosoms feel for you.

---

## *TO MISS K—— P——.*

Your bosom's sweet treasures thus ever disclose!
For believe my ingenuous confession,
The veil meant to hide them, but only bestows
A softness transcending expression.

'Good Heaven!' cries Kitty, 'what language I hear!
Have I trespass'd on Chastity's laws?
Is my tucker's clear muslin indecently clear?
Is it no satin apron, but gauze?'

[1] Drawings from antique statues.

Ah, no!—not the least swelling charm is descried
Through the tucker, too bashfully decent;
And your apron hides all that short aprons can hide,
From the fashion of Eve to the present.

The veil, too transparent to hinder the sight,
Is what modesty throws on your mind:
That veil only shades, with a tenderer light,
All the feminine graces behind.

---

## *TO MISS K—— P——.*

Si un arbre avoit du sentiment, il se plairoit a voir celui qui le cultive se reposer sous son ombrage, respirer le parfum de ses fleurs, gouter la douceur de ses fruits: Je suis cet arbre, cultive par vous, et la Nature m' a donne une ame. MARMONTEL.

Amid thy native mountains, Cambrian fair,
Were some lone plant supported by thy care,
Sav'd from the blast, from winter's chilling powers,
In vernal suns, in vernal shades and showers,
By thee reviving: did the favour'd tree
Exist, and blossom and mature by thee:
To that selected plant did Heaven dispense,
With vegetable life, a nobler sense:
Would it not bless thy virtues, gentle maid?
Would it not woo thy beauties to its shade?
Bid all its buds in rich luxuriance shoot,
To crown thy summer with autumnal fruit,
Spread all its leaves, a pillow to thy rest,
Give all its flowers to languish on thy breast,
Reject the tendrils of the' uxorious vine,
And stretch its longing arms to circle thine?

Yes; in Creation's intellectual reign,
Where life, sense, reason, with progressive chain,
Dividing, blending, form the' harmonious whole:
—That plant am I, distinguish'd by a soul.

## *TO MISS K—— P——,*

### WITH ANSON'S VOYAGE.

Raptur'd traveller, cease the tales
Of Tinian's lawns, Fernandes' vales;
Of isles, concentering Nature's charms,
Lapt in peaceful Ocean's arms;
Of that Hesperian world, which lies
Beneath the smile of southern skies,
Where Zephyr waves unflagging wings,
Where Albion's Summers, Latian Springs
Join thy autumns, smiling France,
And lead along the' eternal dance!
These enchanting scenes, and all
That wake to form at Fancy's call,
And all the sportive pencil traces,
Are feeble types of living graces;
Of moral charms, that mental throne
Unclouded Beauty calls her own:
Where all the Sun's meridian blaze
Is twilight gloom to Virtue's rays.
There with richer blended sweets
Wedded Spring her Autumn meets;
There Fernandes' brighter shore,
There a purer Chili's ore,
Fruits and flowers are there combin'd
In fairer Tinian—Kitty's mind.

## THE

# *COMPLAINT OF CAMBRIA.*

TO MISS K—— P——, SETTING TO MUSIC, AND SINGING ENGLISH VERSES.

DONE INTO ENGLISH FROM THE WELSH ORIGINAL.

DEGENERATE maid, no longer ours!
Can Saxon ditties suit thy lyre?
Accents untun'd, that breathe no pow'rs
To melt the soul, or kindle martial fire?
It ill becomes thee to combine
Such hostile airs with notes divine,
In Cambrian shades, the Druids hallow'd bounds,
Whose infant voice has lisp'd the liquid Celtic sounds.

Revere thy Cambria's flowing tongue!
Though high-born Hoel's lips are dumb,
Cadwallo's harp no more is strung,
And Silence sits on soft Lluellyn's tomb:
Yet songs of British bards remain,
That, wedded to thy vocal strain,
Would swell melodious on the mountain breeze,
And roll on Milford's wave to distant echoing seas.—

O sing thy sires in genuine strains!
When Rome's resistless arm prevail'd,
When Edward delug'd all my plains [1],
And all the music of my mountains fail'd;

[1] Edward I. put to death all the Welsh Bards.

When all her flames Rebellion spread,
Firmly they stood—O sing the dead!
The theme majestic to thy lyre belongs,
To Picton's lofty walls, and Cambrian virgins' songs.

---

## *ON AN ASIATIC LADY.*

O you who sail on India's wealthy wave,
Of gems and gold who spoil the radiant East;
What oceans, say, what isles of fragrance gave
This fairer treasure to the joyful West?
What banks of Ganges, and what balmy skies
Saw the first infant dawn of those unclouded eyes?

By easy arts while Europe's beauties reign,
Roll the blue languish of their humid eye;
Rule willing slaves, who court and kiss the chain,
Self-vanquish'd, helpless to resist or fly;
Less yielding souls confess this Eastern Fair,
And lightning melts the heart that milder fires would spare.

Of gods, enamour'd with a mortal dame,
Let Grecian story tell—the gifts display
That deck'd Cassandra, and each honour'd name
Lov'd by the god, who guides the golden day:
See! Asia triumphs in a brighter scene;
A nobler Phœbus woos her Summer's smiling Queen.

Sublimer sense, and sprightlier wit to please,
That Phœbus gave; he gave the voice and lyre,
That warble sweeter than the spicy breeze,
He gave what charms meridian suns inspire;

What precious rays from Light's pure fountain
stream,
What warm the diamond's blaze and ruby's flaming
beam.

---

## *TO THE SAME,*

### ON HER DRESS.

Ah, envious robe! to frustrate Heaven's intent,
Concealing beauty from the eye of day;
Beauty to man by gracious Nature sent
To cheer the wanderer on his lonesome way.

One Power who wak'd Aurora's smiling light
Gave skies their azure, and gave vales their green,
Form'd the quick sense for wonder and delight,
Made eyes to see, and Laura to be seen.

Curs'd be the' eclipse that plunges morn in night,
And jealous clouds that shade the landscape's
On envious robes severer curses light; [scene;
That veil the beauties of my summer's queen!

Ah, Laura! cruel Laura! why constrain
In Art's fantastic drapery, Nature's ease?
Why, form'd to empire, empire's arts disdain?
Why, born for pleasure, still refuse to please?

Nor yet these folds on folds, this load of dress,
Shall bar approaches to poetic love;
No—where the Graces sport in sweet recess,
'Tis Fancy, bold intruder, joys to rove:

Fancy, pursuing where my Laura flies,
With wanton gales forbidden charms reveals;
Betrays her slumbers, and with eager eyes
The panting breast devouring, dreams it feels.

Fancy, indulgent to her votary's prayer,
Shows where, sequester'd from the sultry beam,
The limpid wave but ill conceal'd the fair,
With virgins sporting in her Ganges' stream.

---

## *TO THE SAME.*

Ah, Laura! while graces and songs,
While smiles, winning smiles you impart;
Indulgence but nurses desire,
I sigh for that treasure, your heart.

'Yes, take, too presumptuous,' she cries,
'All that Virtue can wish to receive;
Yes, take all that Virtue can grant,
A heart I had never to give.

'The Maid of the North, like the lake
That sleeps by her peaceable cot,
Too languishing lives but for one,
Forgetting the world, and forgot.

'But born where my Ganges expands,
To no partial channels confin'd,
Unfix'd to no object, I flow
With innocent smiles on mankind.

'Our Asia's bright dames, like their sun,
Cheer all with benevolent reign,
Coy moons Europe's daughters but light
A single disconsolate swain.'

ON

## *READING THE FOREGOING VERSES.*

BY MISS G——.

Ah! Dorimant, victim to Love,
Too fatally caught in his wiles,
Can you in fair Laura approve
Those diffusive, those general smiles?

If inconstancy dwells with that fire
Which the sun-beams of Asia impart;
Can a daughter of Europe desire
To change with your Laura a heart?

No!—happier the temperate mind,
Which, fix'd to one object alone,
To one tender passion confin'd,
Breathes no wishes, no sighs, but for one.—

Such bliss has the maid of the plain,
Though secluded she lives in a cot;
Yet, rich in the love of her swain,
She's contented, and blesses her lot.—

Ah! say, if deserving thy heart,
The too undistinguishing fair,
Who to thousands can raptures impart,
And the raptures of thousands can share?

Ah! say, does she merit those lays?
Those lays which true passion define?—
No—unworthy the Fair of thy praise,
Who can listen to any but thine.

## *SONG.*

HANG my lyre upon the willow,
Sigh to winds thy notes forlorn:
Or, along the foamy billow
Float the wrecking tempest's scorn.

Sprightly sounds no more it raises,
Such as Laura's smiles approve;
Laura scorns her poet's praises,
Calls his artless friendship love:

Calls it love, that spurning duty,
Spurning Nature's chastest ties,
Mocks thy tears, dejected beauty,
Sports with fallen Virtue's sighs.

Call it love, no more profaning
Truth with dark Suspicion's wound;
Or, my fair, the term retaining,
Change the sense, preserve the sound.

Yes, 'tis love—that name is given,
Angels, to your purest flames:
Such a love as merits Heaven,
Heaven's divinest image claims.

---

## *LAURA'S ANSWER,*

### TO MISS G——.

SOON be thy lyre to winds consign'd,
Or hurl'd beneath the raging deep,
For while such strains seduce my mind,
How shall my heart its purpose keep?

Thy artful lays, which artless seem,
With too much fondness I approve;
Ah! write no more on such a theme,
Or Laura's friendship—ends in love.

## *REPLY TO MISS G———.*

Sappho, while your Muse of fire,
Listening to the vocal spheres,
Sits and tempers to her lyre
Airs divine for mortal ears:

Viewing higher orbs that glow,
Ever constant, ever true,
Still she dreams to find below
Perfect forms, as Heaven and you.

Blame not Asia's fair, who glances
Random smiles in heedless ease,
Shifts at will her wayward fancies,
Pleasing all, whom all can please;

Blame her not—no envied treasure
Is the tenderer, feeling heart,
Bosoms quick to keener pleasure
Beat, alas! as quick to smart.

Who with eyes that ever languish,
Still to desarts sighs alone?
Who consumes her youth in anguish?
She who keeps a heart for one.

Tender love repaid with treason,
Fortune's frowns, parental power,
Blast her in the vernal season,
Bend her, unsupported flower.

Happier she, with pliant nature
Fleeting, fickle as the wind;
She, who proving one a traitor,
Turns to meet another kind.

Blame her not—with Asian rovers
What can Asia's fair pursue?
What? but lessons taught by lovers,
Like the traitor, treacherous too.

Why should faith, obsequious duty,
Soothe an eastern tyrant's scorn?
Who but rifles joyless beauty,
Steals the honey, leaves the thorn.

Sadness sits by Ganges' fountains;
How can echo cheer the vale?
What repeat from fragrant mountains?
What but grief and horror's tale?

What but shrieks of wild despair?
What but shouts that murder sleep?
There the struggling, fainting fair;
There—but see my Sappho weep!

Change the strain!—this mournful measure
Melts, oppresses virtuous hearts—
Sappho, wake thy lyre of pleasure!
Sing of Europe's happier arts!

Sing of all the mingled blessing
Reason, tempering passion, knows;
All the transport of possessing
Unpluck'd beauty's willing rose!

Sing of that refin'd sensation
Mutual melting bosoms prove,
Souls exchang'd, sweet emanation,
Separate being lost in love!

Rapture's tears, voluptuous stream!
Languor stealing sorrow's sighs;
Sing of love—thyself the theme!
Sing of love—thyself the prize!

## *TO MISS G———.*

Ah! leave, you cry, the harp unstrung,
For Fortune shifts her fickle wind:
Resume thy lyre, on willows hung,
To sing the fair, no longer kind.

No—nearer view my alter'd state,
For fear too high, for hope too low;
Beneath the victor's joyful fate,
Yet far above the captive's woe.

The charms of sense no more beguile;
On Reason's lap I lay me down:
If claiming now no beauties' smile,
Appears it just to meet their frown?

Light insects they, of gaudy hues,
Admire the glare of youthful day,
Still bathe in morn's, not evening's dews,
From shades of autumn fleet away.

Behold their train of captains, beaux!
Disdain my breast, disdain to sigh!
To these the fair, the rivals those,
The son of Jove's be my reply:

'Ah, why desert the' Olympic games?
Aspire to victory!' Philip cries:
'I come,' young Ammon fierce exclaims,
'If kings my rivals, thrones the prize.'

Yes, letter'd maid! my soul approve,
The seat no more of vain desires:
Extinguish'd there the flame of love,
Extinguish'd there Ambition's fires!

To save from vice, from folly save,
What aid can beauty, power, afford?
Unworthy love to call thee slave,
Unworthy crowds to call thee lord!

Pure reason, yes; pure truth—but why,
Ah, why! rebellious heart declare,
With flattering pulse and stifled sigh,
That other tenants harbour there?

Go—tranquil Hope, by turns to dwell,
Expelling Reason Pleasure's court,
Expelling Passion Wisdom's cell:
Go—Reason's, Passion's mutual sport.

Vain dreamer!—rather both revere,
But neither's sole dominion own:
When Heaven assign'd to each their sphere,
It never meant excluding one:

Excluding which?—objections wait
On vain pretensions either forms;
Alike to life's salubrious state
Ye both are fatal—calms and storms.

## *TO LAURA,*

### ON HER RECEIVING A MYSTERIOUS LETTER FROM A METHODIST DIVINE.

THE Doctor wakes early—half drest in his cassock,
He steals from his consort to write; [hassock
She sleeps—and sweet Heaven is invok'd from his
To lengthen the trance of her night.

Now he writes to the fair, with what fervour he
Heaven's glory concern'd in her fame; [paints
How he raves upon grace, and the union of Saints,
Idolatry, raptures, and flame!

Equivocal priest, lay solemnity by,
Deceiver thyself, or deceiv'd!
When you kneel to the idol of beauty, and sigh,
Are your ardours for Heaven believ'd?

Will the heart that is kindled from passions below
Ascend in pure spirit above?
Ah! analyse better, as blended they glow,
The flames of religion and love.—

Quit the Teacher, my fair one, and listen to me,
A Doctor less grave and severe!
Who eternity's joys for the virtuous can see,
Consistent with happiness here.

Still reverence, I preach, those endearing relations
Of daughter, of parent, of wife:
Yet I blame not your relish for slighter sensations
That sweeten the medicine of life.

Know, the virtue it cherishes Heaven will reward,
  But attend to no blasphemous tales,
That the blaze of the Deity shines unimpair'd,
  Though human infirmity fails.

Know your God as he is, wise, good, beyond measure,
  No tyrant in horrors array'd,
But a Father, who smiles on the innocent pleasure
  Of amiable creatures he made!—

Still please, and pursue his benevolent ends,
  Still enrapture the heart and the ear!
I can swear for myself, and believe for my friends,
  Our morals improve as we hear.

If the passions are waken'd by harmony's charm,
  Their breezes waft health to the mind;
What our reason but labours, vain toil! to disarm,
  By virtue and song are refin'd.

Ah! listen to me, in whose natural school
  Religion leads Truth by the hand!—
Who regulates faith by a mystical rule,
  But builds his foundation on sand!

By the winds of unreconcil'd principles driv'n,
  Still fluctuates the Methodist's plan;
Now he wishes you chaste for the glory of Heav'n,
  —Now frail—for the pleasure of man.

## *TO THE SAME.*

### ON POLITICS.

From moments so precious to life,
All politics, Laura, remove;
Ruby lips must not animate strife,
But breathe the sweet language of love.

What is party?—a zeal without science,
A bubble of popular fame;
In Nature and Virtue's defiance,
'Tis Reason enslav'd to a name.

'Tis the language of madness, or fashion,
Where knaves only guess what they mean;
'Tis a cloak to conceal private passion,
To indulge, with applause, private spleen.

Can I, plac'd by my Laura, inquire,
If poison or claret put out
Our Churchill's satirical fire,
If Wilkes lives with ears or without?

When you vary your charms with your patches,
To me 'tis a weightier affair
Than who writes the northern dispatches,
Or sits in the President's chair.

When, by Nature and Art form'd to please,
You sing, and you talk, and you laugh;
Can I forfeit such raptures as these,
To dream of the Chamberlain's staff?

Secure under Brunswick and Heaven,
I trust the state-vessel shall ride;
To Bute let the rudder be given,
Or Pitt be permitted to guide.

At Almack's when the turtle's well dress'd,
Must I know the cook's country, or starve?
And when George gives us Liberty's feast,
Not taste, till Newcastle shall carve?

Yet think not that wildly I range,
With no sober system in view;
My notions are fix'd, though they change,
Applied to Great Britain and you.

There, I reverence our bright constitution,
Not heeding what Calumny raves;
Yet wish for a new Revolution,
Should rulers treat subjects as slaves.

Here, the doctrine of boundless dominion,
Of boundless obedience is mine;
Ah! my fair, to cure schism in opinion,
Confess non-resistance is thine.

---

## *TO LAURA.*

### FAREWELL TO THE ROSE.

Go, Rose—in gaudy gardens wilt thou bloom,
Far from the silent vale of peace and love?
On fluttering insects lavish waste perfume,
Or deck the fickle wreath that folly wove?

And yet the fragrance of thy evening hour,
Ambrosial odours, yet to me refuse?
To me, who pay thy sweets, ungrateful flow'r!
With rich returns of incense from the Muse?—

Who but the Muse transplants thee, short-liv'd Rose!
From mortal regions to celestial seats?
By memory's fountain, where thy buds disclose
Eternal beauties, with eternal sweets.

---

## *SONG TO * * * *.*

WHAT! bid me seek another fair
In untried paths of female wiles?
And posies wreathe of other hair,
And bask secure in other smiles?
Thy friendly stars no longer prize,
And light my course by other eyes?

Ah, no!—my dying lips shall close,
Unalter'd love, as faith, professing;
Nor praising him who life bestows,
Forget who makes that gift a blessing.
My last address to Heaven is due;
The last but one is all—to you.

PENROSE.

Before his sage revolving eyes
Various phantoms seem'd to rise

*Drawn by Rich.d Westall, R.A.* *Engraved by F.Schiavonetti.*

*Published 1.st Sept.r 1807, by John Sharpe,*

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

## *THOMAS PENROSE.*

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

*THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.*

*LONDON:*

Printed at the Stanhope Press,

BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM,

103, *Goswell Street*;

FOR J. SHARPE; AND SOLD BY W. SUTTABY,

STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1807.

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ADDRESSED TO

# THREE LADIES,

ON THE

## *DEATH OF A FAVOURITE PARROQUET.*

---

Deep from your hallow'd silent shades,
Attend, attend, ye tuneful maids;
Ye Muses, haste along:
Inspire the tender, moving lay,
For surely such a mournful day
Demands a serious song.

See where with pity's force oppress'd,
(While rising sorrows heave each breast)
Three gentle Sisters weep.
See how they point with streaming eyes,
Where Parroquetta slumbering lies,
Her last, eternal sleep.

In vain the pride of beauty's bloom,
The vivid dye, the varied plume
O'er her fair form were spread:
In vain the scarlet's blushing ray,
Bright as the orient beam of day,
Adorn'd her lovely head.

Love, beauty, youth, perfection,—all
Together undistinguish'd fall
Before the' opposing Fates.
The lisping tongue, the silver hairs,
One common ruin overbears,
One common lot awaits.

Then calm, dear Maids, your woes to peace,
With unavailing sorrow cease
Your favourite to deplore;
For know, the time will surely come
When *you* (though now in beauty's bloom)
When *you* shall charm no more.

Learn then your moments to employ
In virtuous love, in Hymen's joy,
Ere yet those moments fly;
For Fate has doom'd this lot severe,
The brightest belle, the loveliest Fair,
Like Parroquets, must die.

---

## *A TALE,*

### FOUNDED ON AN INCIDENT AT ST. VINCENT'S ROCKS, 1779.

High on the cliffs tremendous side,
That frowning hangs o'er Avon's tide,
Three lasses chanc'd to stray;
To pluck the casual flowerets bent,
Regardless of the rough ascent,
They wound their dangerous way.

Till slowly mounted to the height,
They turn'd their view in wild affright,
And shuddering mark'd the steep:
O! then, what grief bedew'd each eye,
To think one slip, one step awry,
Might plunge them in the deep!

A priest, whom soft emotions press
To succour damsels in distress,
That instant trod the shore:
With happy strength and steady pace,
Safe to the rock's time-moulder'd base
Each trembling nymph he bore.

Learn then this truth;—the careless hour
May seek a gay, but treacherous flower,
Whose honey turns to gall:
While the kind parson's timely aid
May rescue many a tottering maid,
And—save from many a fall.

---

## *WRITTEN*

### FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRURY 5, 1762, IN THE CLOISTERS OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXON;

*On being disappointed of going to the Assembly at Newbury, Berks.*

Loud howl the winds around this awful pile,
A dusky light the pale-eyed moon-beams shed;
While I amid the long-drawn cloister'd isle,
Silent and sad, the letter'd pavement tread

Where, low in earth——ah! never more to rise,
Unnotic'd, unregarded, and unknown,
Full many a shrouded student sleeping lies,
O'er whom still weeps the monumental stone.

Here, as I pace the hallow'd gloom along
Where at this hour no other foot dares rove;
Quick on my mind what dear ideas throng,
How heaves my heart, and melts with faithful love.

See, see my Chloe rises to my view,
In all the pride of youth and virtue's charms!
Swift as the winds the fair one I pursue,
But clasp an empty phantom to my arms.

Methinks I see the dance's circling round,
The cheerful music, hark! methinks, I hear!
The viol sweet, and hautboy's gladsome sound,
And sprightly tabor strike my wondering ear.

But ah! again the pleasing dream is gone;
Swift as the gales, see! see! it flies away;
And leaves me wretched, darkling, and alone,
Amidst this melancholy scene to stray.

O! hear, ye gods, accept my humble pray'r!
Grant me, O! grant my heart's fond, best desire;
Give to my faithful arms, my constant Fair;
Give this——nor wealth, nor honours I require.

TO

## *MISS SLOCOCK,*

### OF NEWBURY, BERKS,

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE AMBUSCADE, JAN. 6th, 1763, A SHORT TIME BEFORE THE ATTACK OF NOVA COLONIA DO SACRAMENTO, IN THE RIVER OF PLATE.

THE Fates ordain, we must obey;
This, this is doom'd to be the day;
The hour of war draws near:
The eager crew with busy care
Their instruments of death prepare,
And banish every fear.

The martial trumpets call to arms,
Each breast with such an ardour warms,
As Britons only know:
The flag of battle waving high,
Attracts with joy each Briton's eye;
With terror strikes the foe.

Amidst this nobly awful scene,
Ere yet fell slaughter's rage begin,
Ere Death his conquests swell;
Let me to Love this tribute pay,
For Polly frame the parting lay;
Perhaps, my last farewell:

For since, full low among the dead,
Must many a gallant youth be laid,

Ere this day's work be o'er;
Perhaps e'en I, with joyful eyes
Who saw this morning's sun arise,
Shall see it set no more.

My love, that ever burnt so true,
That but for thee no wishes knew;
My heart's fond, best desire!
Shall be remember'd e'en in death,
And only with my latest breath,
With life's last pang expire.

And when, dear maid, my fate you hear,
(Sure love like mine demands one tear,
Demands one heart-felt sigh)
My past sad errors, O forgive!
Let my few virtues only live,
My follies with me die.

But hark! the voice of battle calls;
Loud thundering from the towery walls
Now roars the hostile gun;
Adieu, dear maid!—with ready feet,
I go prepar'd the worst to meet,
Thy will, O God, be done!

## *ELEGY*

### ON LEAVING THE RIVER OF PLATE,

*After the unsuccessful Attack of Nova Colonia do Sacramento, by the Lord Clive of 64 Guns, the Ambuscade of 40, and the Gloria of 38, in which the former was unfortunately burned, with the greatest Part of her Crew*[1]*; and the two latter obliged to retire in a very shattered Condition.*

WHILE the torn vessel stems her labouring way,
  Ere yon blue hills sink ever from my view;
Let me to sorrow raise the tribute-lay;
  And take of them my long, my last adieu!

Adieu! ye walls; thou fatal stream farewell;
  By war's sad chance beneath whose muddy wave
Full many a gallant youth untimely fell,
  Full many a Briton found an early grave.

Beneath thy tide, ah! silent now they roll,
  Or strew with mangled limbs thy sandy shore;
The trumpet's call no more awakes their soul!
  The battle's voice they now shall hear no more!

In vain the constant wife and feeble sire,
  Expectant, wish their lov'd return to see;
In vain their infant's lisping tongues inquire,
  And wait the story on their father's knee.

[1] Out of 340 persons on board, only 78 escaped.

Ah! nought avails their anxious, busy care;
Far, far they lie, on hostile seas they fell;
The wife's, sire's, infant's joy, no more to share,
The tale of glorious deeds no more to tell.

Learn then, ye Fair, for others' woes to feel,
Let the soft tear bedew the sparkling eye;
When the brave perish for their country's weal,
'Tis pity's debt to heave the heartfelt sigh.

Ah! glorious Drake! far other lot was thine,
Fate gave to thee to quell the hostile pride;
To seize the treasures of Potosi's mine,
And sail triumphant o'er La Plata's tide.

But Providence, on secret wonders bent,
Conceals its purposes from mortal view;
And Heaven, no doubt with some all-wise intent,
Denied to numbers what it gave to few.

---

## *ELEGY*

### TO THE MEMORY OF MISS MARY PENROSE,

WHO DIED DECEMBER 18, 1764, IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HER AGE.

Heard ye the bell from yonder dusky tow'r?
Deep, deep it tolls the summons of the dead;
And marks with sullen note the solemn hour,
That calls Maria to her earthy bed.

O! come, ye mournful virgin train, attend;
With musing step, the hallow'd place draw near;
View there your once-lov'd, happy, blooming friend,
Now silent, slumbering on the sable bier.

Come ye, who join'd in friendship's sacred tie,
With her engag'd in pleasure's guiltless scene;
Who shar'd with her the tender, social joy,
Wove the gay dance, or trod the flowery green;

Mark here, O! mark, how chang'd, how alter'd lies
The breast that once with youth's warm tide beat high;
Read your own fate in her's;—in time be wise,
And from her bright example learn to die!

Like drooping lilies cropt by wintry wind,
For fate has doom'd the hour when die you must,
Must leave the world's fantastic dreams behind,
And sleep, and mingle, with your parent dust.

Say, are your forms with youth's soft graces dress'd?
Say, are they ting'd with beauty's brightest bloom?
So once was her's—by you—by all confess'd,
Till death untimely swept her to the tomb.

Her eyes beam'd out, how innocent, how meek!
At whose rebuke vice shrunk abash'd and pale;
Like vernal roses blush'd her modest cheek,
Like them as lovely, and like them as frail.

How was she skill'd the softest breasts to move!
Of hardest hearts the passions rough to bend;
How was she skill'd to win the general love!
How form'd to bless the husband or the friend!

With meek-soul'd charity, with pitying hands,
To misery oft her little store she gave;
Now she herself our flowing tears demands,
And bids our pious drops bedew her grave.

There on her dusty couch in firm repose,
Deaf to our call, the clay-cold slumberer lies;
Her beauty faded like the blasted rose,
Mute her sweet tongue, and clos'd her radiant eyes.

Full many an hour of agonizing pain
She, patient sufferer, bore her lot severe;
Well did the anguish of her soul restrain,
Nor dropt one female, one repining tear.

Midst life's last pangs Religion lent her aid,
And wip'd with lenient hand her misty eyes;
With bless'd assurance cheer'd the pain-worn maid,
And bade her hopes, high-soaring, reach the skies.

There now, enroll'd with heavenly angels bright,
Whose hallow'd hymns their Maker's glories raise,
She shines, refulgent in the blaze of light,
And swells with raptur'd voice the note of praise.

Look down, bless'd saint, O! turn a pitying eye!
If yet in Heaven a brother's name be dear:
In the dread hour of danger be thou nigh,
And lead me far from vice's baneful snare.

Teach me, whate'er my future lot shall be,
To GOD's just Will my being to resign:
Teach me to sail through life's tempestuous sea:
And like thy latest parting hour be mine!

TO

## *MY DEAREST WIFE,*

ON OUR WEDDING-DAY, 1768.

THE happy morn's arriv'd at last,
That binds our nuptial union fast;
And knits our plighted vows in one,
With bonds that ne'er can be undone.
Can I be backward then, to pay
The tribute of this joyful day?
Can I refuse my voice to raise,
And hymn to God the song of praise?
No—surely gratitude demands
This humble action from my hands,
And bids me bless that God who gave
Safe passage o'er the stormy wave;
Who turn'd the shafts of war aside,
And bless'd me with so lov'd a Bride.
O! be that season ne'er forgot,
When Hope itself could flatter not,
When doubts were all my soul's employ,
Nor dar'd I paint the present joy.
But yet, my love, be mine the blame,
Thy goodness ever was the same;
The fault was mine, misguided youth!
When Folly held the place of Truth,
And Vice and Error's syren smile
My artless bosom did beguile.
What, though by heedless heat misled,
To war and foreign climes I fled,

Forsook thy love, and peaceful ease,
And plough'd, long plough'd, the Southern seas;
Yet, though unworthy of thy care,
Thy kind, dear love, pursued me there,
And midst the battle's horrid strife
Thy tender prayer preserv'd my life.
God heard thy prayers, my heart's lov'd queen!
His shield protected me unseen;
His favour kept me safe from harms,
And lodg'd me in thy faithful arms:
Be't then my task, with grateful breast
To hush thy every care to rest,
And make thee, while thy love survives,
The happiest of all happy Wives!
Yes, yes, my dear, the nuptial vow
Shall ever bind as strong as now;
My duty I shall ne'er forego,
No change, no other wish I'll know;
But still I'll prove to life's last end,
The kindest Husband, truest Friend.

---

## *MADNESS.*

Swell the clarion, sweep the string,
Blow into rage the Muse's fires!
All thy answers, Echo, bring,
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
'Tis Madness' self inspires.

Hail, awful Madness, hail!
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the voyager spreads his ventrous sail.
Nor best nor wisest are exempt from *thee;*
Folly—Folly's only free.

Hark!—To the astonish'd ear
The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound.
They now approach, they now appear,—
Frenzy leads her chorus near,
And demons dance around.—

Pride—Ambition idly vain,
Revenge and Malice swell her train,—
Devotion warp'd—Affection crost—
Hope in disappointment lost—
And injur'd Merit, with a downcast eye,
(Hurt by neglect) slow stalking heedless by.

Loud the shouts of Madness rise,
Various voices, various cries,
Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,
Bursts of laughter—heart-felt groans—
All seem to pierce the skies.—

Rough as the wintry wave, that roars
On Thule's desart shores,
Wild raving to the' unfeeling air,
The fetter'd Maniac foams along,
(Rage the burden of his jarring song)
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming hair.

No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
All former scenes of dear delight;
Connubial love—parental joy—
No sympathies like these his soul employ,
—But all is dark within, all furious black depair.

Not so the love-lorn Maid,
By too much tenderness betray'd;
Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,
But slighted vows possess, and fainting, soft desires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,
All—but in reason, still the same:—
Streaming eyes,
Incessant sighs,
Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
Point out to Pity's tears the poor distracted Fair.
Dead to the world—her fondest wishes cross'd,
She mourns herself thus early lost.—

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things:
She starts—she flies—who dares so rude
On her sequester'd steps intrude?—

'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty train—
Merry mischief fills his brain.
Blanket-rob'd, and antic-crown'd,
The mimic monarch skips around;
Big with conceit of dignity he smiles, [wiles.—
And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,
Drawn from the inmost soul!
'Give the knife, demons, or the poison'd bowl,
To finish miseries equal to your own.'—

Who's this wretch, with horror wild?—
—'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child:—
Sunk in the emphasis of grief,
Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.—

Thou, fair Religion, wast design'd,
Duteous daughter of the skies,
To warm and cheer the human mind,
To make men happy, good, and wise.

To point where sits, in love array'd,
Attentive to each suppliant call,
The God of universal aid,
The God, the Father of us all!

First shown by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,
Till Superstition, fiend of woe,
Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow, [tween.
And spread deep shades our view and Heaven be-

Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands,
(His beams of mercy thrown aside)
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide:
Hope, at the frown aghast, yet lingering, flies,
And dash'd on Terror's rocks, Fate's best dependance lies.

But ah!—too thick they crowd,—too close they throng,
Objects of pity and affright!—
Spare farther the descriptive song—
Nature shudders at the sight:—
Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
But o'er the hapless group, low drop Compassion's veil.

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## *MORTALITY.*

'Twas the deep groan of death
That struck the' affrighted ear!
The momentary breeze—the vital breath—
Expiring sunk!—Let Friendship's holy tear
Embalm her dead, as low he lies.—
To weep another's fate, oft teaches to be wise.

Wisdom! set the portal wide—
Call the young, and call the vain,
Hither lure presuming Pride,
With Hope mistrustless at her side, [Gain.
And Wealth, that chance defies, and greedy thirst of

Call the group, and fix the eye—
Show how awful 'tis to die—
Show the portrait in the dust:—
Youth may frown—the picture's just—
And though each nerve resists—yet yield at length
they must.

Where's the visage, that awhile
Glow'd with glee and rosy smile?
Trace the corpse—the likeness seek—
No likeness will you own:
Pale's the once social cheek,
And wither'd round the ghastly bone.

Where are the beamy orbs of sight,
The windows of the soul?
No more with vivid ray they roll—
Their suns are set in night.

Where's the heart, whose vital power
Beat with honest rapture high—
That joy'd in many a friendly hour,
And gave to misery many a sigh?—

Froze to a stone!—And froze the hand
Whose grasp affection warm convey'd;
Whose bounty fed the suppliant band,
And nourish'd Want with timely aid.

Ah! what remains to bring relief—
To silence agonizing grief—
To soothe the breast in tempest tost,
That thrilling wails in vain the dear companion lost?

'Tis the departed worth, though sure
'To gash the wound, that works the cure:—
'Tis Merit's gift alone to bloom
O'er the dread horrors of the tomb;
To dry the mourner's pious stream,
And soften sorrow to esteem.

Does Ambition toil to raise
Trophies to immortal praise?
Trust not, though strong her passions burn,
Trust not the marble's flattering style,
—Though Art's best skill engrave the urn—
Time's cankering tooth shall fret the pile.—

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## *POVERTY.*

Hie thee hence! thou spectre foul,
Fiend of misery extreme;
Hence! nor o'er yon dwelling scowl
With blasting eye, while to thy haggard scream
The midnight wolf accords his famish'd howl,
And maddening wretches loud in agony blaspheme.

Hence!—from the artless bard keep wide aloof—
Fly rather to *his* hated roof,
Who, deaf to Mercy's soft control,
Can steel with rugged edge the soul;

Plundering, unmov'd the orphan's cry can hear,
Or from the widow'd lip the scanty morsel tear:—
But pass *him* by, the wooer mild
Of Genius, friend to all, Nature's ingenuous child.

Constant toil, and coarsest fare,
Long indeed the village hind
In silent apathy may bear,
While o'er his brow Health's rosy wreath is twin'd:
While his passions sluggish flow,
Borne on life's pacific round;
Nor aims his highest wish to know [bound.
Beyond the hamlet's pale, his grandsire's farthest

Yet, rous'd to feeling, much he mourns his lot,
When the pale visage of Disease
Frowns on his humble cot, [knees.
When sinks his drooping front, and bend his feeble

There, oft, unheeded on the ground,
May Sickness, Age, and Want be found,
United all in one forlorn abode,
Of grief each singly own'd a melancholy load.

From the damp and earthy bed
The sufferer lifts his aching sight in vain:—
Despair hangs weeping o'er his head:
Sad pallet this for ease! sad comforter in pain!

Fly, ye rich, unbidden fly,
Pour your oil, and pour your wine:
Wipe from tears the misty eye;
Charity's a ray divine— [shine.
A ray that lights the soul with brightest beam to

Why withhold the little boon?
Seems it much, ye sons of wealth,
Glittering moths of sunny noon—
Plum'd with gold of joy and health? [soon!
O think! a blast may come, yourselves may perish

Yet, different in this common state,
What different care attends your happier fate!
Fading you may sure receive
All wayward fancy craves, all soothing art can give:
While, with equal wants oppress'd,
The child of Misery heaves his labouring breast,
Cheer'd by no kind assisting powers,
Scarce with such crumbs sustain'd as hungry Health devours.

Melt, in soft compassion melt,
Ye gentle, wail the' unletter'd peasant poor:
Yet keener far, as more severely felt,
Does Penury haunt the' ill-omen'd scholar's door;
He calls for all your tears; give these, if nothing more.

Warm'd his soul with genial flame
In youth's gay spring was bid to rise,
To pant for science, thirst for fame,
And hope fair Merit's golden prize.

Much he hop'd, for many a tale
Of praise was echo'd to his ear;
Full many a promise (flattering gale!)
Foretold the wish'd-for port was near.

Awhile it blew—then died away,
Like breezes with declining day,
And left him, wondering wretch! forsaken quite,
In Poverty's dead calm, and Disappointment's night.

What avails the' expanded mind,
Tutor'd in the choicest lore?
The suffering body lags behind,
Nor lets the rising spirit soar:
Call'd home—what stoic pride the soul can steel,
When every sinew's rack'd, and every nerve must feel?

What avails the glowing heart,
The eye that glistens at distress;
The wish all blessings to impart,
Or make at least a brother's sorrow less?
From Trouble's spring the deepest draught he drew,
Who mourns his own hard lot, and weeps for others too.

At the sad mistaken gate
When the maim'd veteran takes his suppliant stand,
Struck with the hapless warrior's state,
Sudden the pitying tenant gives his hand.—
——'Tis empty—See! his lids o'erflow,
To send undol'd away the hoary son of woe.

Love too—for in the lowliest cell
Chaste love with purest flame may dwell—
His love—what sorer can befall?
Is doom'd to sour its sweets, and dash his cup with gall.

Before the husband's and the father's eyes,
Stormy clouds in prospect rise,
The future orphan's cry, the widow's groan;
These and more he makes his own—
For ah! the faithless world by him too well is known.

For these the homely robe, the scanty board,
While life in toil is lingering on,
The drudge of science may afford :—
But where's the friend will cheer, when that poor life is gone?

No friend may rise, but many a foe
Will deck his visage with a smile,
Will hide in softest words the basest guile,
And, while he soothes the most, will strike the deepest blow.

Hence the pang, and hence the tear,
When his daughter's ripening bloom
Swells into agony his fear
Of the fell spoiler's den—fair Virtue's early tomb.

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## *THE HERMIT'S VISION.*

Mildly beam'd the queen of night,
Sailing through the grey serene :
Silver'd by her modest light,
But faintly shone the solitary scene,
With deepening shadows mix'd, and glittering breaks between.

High on a cliffy steep, o'erspread
With many an oak, whose ancient head
Did in its neighbour's top itself inwreath,
And cast an umber'd gloom and solemn awe beneath.

High on a cliffy steep a Hermit sat,
Weighing in his weaned mind
The various turns of mortal fate,
The various woes of human kind ;

Meek pity's pearl oft started in his eye,
And many a prayer he pour'd, and heav'd a frequent sigh.

Silent was all around,
Save when the swelling breeze
Convey'd the half-expiring sound
Of distant waterfalls, and gently-waving trees.

'No tinkling folds, no curfew's parting knell,'
Struck the sequester'd Anchoret's ear;
Remote from men he scoop'd his narrow cell,
For much he had endur'd, no more he look'd to fear.

But still, the world's dark tempests past,
What though his skiff was drawn to shore,
And shelter'd in retirement fast,
Yet oft his voyage he would ponder o'er;
Oft in reflection life's rough ocean view,
How mount the stormy waves, how hard to struggle through!

Before his sage revolving eyes
Various phantoms seem'd to rise,
Now retreat, and now advance,
And mazy twine the mystic dance.

Joy led the van, in rapture wild,
Thoughtless of the distant day;
Sweet Complacence, angel mild,
Hied from the frantic pageant far away;
For she was Wisdom's favour'd child,
In revelry untaught to stray.

Joy led the van—her painted vest,
Flowing to the' obsequious wind,
Hope had seiz'd, with fluttering breast,
And eager tripp'd behind.

Gay she stepp'd, till busy Fear
Whisper'd in her startled ear,
'How many a cup is dash'd with gall,
How many an evil may befall!'
Aghast awhile, she heard the ruthful song,
Then faster seiz'd the robe, and hastier danc'd along.

Close Love follow'd in the train,
Love, the queen of pleasing pain:
Placid now in dear delight,
Maddening now in deep affright,
And prying keen with jaundic'd eye,
Pierc'd by the sting of hell-born Jealousy.

'Twixt Pride and lust of Grandeur led,
Next Ambition rear'd her head,
By Frenzy urg'd o'er every bar to rise,
And seize the visionary prize:
Wild as she rush'd, she scorn'd to mark the ground,
Yet many a slip she made, and many a fall she found.

Pale as the waning moon,
With tear-stain'd cheek and stupid gaze,
Withering before life's sunny noon,
Grief crept along in sad amaze,
By many a stroke to keenest misery brought,
Now in a shower dissolv'd, now lost in inward thought.

As the rous'd tiger gaunt and fell
Kindles into cruel rage,
With flashing glare, and murderous yell—
Thus Anger past the' ideal stage,
Too fierce for wounds or groans to feel,
Onward she sprung, and shook the bloody steel.

While far behind, with silent pace and slow,
Malice was content to go,
Patient the distant hour to wait,
And hide with courteous smiles the blackest hate.
Secret long her wrath she'd keep,
Till Time disarm'd the foe, then drove her poniard deep.

To Malice link'd, as near allied,
Envy march'd with baneful lour;
Detraction halted by her side,
Upheld by Falsehood's feeble power.—

'No more!—no more!' the holy Seer exclaim'd,
Passions wild, unbroke, untam'd,
Must sure the human heart o'erthrow,
And plunge in all the energy of woe.

'Grant then the boon, all-gracious Heav'n,
Let Reason ever take the helm;
Lest, by unheeded whirlwinds driv'n,
The pinnace frail some gust may overwhelm!

'Hang out the friendly lamp, that clear
From Error's perils she may safely steer;
Till Death shall bid each trial cease,
And moor the shatter'd bark in peace!'

THE

## *CAROUSAL OF ODIN.*

Fill the honey'd beverage high,
Fill the skulls, 'tis Odin's cry:
Heard ye not the powerful call,
Thundering through the vaulted hall?
'Fill the meath, and spread the board,
Vassals of the grisly lord.'—

The portal hinges grate,—they come—
The din of voices rocks the dome:
In stalk the various forms, and dress'd
In various armour, various vest,
With helm and morion, targe and shield,
Some quivering lances couch, some biting maces wield: [crest.
All march with haughty step, all proudly shake the

The feast begins, the skull goes round;
Laughter shouts—the shouts resound.
The gust of war subsides—E'en now
The grim chief curls his cheek, and smooths his rugged brow.

'Shame to your placid front, ye men of death!'
Cries Hilda, with disorder'd breath:
Hell echoes back her scoff of shame
To the inactive revelling Champion's name.
'Call forth the song,' she scream'd:—the minstrels came——
The theme was glorious war, the dear delight
Of shining best in field, and daring most in fight.

'Joy to the soul,' the Harpers sung,
'When, embattled ranks among,
The steel-clad Knight, in vigour's bloom,
(Banners waving o'er his plume)
Foremost rides, the flower and boast
Of the bold determin'd host!'

With greedy ears the guests each note devour'd,
Each struck his beaver down, and grasp'd his faithful sword.
The fury mark'd the' auspicious deed,
And bad the Scalds proceed.

'Joy to the soul! a joy divine!
When conflicting armies join;
When trumpets clang, and bugles sound;
When strokes of death are dealt around;
When the sword feasts, yet craves for more;
And every gauntlet drips with gore.'—

The charm prevail'd, up rush'd the madden'd throng,
Panting for carnage, as they foam'd along;
Fierce Odin's self led forth the frantic band,
To scatter havoc wide o'er many a guilty land.

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## *THE HARP.*

Borne on Fancy's wing along,
High soars the bard's enraptur'd soul:
Round him floats the joy of song;
Round him airs ecstatic roll: —
Resistless charm! each swelling vein [strain.
Owns the accustom'd flame, and throbs to pour the

Spirit of Ossian!—through the gloom
Of ages deepen'd into night,
See it bursting from the tomb,
O'er it gleams a holy light!
See! it waves its master-hand; [band.
Assembling o'er the heath quick glide the minstrel

They wake the sleeping chords!—the magic tone,
(That sooth'd the dying warrior's groan,
That lur'd to sing the latest breath,
And mock'd with smiles the frown of death,)
Ideal, now renews the powerful spell;
The listening Shades, a grisly host,
Spring from the narrow cell, [mighty ghost.
And hail with lengthen'd shout the' enchanter's

Thine too, Cadwallo! whom to save
In vain the heavenly science sued,
Starts from Arvon's rocky grave,
With bloody streams embrued:
Bound in the brotherhood of woe,
The Druid-choir unites, their tears harmonious flow.

Wild as they sweep the' aërial lyre,
Arresting fast the passive ear,
Fiercer glows the poet's fire,
O melody belov'd! O art for ever dear!

Ruthless tyrant,—yield to fate:
Nor Folly's scorn, nor Rancour's hate,
Though opening wide the sluice of gore, [lore.
Could quench the skill divine, could drown the mystic

Long!—long indeed 'twas mute! thy feeble prey,
Fall'n the hoary minstrel's lay:—
While, sickening o'er the mournful ground,
The conquer'd bands oft turn'd the ear in vain:

No more was heard the soul-inspiring sound—
—But, faster in Despair's sad fetters bound,
Each hung his head amaz'd, and dragg'd the servile chain.

Wintry, thus the storm of war
Froze into sloth the captive mind:
Till growing Freedom burst the icy bar,
And loos'd the arts that hell for ever strove to bind.

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## *THE FIELD OF BATTLE.*

Faintly bray'd the battle's roar
Distant down the hollow wind;
Panting Terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind.

The War-fiend curs'd the sunken day,
That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon;
While, scarcely lighting to the prey,
Low hung and lowr'd the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,
Was now with various carnage spread;
And floated with a crimson tide,
That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic step Maria flew,
Maria, Sorrow's early child;

By duty led, for every vein
Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame:
With Edgar o'er the wintry main
She, lovely, faithful wanderer, came.

For well she thought, a friend so dear
In darkest hours might joy impart;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
Or soothe her bleeding warrior's smart.

Though look'd for long—in chill affright,
(The torrent bursting from her eye)
She heard the signal for the fight—
While her soul trembled in a sigh—

She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,
Yet scarce could urge the' inglorious stay;
His manly heart the charm confess'd—
Then broke the charm,—and rush'd away.

Too soon, in few—but deadly words,
Some flying straggler breath'd to tell,
'That in the foremost strife of swords
The young, the gallant Edgar fell.'

She press'd to hear—she caught the tale—
At every sound her blood congeal'd;
With terror bold—with terror pale,—
She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene in dire amaze
She went—with courage not her own—
On many a corpse she cast her gaze—
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urged her to press
Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd;
—Of comfort glad, the drear caress
The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled
When late pale Edgar's form she found,
Half-buried with the hostile dead,
And bor'd with many a grisly wound.

She knew—she sunk—the night-bird scream'd,
—The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the Fair,—though fall'n she seem'd—
To worse than death—and deepest night.

## *FRIENDSHIP.*

Distill'd amidst the gloom of night,
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn;
Till, notic'd by approaching light,
It glitters in the smile of morn.

Morn soon retires, her feeble pow'r
The sun outbeams with genial day,
And gently, in benignant hour,
Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus on Affliction's sable bed
Deep sorrows rise of saddest hue;
Condensing round the mourner's head,
They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.

Though Pity shows her dawn from Heaven,
When kind she points assistance near;
To Friendship's Sun alone 'tis given
To soothe and dry the mourner's tear.

## *DISAPPOINTMENT.*

A FRAGMENT.

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So sigh'd Horatio, on a tomb reclin'd,
Beneath a mouldering chapel's ivied wall:
His ruin'd hope o'ergloom'd his sickly mind,
And bade the head to droop—the tear to fall.

Horatio, to whose lot was not denied
Keen Sensibility with all her woes:
By many a painful test his heart was tried;
His was the thorn, while others won the rose.

Yet, why should thorns his honest breast invade,
Since all the Charities were fondled there?
Why should thy seat, Benevolence, be made
The haunt of hapless Grief and pining Care?

Fill'd with an ample soul, that would adorn
Fair Independence, he began his day:
Full many a promise smil'd upon his morn:
Morn chang'd to eve—each promise died away.

He wish'd,—nor can you call his wishes bold;
He hop'd,—for sure his friends were not a few;
He hop'd,—for many a flattering tale was told,
And the safe harbour pointed to his view.

The soft delusion play'd before his sight
Just to mislead;—for soon, alas! he found
His dawn of joy o'ercast with sudden night,
His air-built vision totter'd to the ground.

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## *THE CURATE.*

### A FRAGMENT.

O'er the pale embers of a dying fire,
His little lamp fed with but little oil,
The Curate sat, (for scanty was his hire)
And ruminated sad the morrow's toil.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet season to prepare
The stated lectures of the coming tide;
No day of rest to him—but day of care,
At many a Church to preach with tedious ride.

Before him spread his various sermons lay,
Of explanation deep and sage advice;
The harvest gain'd from many a thoughtful day,
The fruit of learning, bought with heavy price.

On these he cast a fond but tearful eye,
Awhile he paus'd, for sorrow stopp'd his throat,
Arous'd at length, he heav'd a bitter sigh,
And thus complain'd, as well indeed he mote:

'Hard is the scholar's lot, condemn'd to sail
Unpatroniz'd o'er life's tempestuous wave;
Clouds blind his sight; nor blows a friendly gale,
To waft him to one port—except the grave.

'Big with presumptive hope, I launch'd my keel,
With youthful ardour and bright science fraught;
Unanxious of the pains, long doom'd to feel,
Unthinking that the voyage might end in nought.

'Pleas'd on the summer-sea I danced a-while,
With gay companions, and with views as fair;
Outstripp'd by these, I'm left to humble toil,
My fondest hope abandon'd in despair.

'Had my ambitious mind been led to rise
To highest flights, to crosier and to pall,
Scarce could I mourn the missing of the prize,
For soaring wishes well deserve their fall.

'No towering thoughts like these engag'd my breast,
I hop'd (nor blame, ye proud, the lowly plan)
Some little cove, some parsonage of rest,
The scheme of duty suited to the man;

'Where, in my narrow sphere secure, at ease,
From vile dependence free, I might remain,
The guide to good, the counsellor of peace,
The friend, the shepherd, of the village swain.

'Yet cruel fate denied the small request,
And bound me fast, in one ill-omen'd hour,
Beyond the chance of remedy, to rest
The slave of wealthy pride and priestly pow'r.

'Oft as in russet weeds I scour along,
In distant chapels hastily to pray,
By nod scarce notic'd of the passing throng,
"'Tis but the *Curate*," every child will say.

'Nor circumscrib'd in dignity alone
Do I my rich superior's vassal ride:
Sad penury, as was in cottage known,
With all its frowns, does o'er my roof preside.

'Ah! not for me the harvest yields its store,
The bough-crown'd shock in vain attracts mine eye;
To labour doom'd, and destin'd to be poor,
I pass the field, I hope not envious, by.

'When at the altar, surplice-clad, I stand,
The bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden fee;
The gift I take, but dare not close my hand;
The splendid present centres not in me.'

* * * * *

# *THE HELMETS.*

## A FRAGMENT.

The scene of the following event is laid in the neighbourhood of Donnington Castle, in a house built after the gothic taste, upon a spot famous for a bloody encounter between the armies of Charles and the Parliament.

The prognostication alludes to Civil Dissention, which some have foretold would arise in England, in consequence of the disputes with America.

—'Twas midnight—every mortal eye was clos'd
Through the whole mansion, save an antique Crone's,
That o'er the dying embers faintly watch'd
The broken sleep (fell harbinger of death)
Of a sick Boteler [1].—Above indeed
In a drear gallery (lighted by one lamp,
Whose wick the poor departing seneschal
Did closely imitate,) pac'd slow and sad
The village Curate, waiting late to shrive
The penitent when 'wake: scarce show'd the ray
To fancy's eye, the pourtray'd characters
That grac'd the wall.—On this and t'other side
Suspended, nodded o'er the steepy stair,
In many a trophy form'd, the knightly group
Of helms and targets, gauntlets, maces strong,
And horses' furniture—brave monuments
Of ancient Chivalry.—Through the stain'd pane
Low gleam'd the moon—not bright—but of such pow'r
As mark'd the clouds, black, threatening over head,
Full mischief-fraught;—from these in many a peal
Growl'd the near thunder—flash'd the frequent blaze

[1] Bouteiller, butler.

Of lightning blue.—While round the fretted dome
The wind sung surly ; with unusual clank
The armour shook tremendous :—on a couch
Plac'd in the oriel [2] sunk the Churchman down :
For who, alone, at that dread hour of night,
Could bear portentous prodigy ?——
' I hear it !' cries the proudly-gilded Casque,
(Fill'd by the soul of one, who erst took joy
In slaughterous deeds) ' I hear amidst the gale
The hostile spirit shouting—once, once more,
In the thick harvest of the spears we'll shine—
There will be work anon.'————
————' I'm waken'd too ;'
Replied the sable Helmet (tenanted
By a like inmate) ' Hark !—I hear the voice
Of the impatient Ghosts, who straggling range
Yon summit, (crown'd with ruin'd battlements,
The fruits of civil discord). To the din
The Spirits, wandering round this Gothic pile,
All join their yell—the song is war and death—
There will be work anon.'
————' Call armourers, ho !
Furbish my vizor—close my rivets up—
I brook no dallying'————
————' Soft, my hasty friend,'
Said the black Beaver ; ' neither of us twain
Shall share the bloody toil—war-worn am I,
Bor'd by a happier mace, I let in fate
To my once master—since unsought, unus'd,
Pensile I'm fix'd—yet too your gaudy pride
Has nought to boast—the fashion of the fight
Has thrown your gilt and shady plumes aside,
For modern foppery ;—still do not frown,
Nor lowr indignantly your steely brows,

[2] A projecting window.

We've comfort left enough. The bookman's lore
Shall trace our sometime merit;—in the eye
Of antiquary-taste we long shall shine:
And as the scholar marks our rugged front,
He'll say, "this Cressy saw, that Agincourt:"
Thus dwelling on the prowess of his Fathers,
He'll venerate their shell. Yet, more than this,
From our inactive station we shall hear
The groans of butcher'd brothers, shrieking plaints
Of ravish'd maids, and matrons' frantic howls;
Already hovering o'er the threaten'd lands
The famish'd raven snuffs the promis'd feast,
And hoarslier croaks for blood—'twill flow.'

——————'Forbid it, Heaven!
O shield my suffering Country!—shield it!' pray'd
The agonizing Priest.

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## *DONNINGTON CASTLE.*

Blow the loud trump of war—wide to the gale
Unfurl the painted banner—from the breast
Tear the mild sympathies of charity,
And fan the battle's fire.—What boots it now
If Briton fight with Briton!——Is there one
To whom these shouts give joy? can there be one
So steel'd, so frantic with envenom'd rage
Of party feud, as to forego the mark
Of fair humanity?—Reckless to pluck
The blossoms from the olive, and dye them red
Deep in a brother's blood?—If such there be,
(Cain's heir legitimate) O let him turn
His fierce eye to the desolated crown
Of many a batter'd hill—to many a heap
Of ruins scatter'd through this worried land,

Scenes once of civil strife, but now become
Familiar to the lowliest village swain.
If there be one within this fertile vale [blood,
(Fertile through peace) who yearns for acts of
Direct his view, Divine Benevolence!
To yonder awful but instructive pile
Of grandeur fallen,—on the indented ridge
Stands eloquent the siege-worn monitor,
That speaks from every stone;—from every wound
That bor'd its strong yet vain resisting side,
Truth tells a solemn lesson.—To the ear
Of warm poetic fancy speaks the ghost
Of Chaucer, prime of bards, who caught the souls
Of Ladies born for love, and e'en could lure
For some soft season, the stout rugged hearts
That fill'd the steel-clad warriors of his age,
And made them listen to his syren voice
Half-angry—yet unwilling to be gone.
'Tis Chaucer hails, from the drear ivied tower,
The gaze of idle visitants,—but once
The seat of all the Muses—where his court
Kept Phœbus, gladden'd at the powerful call
That woo'd him to our Albion:—round him play'd
Old Comus jocular, with many a glee
Promoting social laughter;—many a Grace
Stole in amidst the cheerful throng, and sooth'd
The bashful maiden, while with blushing joy
She hearken'd to her all-accomplished Knight.
Chaucer, the prime of bards!—with festive song
Oft has he charm'd the variegated group
Within yon ancient walls—walls that no more
Resound with jocund minstrelsy.—The owl
There shrieks her ominous note, the raven hoarse
Joins in the horrid discord: direful change!

## *ADDRESS*

### TO THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

COME, genial spirit, to the earnest call
Of the true patriot! wheresoe'er thou art,
O! mark the summons! whether airy borne
In hasty progress, pleas'd, thou skimm'st the edge
Of the white bulwark; from the steepy height
Kenning the azure wave, thy own domain:
While on the pebbled shore, scarce heard so high,
The surf breaks foaming. In the distant view
Full frequent pass the womby labourers
Of Commerce, or the gaily floating pride
Of naval armament. Or whether deep
In midland occupation glad thou seest
The various labours of the cheerful loom:
Or Agriculture, whistling at the plough:
Whether the anvil-notes engage thy stay,
(Though dissonant, yet music to the ear
Of him who knows his country;) or the hum
Of the thick-crowded burse [1]; come and attend
To Britain's general good! 'Tis not the shout,
The din of Clamour, drunk with factious rage,
That hails thee; nor the well-dissembling tongue
Of mask'd Sedition, whose envenom'd rant
Urges the crowd to madness. Not to these
List heedful. 'Tis the cool persuasive voice
Of Reason woos.—Quick then, with brightest smiles
Of mild Humanity, adorn thy cheek:
Straight o'er the' Atlantic surge, with anxious haste,

[1] Exchange.

Seek out thy pensive daughter;—once as dear,
And closely twining round thy milky breast,
As was Augusta's self.—Yet now estrang'd—
Unhappily estrang'd! O by the hand
Take the fair Mourner; from her tearful eye
Wipe the dim cloud of sorrow;—to the throne
Present her reconciling.—'Tis a boon,
Most glorious boon, that to our latest sons
Will render thy soft influence doubly dear.
Look back, unmov'd by prejudice, look back
To Memory's mirror. Pictur'd there, we see
The happy times of Concord; when the arm
Of Manufacture plied the busy task
In various employment:—through the eye
Beam'd Cheerfulness, while all around her sons
Glad Industry pour'd forth from Plenty's horn
Abundant wealth:—hence to the crowded port
Pass, Thought; and mark the ants of Commerce store
The spacious hold; light ran the toilsome day,
Cheer'd by the hope of honest recompense.
The bark unmoor'd, see how the festive crew
Urg'd on her speedy course; not sad to quit
Their native soil, for in those happier days
America was home. There on the shore
Stood Expectation: friendly by her side
Smil'd Hospitality, with open breast,
Pleas'd to receive the sea-beat traveller:
Cherish'd, enrich'd, that traveller return'd
Blessing his double country.—These thy sweets,
Fraternal intercourse! But ah! how chang'd,
How sadly chang'd is now the present scene,
Pregnant with future griefs! in sullen state
Beneath the gloomy roofs dull Silence reigns,
Which erst in better times, resounded quick

With strokes of active business: at the forge,
Extinct, in pensive poverty the smith
Desponding leans, incapable to earn
The morrow's morsel, while with craving eye
Look up the wife and child, but look in vain,
Faint with despair.—O'er the deserted loom
The spider forms her web, poor evidence
Of human sloth or want.—Fain would the Muse
Suppress the mournful truth; yet forc'd to tell,
She weeps while she relates—How are they fall'n,
The sons of Labour, from their prosperous state
Degraded! How, alas! the crowded jail
Swarms with inhabitants, that once had hope
Of fairer evenings to their toilsome morn!
Fill'd is each cell of sorrow and of pain
With daily victims:—debtors part, entomb'd
While living, and condemn'd to linger on
To life's last ebb, unpitied, unreliev'd.
Part felons, stamp'd the foes of social life
By Penury's rough hand, and driven to roam
The spoilers of the wealthy.—To distress
Abandon'd, scarce the ruin'd mind perceives
Its own peculiar sorrows; but sinks down
The creditor's fix'd prey—or to the law
Submits the needful sacrifice.—Sad fate [boast,
Of those, whom Heaven design'd their country's
The artizans of skill!—Nor on the banks
Of venerable Thames does woe preside
Less perilous;—Thames, the prolific sire
Of Britain's wealth: along his winding shores,
Unoccupied, moor'd to destructive sloth,
Whole fleets lie perishing: a forest, true,
But still a blasted forest: gloomy stalks
The unshipp'd mariner, and meditates

On foreign service.—Should some child of Hope,
Lur'd by the pleasing retrospect, once more
Spread his broad sail across the well-known sea;
Should he, amidst the wonders of the deep,
Give way to Fancy's dream, and fondly trust
To meet his wonted greeting: how recoils
The visionary voyage!—Not on the beach
Sit waiting Love and Amity to grasp
His hand, and lead him to their open bower.
No thronging crowds his proffer'd mart attend
With various traffic:—fled—affrighted—fled
Are all the little deities, that once,
Kind, o'er the social and commercial board
Hung hovering: in their room, sad change! appear
Stern Resolution, stoic Stubbornness,
And Independence;—in his hand each holds
His weapon, jealous of the passing breeze,
And deaf to ancient friendship.—In this pause,
This solemn pause, that halts 'tween peace and war,
O fly, bless'd spirit, in the royal ear
Whisper forgiveness;—midst the high behests
Of justice, let our ever-gracious Sire
Forget not mercy;—'tis the brightest gem
That decks the monarch's crown: nor thou, great George,
Disdain the Muse's prayer; most loyal she,
In mild subjection down the tide of life,
Steers her light skiff.—Urg'd by the plaintive call
Of meek Humanity, O! pardon, now
If warm she pleads her cause.—The savage race,
That prowl the desart, or that range the wood,
Are won to tameness by the' attentive care
Of the kind gentle keeper.—Shame not man;
Nor say his heart's more fell:—'Tis easier far

To soothe by tenderness, than awe by pow'r,
Quit then the bloody purpose, nor persist
To conquer when the field is fairer gain'd
By reconciling.—To the' ungrateful toil
Commission'd, shuddering beats the soldier's heart.
Not so, when from the plough in eager haste,
Rous'd by the call to arms, the shouting bands
Rush'd emulous, reluctant none, nor held
By loves or home;—each burning to supply
The waste of war, and anxious to advance
The common glory.—Spiritless now and sad
Embark the destin'd troops: the veteran brave,
That dauntless bore the variegated woes
Of long-protracted war:—the veteran brave,
That won on many a plain the bloody palm
Of Victory, amidst the dying groans
Of slaughter'd thousands firmly undismay'd;
Now hangs in tender thought his honest front,
Averse to slay his brother:—at the word,
(Awful, yet sacred to his patient ear)
He lifts indeed the steel, while down his cheek
The big drop flows, nor more he dreads the wound
That bores his vitals, than the stroke he gives.
Say therefore, 'Sword be sheath'd,'—fair in the sky,
Now cloudy, then the dawn of joy will spread
Its warm reviving ray—and every eye
That's misty now with sorrow, will grow bright,
And smile away its tears: the sunny beam
Of mild returning confidence will cheer
The kindred countries:—Commerce, on her couch
Now drooping wounded, then will rear her head,
Charm'd into health;—and from her various store
Will cull the sweetest flowers, and form a wreath
To crown the temples of her Patriot-King.

# *ESSAY*

## ON THE CONTARIETIES OF PUBLIC VIRTUE.

Society, like thong of leather,
Fast binds in clusters men together;
And though it cannot be forgotten,
That some are ripe, and some are rotten,
Yet,—let it still be understood,
They all promote the general good.
For this the Patriot's fire arises,
That glows at every trying crisis,
With each inferior strife, and stir too,
Whence spring they? but from public virtue.
Though different plans, like streams, 'tis true,
By different rills their course pursue;
Though oft they seem, to mortals blind,
Repugnant to the end design'd,
Appearing, as by error led,
To flow through many a mazy bed;
Yet still at length we see them glide,
Meandering to the common tide.
Smile on, ye grave, in deep derision,
I shrink not from my proposition,
But still aver all Britons merit
The praise of Patriotic Spirit;
As far as e'er their power can stretch,
From N—— descending down to Ketch.
That statesmen guard the public weal,
We all must own, for all must feel:
'Tis their's to watch with ardour keen,
And careful drive the grand machine;

To charm the passengers from fretting,
And keep the whole from oversetting.
But still inferior hands may bring
Some little help,—may oil a spring,—
May point,—'There, round that corner turn ye,'
And wish the folks a pleasant journey.
All have their use,—there's nothing plainer,
From this each traveller's a gainer;
And, though the merits be but few,
Let's give to every imp his due.
This social fire though all possess,
In some there's nothing blazes less;
So many a close attempt is made,
O'er the bright flame to hold a shade,
To keep their worth from being known,
While conscience hugs itself alone:
As some of alms will never boast,
And look least pleas'd when giving most.
But, Cynics, spare the odd behaviour,
If well you walk, ne'er blame the pavier.
Should you, when wandering in the night,
Some scoundrel urge to set you right,
Now, though he blasts you with a curse,
You'll take the better from the worse,
Nor think the greeting ill-bestow'd,
If while he damns, he shows the road;
But straight jog home, no more affrighted,
Than if an honest watchman lighted.
Learn then the best to cull from evil,
As Saints take warning by the Devil.
And,—if the Muse, whose judgment nice is,
Shows public good in private vices,
The holiest tongue must cease to stir,
But instant own without demur,

While modest matrons start at Drury,
The thief's as useful as the jury,
Since both the mind strong truths impress on,
And teach the world an awful lesson.
Our various Patriots then revere,
Their hearts are sound, though manners queer:
Though some to outward vision seem
To sport in phrensy's antic dream,
The aims of each laborious self are
Intended for the public welfare.
This glorious end alone pursuing,
They, bold like Curtius, laugh at ruin;
For this, if we their schemes unravel,
They drink, whore, mortgage, game, and travel.
  Enthusiast in the paths of Science,
Banks bade the stormy waves defiance;
Fair Nature's volume to explore,
He [1] fought with seas unsail'd before,
And earn'd, by Argonautic toil,
Fresh honours for his native soil:
Him Wisdom lov'd, thus worthy found,
And Britain hail'd him as she crown'd.
  But say—'Can one Adventurer's claim
Exhaust the trumpet voice of fame?
No garland has my country now,
To bind another pilgrim's brow?
Be mine the merit,'—Florio cries,
And cross the Channel gaily flies;
Through thick and thin, drives mad and giddy on,
Now here, now there, now in meridian,
(Unless perchance when Louis fail)
A meteor—with a fiery tail.

[1] With such mad seas the daring Gama fought.
THOMSON.

Think you his aim in each manœuvre,
Is but to scare the' astonish'd Louvre?
Ah no!—in all the dissipation
He loves the interest of his nation,
And, mindful of the Patriot rule,
For our instruction—plays the fool.
  Connubial faith,—the' unbroken vow,—
How bless'd! Who dares to disallow?
Lothario strong in this agrees,
And—urges every wife he sees;
Sure—if the' attack should fail upon her,
The sex is happy in her honour:
And,—if his stratagems surprise her,
Her fall may make the' unsteady wiser.
The husband from his doze may start,
And, though he long disdain'd her heart,
May look the thief with visage fierce on,
Who dar'd defile the slighted person.
'Draw—draw to set the matter right,'—
But is Lothario wrong to fight?
No,—Public Virtue swells his veins,
Whoever falls,—his country gains:
This none can doubt; your feelings ask, all;
For 'tis a gain to lose a rascal.
  When trade unclogg'd can turn its wheels,
The influence kind the kingdom feels;
Each hand, in fit degree and measure,
Contributes to the public treasure.
These truths Northumberland convince,
Who lives in just magnificence,
And,—while his bounty wide distils
For England's welfare—pays his bills.
  But different notions Cotta strike,
For why should Patriots judge alike?

It shocks his greatness to describe
How 'Peasants gall the Courtier's kibe,'
An upstart race, that no one knows,
Who yet have folly to suppose,
That honest wealth is better far
Than guilt and want beneath a star.
'Let every man preserve his station;
What's rule—without subordination?'
Till wiser heads confess the flaw,
And plan a sumptuary law,
Impatient some redress to get,
See Cotta plunges into debt,
(From bailiffs safe)—and much commends
This practice to his hungry friends:
So war is wag'd with every trader,
Dear Honour! lest the rogues degrade her:
And what contrivance is more sure
To humble,—than to keep them poor?
When in contention sharp of old,
As legendary tales unfold,
Two [2] rival deities design'd
Their choicest presents to mankind,
With envy kindling,—warm enforcer!
This gave an olive, that a courser.
Thus some,—as other plans have miss'd them,
Revere the vegetable system,
And think their virtue grounded sure
In growth of timber, and—manure.
Hence, up the slope plantations spread,
And crown the hill's once dreary head;
Hence, downward as the vale descends,
The harvest ocean wide extends;

[2] Minerva and Neptune.

Glad Britain—how these prospects charm her!
Her Medal[3] decks the Patriot Farmer,
Who counts his stock,—and hopes he's shown
His country's riches in his own.
Not so the 'Squire of boistrous spirit,
Who, studious of equestrian merit,
To thrifty care makes no pretences,
But scours the fields, and breaks the fences.
Vain may the tenant urge his speeches,
New till the soil, and mend the breaches,
Yet no restraint his landlord clogs;—
Devoted as a prey to dogs,
He hates ignoble frugal ways,
And—wild in the career of praise,
Cries, as he spurs his foaming steed,
'To me Old England owes the breed.'
Do various loads the nation press?
'Tis noble sure to make them less:
This Vigil does, and labours hard
To cog the die, or palm the card:
Profuse in packs, as round they lie,
He often turns the' applauding eye;—
And,—though he cheats, thinks nothing of it,
Since his dear country shares the profit.
Keen Censure then her frown relaxes,
Without consumption what are taxes?
Taxes! But, 'why' Thersites growls,
Must every bird be stripp'd by owls?
Shall two or three, in pamper'd ease,
Lay contributions as they please,
While all the rest, in station humble,
Tame bear the loss,—nor dare to grumble!'

[3] Medals given by the Society for the encouraging Art and Sciences.

Peace, Snarler,—know, with steady soul
The Patriot can applaud the whole;
And justly crowns with equal praise
The man who levies, and who pays.
'Tis true, the Doctor of finances
By nostrums oft his fund enhances:
But then his skill in physic's great,
He knows the ailments of the state,
Intent, as suits the sad disaster,
To cup, prick, purge, or spread a plaister.
A plethora's now the case, there's needing
Strict regimen, and copious bleeding.
He therefore acts the subject best
Who scorns the order to contest;
But claps a calm contented face on,
And yields the most to fill the bason.
To give his part, through various stages
The Manufacturer engages;
And thinks there's merit at his door,
Whose business feeds the labouring poor,
While to the keen Exciseman's eyes
Accumulating duties rise.
'Curse on the drudge's dirty toil,'
Exclaims my haughty lord of soil,
(Though oft his title-deeds may rest
Safe in the usurer's iron chest;)
'Unpaid let other calls remain,
I'll still uphold my menial train;
Economy!—'tis base to court her,
Each Footman [4] is a state-supporter;
To balk the cause a coward's sin is,
I'll bravely pay the hundred guineas.'

[4] New tax on servants.

Deep Bibo soaks, and boasts the reason,
'Wine's the best antidote to treason,
Our bumpers large revenues bring,
I drink my claret for my King.'
Yet still his zeal by far surpasses,
Who empties first, then breaks the glasses [5].
How Fungus glows with patriot pride;
While credit pours an even tide!
Thus buoy'd along, through fairy scenes,
He clubs his share to ways and means;
At length the dun's incessant clamour
Dooms every chattle to the hammer;
Still there's decorum in his fall,
Since now the Auction [6] closes all.
Smile, Walpole's ghost [7], untaught to feign,
For private folly's public gain:
And bid old Cecil [8] smooth his brow,—
If England thrives,—no matter how.
Vespatian thus, the bee of money,
From every weed could gather honey:
Though squeamish Titus leer'd and laugh'd,
The wiser father bless'd the craft;
And, when his bags the cash was sure in,
Ne'er thought the tribute smelt of urine.

[5] New tax on glass-wares.

[6] Ditto on auctions.

[7] Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford.

[8] Probably William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, is here designated.

# *THE JUSTICE:*

## A CANTATA.

### RECITATIVE.

Compos'd, the Justice sat in easy state;
A crowd assembling, thunder'd at the gate:
The porter, to his post accustom'd long,
First ask'd the cause, then introduc'd the throng:
Midst these, a sire enrag'd, two culprits brought,
Her swelling waist proclaim'd the damsel's fault;
The young seducer look'd abash'd and pale,
While thus the father urg'd his angry tale:

### SONG.

See that wretch, base ends pursuing,
  Low has brought my child to shame—
See in her my honour's ruin,
  Death of honour, death of fame!

Well to match her ripening beauty
  Oft I've form'd the fondest schemes;
But this fall, this breach of duty,
  Turns my hopes to idle dreams.—

Curse the traitor's late repenting—
  Vengeance, vengeance I demand—
War recruits is ever wanting—
  Let him die on foreign land.

### RECITATIVE.

He paus'd—for rage his faltering voice oppress'd—
The magistrate the trembling youth address'd,
Dispell'd his terrors with a rising smile—
And thus the youth began in artless style:

SONG.

If the laws I have offended,
Here for pardon let me sue:
'Twas a crime I ne'er intended,
Love's the only crime I knew.

Love I plead, (be this prevailing)
Love in early youth begun;—
We had never known this failing,
Had yon tyrant made us one.

On our knees we oft have pray'd him,
Oft have own'd our mutual flame:
Wretched therefore if we've made him,
On himself must rest the blame.

RECITATIVE.

He spoke, and on his partner turn'd his eye,
Who deep encrimson'd made this short reply:

AIR.

Gracious sir, this faithful youth
Well has spoke the voice of truth.
Kind dispenser of the laws,
Show compassion to our cause—
Hear me on my bended knee—
Spare his life, and pity me.

RECITATIVE.

The Judge not long in useless silence sate,
But instant rose, and thus announc'd their fate:

AIR.

Relentless parent, since to me
Is now refer'd the last decree,
Mark and observe my just command,—
I doom him not to foreign land,

But to a sentence mild and kind—
Be both at Hymen's altar join'd;
And may their passion ne'er decay,
Till ebbing life shall sink away.

RECITATIVE.

The listening crowd the fair award approv'd,
The youth they favour'd, and the maid they lov'd.
While thanks and praises did their tongues employ,
They thus in chorus testified their joy:

CHORUS.

Happy pair, who thus have found
Friendship, when you fear'd a foe!
While the year revolves around,
May your bliss revolving flow!

Parents, to your children's pleasure
Be your close attention paid;
Nor for titles, pomp, or treasure,
Cut the knot that love has made.

And to thee, thou judge of peace,
Our best gratitude is due;
May each couple love like these—
May each Justice act like you!

---

## *THE NAVY.*

A FRAGMENT.

Down the variegated side
Of Edgecombe's far-recorded knoll,
(Joy of nereids, Cornwall's pride)
Where Art extends her mild control

But just to check what Nature's liberal hand
Has spread in gay luxuriance wide,
Of rocks, dells, groves, a fairy land;
The Muse, astonish'd, trac'd her lingering way,
Unsettled what to leave, and wondering where to stay.

* * * * * *

## *FRAGMENT.*

Scrannel pipe, of scanty tone,
Yield the prize, and yield it due—
Pan, if here, must surely own
From thee no heavenly rapture grew—
Thine's the frolic to advance
Rustic joy, and rustic dance.—
Merry glee, in many a round
Tripping o'er the daisied ground,
Prais'd thy note, while rival feet
Strove thy movements fast to meet.—

* * * * * *

## *EARLY GREY HAIRS.*

O'er my head, e'en yet a boy,
Care has thrown an early snow—
Care, be gone!—a steady joy
Soothes the heart that beats below.

Thus, though Alpine tops retain
Endless winter's hoary wreath;
Vines, and fields of golden grain,
Cheer the happy sons beneath.

## *BAGATELLE.*

Every hour a pleasure dies—
What is thought, but nurse to sorrow?—
He, that wishes to be wise,
Lives to day, and mocks to-morrow.

---

ON THE

## *BIRTH-DAY OF MISS S. C.*

Exulting on the balmy gale,
When Flora wakes the May-dew morn,
The Rose-bud all with rapture hail,
Sweet glory of the loveliest thorn!
Each day refines the rich perfume—
Glad Flora smiles—the zephyr blows—
While opening with a gradual bloom
The favourite ripens to a Rose.

Thus in our Susan's shape and face,
Respondent to her angel soul,
The growth of each attractive grace
We mark—as annual circles roll.
Advance, ye years!—And every charm,
Which Venus boasts, shall sure be given;
While fostering Friendship joys to form
Her mind, the fairest work of Heaven.

## *VERSES*

OCCASIONED BY HEARING THAT A GENTLEMAN AT THE HOTWELL, BRISTOL, HAD WRITTEN SATIRICAL VERSES ON A LADY. 1779.

For nobler purposes design'd
  Than puny war to wage,
What cause can sink a hero's mind
  To worse than woman's rage?

What female fault can rouse the soul
  To dip the rancorous quill?
How justify the' envenom'd scroll
  One female fame to kill?

If frailty aims the slight offence,
  What man perceives the smart?
O! let not bravery and sense
  Return the feeble dart.

O'er the soft sex love gladly throws
  Its adamantine shield,
And few are ever known their foes,
  Or try the' inglorious field.

Thus on the form of Beauty's queen
  One only Greek was found,
Rough Diomed, with weapon keen,
  Who dar'd inflict a wound.

FINIS.

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